

1288

A HISTORY
OF THE
SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY
AND
DEFENCE OF ENNISKILLEN,

IN
1688 AND 1689,

With Historical Poetry and Biographical Notes, &c.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM, M.A.,
RECTOR OF MAGILLIGAN, IN THE DIOCESE OF DERRY.

THE BATTLES
OF THE
BOYNE, ATHLONE, AND AUGHRIM,

THE
Siege and Capitulation of Limerick,

BY LORD MACAULAY.

WITH A BRIEF INTRODUCTION, BY THE REV. W. M. PUNSHON, M.A.

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"Hail sacred walls! while circling years shall flow,
Or genial suns diffuse this vale below;
While sparkling stars diffuse their distant light,
And cheer with fainter beams the sable night—
While yon blue arch with sun or stars shall shine,
Be thine the triumph as the woe was thine;
May all thy citizens supremely blest.
Unite the hero's with the patriot's breast,
And like their sires, unrivall'd in renown,
Maintain our liberties, our church, and crown."—LEONIDAS.

"Our fathers, who lived under the dread of Popery and arbitrary power, are, most of them, gone off the stage, and have carried with them the experience which we their sons stand in need of, to make us earnest to preserve the blessings of liberty and pure religion which they have bequeathed to us. Oh that I had words to represent to the present generation the miseries which their fathers underwent, that I could describe their fears and anxieties, their restless nights and uneasy days, when every morning threatened to usher in the last day of England's liberty."—SHERLOCK.

INTRODUCTION

BY

THE REV. W. M. PUNSHON, M. A.

In bringing out a new edition of Mr. Graham's narrative of the Siege of Derry, and enhancing its value by descriptions from Lord Macaulay's graphic pen, the publishers conceive that they are conferring a benefit upon the reading public of Canada—for the events which these pages record are such as we do not willingly let die.

Apart altogether from the political and religious aspects of the question, the romance of history never had a fairer theme. Truth is proverbially stranger than fiction, and never did the all-exciting elements of truth gather in sterner compression than around these memorable hundred days. Group the events together:—The frightened villagers swarming within the city walls; the first dread fears of the foe; the traitorous governor; his treachery; pusillanimity and ignoble flight; the heroic murmurs of rebellion; the merging of all minor differences in the resistance to the common danger; Dissenters receiving the Episcopal blessing, and the Episcopal Cathedral opened for non-Conformist worship. Dwell upon the days of preparation. The dismay when the investment was made, and the bombarding began; the brave old clergyman whose eloquence, like that of another Peter the Hermit, inspired them to the holy war; now preaching a sermon, now heading a sally, and doing both equally well. Think upon the actual experiences of the siege. The terrible slaughter, the first pangs of the famine—the awful, hopeless creeping over the spirit of the apprehension of that dreaded death which, more cruel than war, makes gaunt men look wolfish at each other, and steals love's lustre out of charming woman's eyes. The delusive hope; the hope deferred; the hope dying out; the agony of brave men in extremity. The dash of the *Mountjoy* at the boom—her grounding; the unutter-

able suspense; the yell of the enemy's premature triumph. The *Phoenix* passing over; the *Mountjoy's* freedom; the death, in the moment of deliverance, of her gallant commander; the transition from hides and horseflesh and tallow to the food that makes muscle and sinew; the deeper transition from anguish of soul to the gladness and rapture of escaped peril; when the joy bells of that first of August rang out into the night.

What fiction ever imagined excitements and sensations more thrilling? and yet they are no morbid fancies of the distempered brain, but events which actually happened, events, from whose enactment and results, the destinies of a nation were changed.

Moreover, histories like these are the school books of an empire. No sturdy maintenance of principle, no act of individual heroism, but is tributary to national character.

The memory of heroes, sages, wise and good men who have excited wonder, or inherited love, is national wealth, contributes to the culture of the generation following, and aids, as it is cherished or otherwise, in the formation of those materials which go to make the history of to-day. Not to keep alive olden animosities, but to vindicate the fame of olden defenders of the truth, and of the truth itself, for which they contended thus earnestly; both of which it is the fashion of these lax times to malign, this page of almost forgotten annal may be profitably perused.

And, if in the perusal, any heart is led to be thankful for broader charity and kindlier times, if it be inspired with a more reverent love of the heritage of religious freedom; if it learn the worth of these principles, which in braver days it was thought cheap to hold by martyrdom; if in these times of peril, when superstition on the one hand is restless to regain its ascendancy; and indifference on the other hand reduces all religion to a bald and dishonouring symbolism, some be stirred by these pages into a conviction of the value of the truth, and into a search for the feeling of its power, then this old tale of the Siege of Derry will not have been reproduced in vain.

PREFACE.

THE first account which appeared in print of the memorable Siege of Derry, in 1689, was the Diary of it published by the Rev. GEORGE WALKER, in the autumn of that year. Actively employed, at a very advanced period of life, in an arduous situation, for the duties of which he had not been prepared by education or experience, there is more cause to wonder at the ability with which he discharged them, and the accuracy with which he recorded them afterwards, than to be surprised at his alleged deficiencies either as a commander or an historian.

The address to King WILLIAM and Queen MARY, prefixed to his Diary, is a master-piece in its kind, bearing internal evidence of its coming from the pen of a great and good man. In it he boasts only of the double comfort of the testimony of a good conscience and the gracious acceptance of his services by their Majesties. He expresses gratitude for the Royal bounty extended to himself, and omits not to recommend the services of his fellow-sufferers. He apologises, as a churchman, for having acted in that service a part which might, with more propriety, have been done by other hands—refers all honour that could accrue to him, to that great Being, in whose hand no instrument is weak, and with equal modesty and eloquence, concludes by observing, that although he had shown but little art or skill in what he presumed to lay before their Majestys' feet, it had ornaments more valuable than either; natural simplicity, sincerity, and plain truth.

All these were, however, soon afterwards questioned with a degree of asperity, perhaps unparalleled on any other occasion; but with all the omissions and mistakes charged upon his Diary, he carried away the palm of applause from his rivals, affording to posterity an additional proof, that an Ulysses is always an overmatch for an Ajax, and that the hero capable of recording his own actions, and wise enough to do so with modesty and without exaggeration, is more likely to get full credit for his merit, than the illiterate warrior who requires another man's pen to do justice to them.

The applause which immediately followed the publication of *Walker's Diary* in London was unbounded. The heroic author basked in a sunshine of royal and popular favour, seldom beaming upon the head of any man at the same time, however great his merits or important his services. King William's magnificent bounty to him, was a matter of policy as well as gratitude, scarce less beneficial to the giver than to the receiver of it. The Whigs, who were even then ready enough to be troublesome to their

deliverer, and soon afterwards made him weary of his crown and his life together, hailed it as an act which reflected equal honour upon both, and the celebrated Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, thus re-echoed the public feelings upon WALKER's promotion to the See of Derry, in his letter to lady Russel, of the 9th of September, 1689 :—

“The King, besides his first bounty to Mr. Walker, (£5000) whose modesty is equal to his merit, hath made him Bishop of Londonderry, one of the best Bishoprics in Ireland. It is incredible how much everybody is pleased with what the King hath done in this matter, and it is no small joy to me to see that God directs him to do so wisely.”

On the 19th of November, in the same year, he received the thanks of the House of Commons, and on the 26th of February following, the University of Oxford, with that regard to the Protestant interest which still characterises it, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Sir Godfrey Kneller, at the King's command, drew his picture; and copper-plates struck off from it were dispersed through the three kingdoms. In some of the prints he is drawn with a Bible open at the 20th chapter of Exodus in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. His garment of a purple colour, and a large old-fashioned band, form a strong contrast to the military sash, appearing in crimson folds about his waist. An uncoloured copy of this curious print hung for half a century over a fire-place in Bishop-street, and is still preserved by Lieutenant Walker, R. N., now resident in Londonderry. About eighty years ago, either the original or a copy of Kneller's portrait of the venerable hero, was in possession of Mr. Hunter, a painter in Dublin. From it, tradition says, the likeness of WALKER on the tapestry in the Irish House of Lords was taken. It was sold by Mr. Hunter to Mr. Joshua Deane, of Palace-row, Dublin, who claimed a collateral descent from WALKER. In his house it remained for fifty years, and after his death it was purchased by John Boyd, Esq., by whose permission it is annually carried on the 7th of December, to Morrison's hotel, in Dublin, where a numerous and highly respectable society of the descendants of the defenders of Londonderry assemble to honour the glorious memory of their ancestors. Each of the members of this Irish Pitt club, as it may be called, wears on his breast, for that night, a medal impressed with the likeness of Governor Walker.

It was not to be expected that such merit should escape the shafts of envy, or that the applause or remuneration it gained, should not elicit censure. In this, as in all similar cases, the shadow pursued the substance, and before the close of the same eventful year, the author found it necessary to publish a vindication of his Diary. A severe rejoinder soon appeared, animadverting upon the failures of his account of the siege, and in a vindication of the aspersed character of Colonel Mitchelburn, published in 1692, the following invidious comparison was made between the merits of that renowned officer and his reverend colleague :—

“Though loud-tongued fame so highly has blown up the great renown of Dr. Walker in England, as truly much praise was due to him for having been so great an animator of the Protestant cause in these worst of times, which it was his duty

to do, yet, after the death of Colonel Baker, which happened in the height of the town's distress and deepest calamities, Colonel Mitchelburn was in joint command with the Doctor, whose conduct appeared more conspicuous in the eating part than the fighting part, and good reason, the charge of the stores and provisions being committed to him alone, whilst his brother Governor was only the martial colleague, and had the entire management of the town's defence."

Mackenzie's more copious narrative, was published for the author in London, in 1690, to rectify, as the title page announces, the mistakes, and supply the omissions of Mr. Walker's account. He states himself to have been chaplain of a regiment during the siege, and in a preface of nearly twenty octavo pages, professes "to disabuse the world," which, he alleges, "had been grossly imposed upon in certain ridiculous attempts, not only to make a chief governor, but a mighty hero of Dr. Walker, and that not only in the account of the siege published in his own name, but in papers of others who had published panegyrics upon him." He asserts that in these publications, "Governor Baker had been pilfered of several of his merited plumes, and Mr. Walker adorned with them."

It appears from Mackenzie's narrative, that Walker, whom he thus represents as a jackdaw covered with stolen feathers, had been accustomed, during his government, to intrigue with the enemy and embezzle the public stores committed to his charge, accusations of such a nature, as to render his continuance in the office morally impossible, had they been substantiated. The only result of them, according to Mackenzie's own narrative, was, that those who suspected Walker's intention to betray the town to the enemy, made a private agreement with each other to keep a good reserve for the prevention of it, and that an order of Council was issued that his orders should not be accepted by the keepers of the stores, unless when signed by the other Governor or Major Adams. With respect to these charges, the following observations from a late history of the British Revolution, by a respectable Roman Catholic gentleman, may be quoted, (Moore, 448—London, 1817,) supported as they are, by Walker's own refutation of his calumniators:—

"As the defence of the city rested in a great measure with Walker, every artifice was employed to shake the confidence of the garrison in their opinion of his confidence and fidelity. Traitors in the pay of James's Generals, assuming the common disguise of fanatics, framed and propagated rumours calculated to bring both into discredit. They impudently asserted, that while all others in the town were reduced to absolute famine, he had plenty of provisions stored in his house. Walker directed some soldiers to rise, as if in mutiny, and search his house in the face of the whole town. By these means he confuted the calumny, and enjoyed more firmly than ever the confidence of the inhabitants."

Captain Ash's Journal of the Siege did not appear until the year 1792, when it was published in Derry by his grand-daughter. It is very brief, and, like Walker's and Mackenzie's, mentions very few of the transactions of the other parts of Ulster, during the period of the siege, the knowledge of which is absolutely necessary to those who would fully understand the history of that interesting period. Walker, in his relation of the transactions at Derry, passes at once from the 9th of December, 1688, to the 14th of the ensuing month of March; Mackenzie, from the

18th of January to the 15th of March ; and Ash from the 17th of December to the 13th of April. Among M'Pherson's original papers, published in 1775, there is an extract from the memoirs of James II., stated to have been written by that unhappy Prince, who is said to have kept a journal of the occurrences of every day of his life. Little credit can be attached to this work, unless when supported by better authority ; some of the details in it may be used with advantage in supplying the deficiencies of the other narratives, particularly as to the letters written by the officers of his army during the siege.

From all these materials, compared with each other, as well as from the general history of the country, the genealogy of private families of rank and property in these times, and every other source of information within the author's reach, the following Diary has been drawn up, which it is hoped will be found much more satisfactory than any other account of the siege of Londonderry and defence of Enniskillen hitherto published.

LIFFORD, *12th March, 1823.*

NOTE.—In reference to Mr. Graham's History the reader will please bear in mind that it was written about fifty years ago, so that many of the references to names and circumstances well enough understood at that time, will not be quite so intelligible to all readers now. There is no other work extant on this subject which possesses anything at all approaching the minute and interesting details as to the prominent actors in the events narrated, their family history, descendants, &c. Then the localities in which notable events transpired, or from which notable persons came, are made doubly interesting by Mr. Graham's graphic description.

EXTRACTS

FROM

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

THE reign of terror under which every Protestant in Ireland groaned at the time of the Revolution, will be seen in the following extracts from Lord Macaulay's history of the events, showing clearly that there was no other course open to them but resistance to the Stuart dynasty—a dynasty which, had it been perpetuated, must have sunk the whole British Empire to the level of Spain, Portugal, or Italy. And if on this continent a British settlement existed at all, we may judge of its extent and character by what Mexico and Lower Canada now are :—

“William had assumed, together with the title of King of England, the title of King of Ireland. For all our jurists then regarded Ireland as a mere colony, more important indeed than Massachusetts, Virginia, and Jamaica, but, like Massachusetts, Virginia, and Jamaica, dependent on the mother country, and bound to pay allegiance to the Sovereign whom the mother country had called to the throne.

“In fact, however, the Revolution found Ireland emancipated from the dominion of the English colony. As early as the year 1686, James had determined to make that island a place of arms which might overawe Great Britain, and a place of refuge where, if any disaster happened in Great Britain, the members of his Church might find refuge. With this view he had exerted all his power for the purpose of inverting the relation between the conquerors and the aboriginal population. The execution of his design he had intrusted, in spite of the remonstrances of his English counsellors, to the Lord Deputy Tyrconnel. In the autumn of 1688, the process was complete. The highest offices in the state, in the army, and in the Courts of Justice, were, with scarcely an exception, filled by Papists. A pettifogger named Alexander Fitton, who had been detected in forgery, who had been fined for misconduct by the House of Lords at Westminster, who had been many years in prison, and who was equally deficient in legal knowledge and in the natural good sense and acuteness by which the want of legal knowledge has sometimes been supplied, was Lord Chancellor. His single merit was that he had apostatized from the Protestant religion ; and this merit

was thought sufficient to wash out even the stain of his Saxon extraction. He soon proved himself worthy of the confidence of his patrons. On the bench of justice he declared that there was not one heretic in forty thousand who was not a villain. He often, after hearing a cause in which the interests of his Church were concerned, postponed his decision, for the purpose, as he avowed, of consulting his spiritual director, a Spanish priest, well read doubtless in Escobar. Thomas Nugent, a Roman Catholic, who had never distinguished himself at the bar, except by his brogue and his blunders, was Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Stephen Rice, a Roman Catholic, whose abilities and learning were not disputed even by the enemies of his nation and religion, but whose known hostility to the Act of Settlement excited the most painful apprehensions in the minds of all who held property under that Act, was Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Richard Nagle, an acute and well read lawyer, who had been educated in a Jesuit college, and whose prejudices were such as might have been expected from his education, was Attorney-General.

"Keating, a highly respectable Protestant, was still Chief Justice of the Common Pleas: but two Roman Catholic Judges sate with him. It ought to be added that one of those judges, Daly, was a man of sense, moderation and integrity. The matters, however, which came before the Court of Common Pleas were not of great moment. Even the King's Bench was at this time almost deserted. The Court of Exchequer overflowed with business; for it was the only court at Dublin from which no writ of error lay to England, and consequently the only court in which the English could be oppressed and pillaged without hope of redress. Rice, it was said, had declared that they should have from him exactly what the law, construed with the utmost strictness, gave them, and nothing more. What, in his opinion, the law, strictly construed, gave them, they could easily infer from a saying which, before he became a judge, was often in his mouth. "I will drive," he used to say, "a coach and six through the Act of Settlement." He now carried his threat daily into execution. The cry of all Protestants was that it mattered not what evidence they produced before him; that, when their titles were to be set aside, the rankest forgeries, the most infamous witnessses, were sure to have his countenance. To his court his countrymen came in multitudes with writs of ejectment and writs of trespass. In his court the government attacked at once the charters of all the cities and boroughs in Ireland; and he easily found pretexts for pronouncing all those charters forfeited. The municipal corporations, about a hundred in number, had been instituted to be the strongholds of the reformed religion and of the English interest, and had consequently been regarded by the Irish Roman Catholics with an aversion which cannot be thought unnatural or unreasonable. Had those bodies been remodelled in a judicious and impartial manner, the irregularity of the proceedings by which so desirable a result had been attained might have been pardoned. But it soon appeared that one exclusive system had been swept away only to make room for another. The boroughs were subjected to the absolute authority of the Crown. Towns in which

almost every householder was an English Protestant were placed under the government of Irish Roman Catholics. Many of the new Aldermen had never even seen the places over which they were appointed to bear rule. At the same time the Sheriffs, to whom belonged the execution of writs and the nomination of juries, were selected in almost every instance from the caste which had till very recently been excluded from all public trust. It was affirmed that some of these important functionaries had been burned in the hand for theft. Others had been servants to Protestants; and the Protestants added, with bitter scorn, that it was fortunate for the country when this was the case; for that a menial who had cleaned the plate and rubbed down the horse of an English gentleman might pass for a civilized being, when compared with many of the native aristocracy whose lives had been spent in coshering or marauding. To such Sheriffs no colonist, even if he had been so strangely fortunate as to obtain a judgment, dared to intrust an execution.

"Thus the civil power had, in the space of a few months, been transferred from the Saxon to the Celtic population. The transfer of the military power had been not less complete. The army, which, under the command of Ormond, had been the chief safeguard of the English ascendancy, had ceased to exist. Whole regiments had been dissolved and reconstructed. Six thousand Protestant veterans, deprived of their bread, were brooding in retirement over their wrongs, or had crossed the sea and joined the standard of William. Their place was supplied by men who had long suffered oppression, and who, finding themselves suddenly transformed from slaves into masters, were impatient to pay back, with accumulated usury, the heavy debt of injuries and insults. The new soldiers, it was said, never passed an Englishman without cursing him and calling him by some foul name. They were the terror of every Protestant innkeeper; for, from the moment when they came under his roof, they ate and drank everything: they paid for nothing; and by their rude swaggering they scared more respectable guests from his door.

"Such was the state of Ireland when the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay. From that time every packet which arrived at Dublin brought tidings, such as could not but increase the mutual fear and loathing of the hostile races. During some weeks there were outrages, insults, evil reports, violent panics, the natural preludes of the terrible conflict which was at hand. A rumour spread over the whole island that, on the ninth of December, there would be a general massacre of the Englishry. Tyrconnel sent for the chief Protestants of Dublin to the Castle, and, with his usual energy of diction, invoked on himself all the vengeance of heaven if the report was not a cursed, a blasted, a confounded lie. It was said that, in his rage at finding his oaths ineffectual, he pulled off his hat and wig, and flung them into the fire. But lying Dick Talbot was so well known that his imprecations and gesticulations only strengthened the apprehensions which they were meant to allay. Ever since the recall of Clarendon there had been a large emigration of timid and quiet people from the Irish ports to England. That emigration now

went on faster than ever. It was not easy to obtain a passage on board of a well built or commodious vessel. But many persons, made bold by the excess of fear, and choosing rather to trust the winds and waves than the exasperated Irishry, ventured to encounter all the dangers of Saint George's Channel and of the Welsh coast in open boats and in the depth of winter. The English who remained began, in almost every county, to draw close together. Every large country house became a fortress. Every visitor who arrived after nightfall was challenged from a loophole or from a barricaded window; and, if he attempted to enter without pass words and explanations, a blunderbuss was presented to him. On the dreaded night of the ninth of December, there was scarcely one Protestant mansion from the Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay in which armed men were not watching and lights burning from the early sunset to the late sunrise.

"The pay of the soldiers was very small. The private had only three-pence a day. One-half only of this pittance was ever given him in money; and that half was often in arrear. But a far more seductive bait than his miserable stipend was the prospect of boundless license. If the government allowed him less than sufficed for his wants, it was not extreme to mark the means by which he supplied the deficiency. Though four-fifths of the population of Ireland were Celtic and Roman Catholic, more than four-fifths of the property of Ireland belonged to the Protestant Englishry. The garners, the cellars, above all the flocks and herds of the minority, were abandoned to the majority. Whatever the regular troops spared was devoured by bands of marauders who overran almost every barony in the island. For the arming was now universal. No man dared to present himself at mass without some weapon, a pike, a long knife called a skean, or, at the very least, a strong ashen stake, pointed and hardened in the fire. The very women were exhorted by their spiritual directors to carry skeans. Every smith, every carpenter, every cutler, was at constant work on guns and blades. It was scarcely possible to get a horse shod. If any Protestant artisan refused to assist in the manufacture of implements which were to be used against his nation and his religion, he was flung into prison. It seems probable that, at the end of February, at least a hundred thousand Irishmen were in arms. Near fifty thousand of them were soldiers. The rest were banditti, whose violence and licentiousness the Government affected to disapprove, but did not really exert itself to suppress. The Protestants not only were not protected, but were not suffered to protect themselves. It was determined that they should be left unarmed in the midst of an armed and hostile population. A day was fixed on which they were to bring all their swords and firelocks to the parish churches; and it was notified that every Protestant house in which, after that day, a weapon should be found should be given up to be sacked by the soldiers. Bitter complaints were made that any knave might, by hiding a spear head or an old gun barrel in a corner of a mansion, bring utter ruin on the owner.

"Chief Justice Keating, himself a Protestant, and almost the only Protestant who still held a great place in Ireland, struggled courageously

in the cause of justice and order against the united strength of the government and the populace. At the Wicklow assizes of that spring, he, from the seat of judgment, set forth with great strength of language the miserable state of the country. Whole counties, he said, were devastated by a rabble resembling the vultures and ravens which follow the march of an army. Most of these wretches were not soldiers. They acted under no authority known to the law. Yet it was, he owned, but too evident that they were encouraged and screened by some who were in high command. How else could it be that a market overt for plunder should be held within a short distance of the capital? The stories which travellers told of the savage Hottentots near the Cape of Good Hope were realized in Leinster. Nothing was more common than for an honest man to lie down rich in flocks and herds acquired by the industry of a long life, and to wake a beggar. It was, however, to small purpose that Keating attempted, in the midst of that fearful anarchy, to uphold the supremacy of the law. Priests and military chiefs appeared on the bench for the purpose of overawing the judge and countenancing the robbers. One ruffian escaped because no prosecutor dared to appear. Another declared that he had armed himself in conformity to the orders of his spiritual guide, and to the example of many persons of higher station than himself, whom he saw at that moment in Court. Two only of the Merry Boys, as they were called, were convicted: the worst criminals escaped; and the Chief Justice indignantly told the jurymen that the guilt of the public ruin lay at their door.

"When such disorder prevailed in Wicklow, it is easy to imagine what must have been the state of districts more barbarous and more remote from the seat of government. Keating appears to have been the only magistrate who strenuously exerted himself to put the law in force. Indeed Nugent, the Chief Justice of the highest criminal court of the realm, declared on the bench at Cork that, without violence and spoliation, the intentions of the Government could not be carried into effect, and that robbery must at that conjuncture be tolerated as a necessary evil.

"The destruction of property which took place within a few weeks would be incredible, if it were not attested by witnesses unconnected with each other and attached to very different interests. There is a close, and sometimes almost a verbal, agreement between the descriptions given by Protestants, who, during that reign of terror, escaped, at the hazard of their lives, to England, and the descriptions given by the envoys, commissaries, and captains of Louis. All agreed in declaring that it would take many years to repair the waste which had been wrought in a few weeks by the armed peasantry. Some of the Saxon aristocracy had mansions richly furnished, and sideboards gorgeous with silver bowls and chargers. All this wealth disappeared. One house, in which there had been three thousand pounds' worth of plate, was left without a spoon. But the chief riches of Ireland consisted in cattle. Innumerable flocks and herds covered that vast expanse of emerald meadow, saturated with the moisture of the Atlantic. More than one gentleman possessed twenty thousand sheep and four thousand oxen.

The freebooters who now overspread the country belonged to a class which was accustomed to live on potatoes and sour whey, and which had always regarded meat as a luxury reserved for the rich. These men at first revelled in beef and mutton, as the savage invaders, who of old poured down from the forests of the north on Italy, revelled in Massic and Falernian wines. The Protestants described with contemptuous disgust the strange gluttony of their newly liberated slaves. The carcasses, half raw and half burned to cinders, sometimes still bleeding, sometimes in a state of loathsome decay, were torn to pieces and swallowed without salt, bread, or herbs. Those marauders who preferred boiled meat, being often in want of kettles, contrived to boil the steer in his own skin. An absurd tragic-comedy is still extant, which was acted in this and the following year at some low theatre for the amusement of the English populace. A crowd of half naked savages appeared on the stage, howling a Celtic song and dancing round an ox. They then proceeded to cut steaks out of the animal while still alive and to fling the bleeding flesh on the coals. In truth the barbarity and filthiness of the banquets of the Rapparees was such as the dramatists of Grub Street could scarcely caricature. When Lent began, the plunderers generally ceased to devour, but continued to destroy. A peasant would kill a cow merely in order to get a pair of brogues. Often a whole flock of sheep, often a herd of fifty or sixty kine, was slaughtered: the beasts were flayed; the fleeces and hides were carried away; and the bodies were left to poison the air. The French ambassador reported to his master that, in six weeks, fifty thousand horned cattle had been slain in this manner, and were rotting on the ground all over the country. The number of sheep that were butchered during the same time was popularly said to have been three or four hundred thousand.

"Any estimate which now can be framed of the value of the property destroyed during this fearful conflict of races must necessarily be very inexact. We are not, however, absolutely without materials for such an estimate. The Quakers were neither a very numerous nor a very opulent class. We can hardly suppose that they were more than a fiftieth part of the Protestant population of Ireland, or that they possessed more than a fiftieth part of the Protestant wealth of Ireland. They were undoubtedly better treated than any other Protestant sect. James had always been partial to them: they own that Tyrconnel did his best to protect them; and they seem to have found favour even in the sight of the Rapparees. Yet the Quakers computed their pecuniary losses at a hundred thousand pounds.

"In Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, it was utterly impossible for the English settlers, few as they were and dispersed, to offer any effectual resistance to this terrible outburst of the aboriginal population. Charleville, Mallow, Sligo, fell into the hands of the natives. Bandon, where the Protestants had mustered in considerable force, was reduced by Lieutenant-General Macarthy, an Irish officer who was descended from one of the most illustrious Celtic houses, and who had long served, under a feigned name, in the French army. The people of Kenmare held out in their little fastness till they were attacked by three thousand

regular soldiers, and till it was known that several pieces of ordnance were coming to batter down the turf wall which surrounded the agent's house. Then at length a capitulation was concluded. The colonists were suffered to embark in a small vessel scantily supplied with food and water. They had no experienced navigator on board : but after a voyage of a fortnight, during which they were crowded together like slaves in a Guinea ship, and suffered the extremity of thirst and hunger, they reached Bristol in safety. When such was the fate of the towns, it was evident that the country seats which the Protestant landowners had recently fortified in the three southern provinces could no longer be defended. Many families submitted, delivered up their arms, and thought themselves happy in escaping with life. But many resolute and high-spirited gentlemen and yeomen were determined to perish rather than yield. They packed up such valuable property as could easily be carried away, burned whatever they could not remove, and, well armed and mounted, set out for those spots in Ulster which were the strongholds of their race and of their faith. The flower of the Protestant population of Munster and Connaught found shelter at Enniskillen. Whatever was bravest and most truehearted in Leinster took the road to Londonderry,

"The spirit of Enniskillen and Londonderry rose higher and higher to meet the danger. At both places the tidings of what had been done by the Convention at Westminster were received with transports of joy. William and Mary were proclaimed at Enniskillen with unanimous enthusiasm, and with such pomp as the little town could furnish. Lundy, who commanded at Londonderry, could not venture to oppose himself to the general sentiment of the citizens and of his own soldiers. He therefore gave in his adhesion to the new government, and signed a declaration by which he bound himself to stand by that government, on pain of being considered a coward and a traitor. A vessel from England soon brought a commission from William and Mary which confirmed him in his office.

"To reduce the Protestants of Ulster to submission before aid could arrive from England was now the chief object of Tyrconnel. A great force was ordered to move northward, under the command of Richard Hamilton. This man had violated all the obligations which are held sacred by gentlemen and soldiers, had broken faith with his friends the Temples, had forfeited his military parole, and was now not ashamed to take the field as a general against the government to which he was bound to render himself up as a prisoner. His march left on the face of the country traces which the most careless eye could not during many years fail to discern. His army was accompanied by a rabble, such as Keating had well compared to the unclean birds of prey which swarm wherever the scent of carrion is strong. The general professed himself anxious to save from ruin and outrage all Protestants who remained quietly at their homes; and he most readily gave them protections under his hand. But these protections proved of no avail; and he was forced to own that, whatever power he might be able to exercise over his soldiers, he could not keep order among the mob of camp followers. The country behind him was a wilderness; and soon the country before him became equally

desolate. For at the fame of his approach the colonists burned their furniture, pulled down their houses, and retreated northward. Some of them attempted to make a stand at Dromore, but were broken and scattered. Then the flight became wild and tumultuous. The fugitives broke down the bridges and burned the ferryboats. Whole towns, the seats of the Protestant population were left in ruins without one inhabitant. The people of Omagh destroyed their own dwellings so utterly that no roof was left to shelter the enemy from the rain and wind. The people of Cavan migrated in one body to Enniskillen. The day was wet and stormy. The road was deep in mire. It was a piteous sight to see, mingled with the armed men, the women and children weeping, famished, and toiling through the mud up to their knees. All Lisburn fled to Antrim; and, as the foes drew nearer, all Lisburn and Antrim together came pouring into Londonderry. Thirty thousand Protestants, of both sexes and of every age, were crowded behind the bulwarks of the City of Refuge. There, at length, on the verge of the ocean, hunted to the last asylum, and baited into a mood in which men may be destroyed, but will not easily be subjugated, the imperilled race turned desperately to bay.

DIARY, &c.

AS Ireland was doomed to be the arena upon which the fate of the liberty of the West of Europe was to be decided, so was it from this Island that James II. received the first intelligence of the Prince of Orange's designs against him. The Earl of Tyrconnel obtained the earliest account of the preparations in Holland, by a ship which arrived in the bay of Dublin, and he lost no time in transmitting his report of it to the King. It was received with the utmost scorn and derision by the English Court; the Secretary ridiculed it in his reply to the Viceroy, who, nevertheless, was observed to lower his tone towards the Protestants, and to talk of his impartiality in such a way as to indicate his desire to secure the confidence and intercession of some of them, in his apprehension of a reverse of fortune. Chief Justice Nugent, however, echoed the bolder sentiments of the Romish party, in his charge to a Grand Jury, in which he promised the Prince of Orange the fate of the Duke of Monmouth, and declared his conviction that the Protestant rebels of England would, before the expiration of one short month, be seen hanging in all parts of it like bunches of onions.

The army in Ireland, at this time, amounted to eight thousand in number, and the Lord Lieutenant, in compliance with orders most injudiciously sent to him, transported one half of them to England. With respect to the City of Londonderry, this proved a most fortunate circumstance, and is justly ascribed by Walker to the providential infatuation of the Chief Governor's counsels. On this occasion, Lord Mountjoy's entire regiment, which had been quartered in and about this City, was withdrawn from it, and the regret of the citizens at their departure, on account of their reliance on the nobleman who commanded it, as well as on a few Protestants among the officers and privates, may be noticed as an additional proof of the ignorance of man, in grieving at occurrences, for which he ought rather to rejoice. Had this regiment not been removed from the city, it would have been morally impossible for the inhabitants to resist the tyrant, and the possession of it, together with Carrickfergus and Belfast, by the adherents of James, would have opened such a communication between Ireland, Scotland, and the North of England, as must have frustrated every attempt at accomplishing the Revolution.

The troops which remained at the disposal of Tyrconnel were but a handful, compared to the Protestants capable of bearing arms, and burning with impatience to wield them, and who had weapons enough in the city of Dublin alone, to enable them to disarm their adversaries. When

they heard that James had sent commissioners to treat with their deliverer, it was with the utmost difficulty they were prevailed upon to refrain from seizing the Castle of Dublin, and making Tyrconnel, who had only six hundred men to protect him, their prisoner. The constant arrival of expresses from England with accounts of the Prince's wonderful successes, so disheartened the Irish army, that they declared they were ready to lay down their arms, and satisfied to return to the condition in which they were during the preceding reign. Tyrconnel himself signified to the Protestants his desire that they would intimate this proposal to their friends in England, and stated that he was willing to resign the sword, with King James's permission, which he deemed it probable he would soon receive.

The Rev. William King, afterwards successively Bishop of Derry and Archbishop of Dublin, was at this time President of the Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to the Deanery of which he succeeded on the 26th of January, 1689. He had already distinguished himself by an able reply to the considerations which had induced Peter Manby, Dean of Derry, to conform to the Popish religion, and he was now actively employed in keeping up a correspondence with the friends of the Prince of Orange in England. Encouraged by the advices which he received in return, he earnestly persuaded the Protestants to embrace the deliverance offered to them by Divine Providence, to acknowledge the Prince of Orange for their King, and to submit to his authority. This had a wonderful influence on the spirits of the people, and disposed them to a zealous defence of their religion and civil rights.

The Protestants, in all difficult cases, had recourse to him for advice how to conduct themselves in such a dangerous predicament as that in which they stood at that crisis; and such a counsellor was then of incalculable benefit to them. Nor was he of less service to the Protestant cause on the other side of St. George's Channel, where a most powerful body of the Clergy and Laity of the Established Church adhered to James, and had been most grossly deceived by reports indefatigably circulated amongst them, of the great mildness of that tyrannical Prince's government towards the Protestants of Ireland. To counteract the dangerous effects of such representations, everywhere received as truth, Mr. King took the utmost care, by private letters, to undeceive the people of England, undertaking an arduous duty, at all times necessary for the preservation of the English and Protestant interest in this place, and never more so than at the period of our history now under review, if we may except the present times, when, for upwards of forty years, the system of delusion with respect to Ireland, is unhappily practised with so much success, not only in one of the houses of the Legislature, but in the inmost recesses of the cabinet of the Empire.

To such a pitch was this delusion carried in Scotland, even after the arrival of William and the flight of James, in 1688, that Sir Daniel McDaniel, who came out of the Isles of Orkney to Dublin in the ensuing year, with several gentlemen of the Highlands, declared that their Ministers in the pulpits had assured them that the Protestants of Ireland lived under King James in the greatest freedom, quiet, and security,

both as to their properties and religion ; and that if the Protestants of Scotland knew the truth of the matter, as they then found it here, they would never fight a single stroke for him. Similar mistakes prevailed in England at the same time, and agents were dispatched through the coffee-houses, taverns, and other public places, to disseminate an opinion that the Protestants of Ireland lived easy and happy under Tyrconnel's government, while they were bleeding under the lash of his intolerable tyranny.

In this state of public feeling in the metropolis, a letter was dropt at Cumber, in the County of Down, where the Earl of Mount-Alexander resided, dated December 3, 1688, informing that nobleman, that on Sunday the 9th of that month, the Irish throughout the whole Island, in pursuance of an oath which they had taken, were to rise and massacre the Protestants, men, women and children, and warning him to take particular care of himself, as a Captain's commission would be the reward of the man who would murder him. There was no name subscribed to this letter, and the bad writing and low style of it, seemed to argue that it was penned by one of the lowest of the natives. Letters to the same purpose were written to a Mr. Brown, of Lisburn ; Mr. Maitland, of Hillsborough, and others. Whether the letter to Lord Mount-Alexander was a false alarm or not, the most decided friends of the Revolution did not dispute, but all the Protestants who saw it agreed, that in such a posture of their affairs, it was not a document which they ought to suppress, and accordingly copies of it were, on the next day, forwarded to Dublin by Sir W. Franklin, Arthur Upton, Esq., W. Coningham, Esq., and Mr. Thomas Knox, not only to alarm the Protestants in that city, but to give them the opportunity of communicating the contents of it to all other parts of Ireland.

Early on the day after the arrival of this intelligence in Dublin, upwards of three thousand terrified Protestants, deserting their houses and their property, embarked on board ships which happened to be in the bay at that time, in which they were so crowded, that many of them were in danger of being suffocated.

Tyrconnel in vain attempted to repress the tide of popular terror. On Sunday morning he sent two Protestant Lords to persuade the people not to go away, and he ordered a yacht to bring back some of those who had gone, but all his endeavours were ineffectual, they had lost all confidence in him ; and his oaths, of which he was remarkably profuse on all occasions, were now unable to obtain any credit from them. On the same day the report arrived in many of the principal towns in Ireland, while the Protestants were at church, and it struck them with such terror, that many of them broke out through the windows, others pushed towards the doors, regardless of the danger of being crushed to death by a crowd struggling to escape by the same passage. Hats, caps, and shoes were left behind, clothes torn to pieces, and women and children severely injured, by being crushed against the walls or trampled under foot in the confusion.

For several Sundays the Protestants carried weapons of all sorts with them into their churches, and even their officiating Ministers were armed

with sword and pistols in their pulpits. Two contending Churches were at this time literally militant in Ireland, and a primitive christian, without reference to the justice of the cause on either side, would have wept and deprecated the weapons of the warfare.

Copies of the letter to Lord Mount-Alexander arrived in Enniskillen on Friday the 7th, and obtained immediate credit in that town, in which many persons then lived who had survived and recollected the massacre of 1641. Letters were immediately despatched from the town to all the gentlemen in the surrounding country, requesting their assistance to repel two companies of foot belonging to Sir Thos. Newcomen's regiment, for which Tyrconnel had ordered them to provide quarters, but whom they were desirous to keep out, although there were but eighty inhabitants in the town, and they were not possessed of ten pounds of gunpowder, or more than twenty muskets in complete repair. The messengers returned to them, as might be expected, with but little encouragement, but the Enniskillenners, steady to their purpose, resolved not to receive the Popish garrison, and commenced the most active preparations for defence.

A copy of this letter was sent by William Coningham, Esq., from Belfast, inclosed in one of his own, to George Canning, Esq., of Garvagh, in the county of Londonderry. Mr. Canning, whose father had been cruelly murdered in his own house in that place on the commencement of the massacre of 1641, sent this letter with the utmost expedition to Alderman Tomkins, in Derry, according to the strict injunction of Mr. Coningham. A gentleman meeting with this messenger on the way, was informed of the contents of his despatches, and sent the information to George Phillips, of Nn-Limavady, on the sixth of December, on which day a part of the Earl of Antrim's new regiment arrived there, on its way to Londonderry. Mr. Phillips, then in his ninetieth year, with a promptness to be expected in a veteran highly distinguished through the whole of the preceding civil wars, sent a messenger at midnight to the city with an account of what had been communicated to him, and to acquaint his friends there what description of guests they were likely to have on the ensuing day. He wrote to them, that instead of six or eight companies of Irish Papists, and Scottish Highlanders of the same religion, as had been reported, this regiment consisted of about double the number, attended by a multitude of women and boys.

At an early hour next morning Mr. Phillips sent another messenger to Londonderry, expressing his increased apprehension of the consequences of suffering this regiment to enter the city, and advising the citizens to look to their safety. The messenger who was charged with the delivery of the letter, told them that he had left some of the foremost companies within two miles of the town, the rest being on their way. The Alderman, with the rest of the leading men of the city, were in great confusion on receiving these accounts. Alderman Tomkins consulted Mr. Gordon, a non-conforming Minister, who not only advised the closing of the gates, but wrote immediately to several neighbouring parishes to warn the Protestants of their danger, and solicit their assistance. Alderman Norman, and others, in the meantime, were consult-

ing the Bishop, and found that venerable prelate cautious from years, and by the principles of his sacred profession, an enemy to resistance. Dr. Hopkins had been educated at Oxford, in Calvinistic and Independent principles, but upon the restoration of Charles II. he conformed to the Church of England, and became an eminent preacher. He had at this time been nearly twenty years in Ireland, where he had successively occupied the stations of Treasurer of the See of Waterford, Dean and Bishop of Raphoe, from which latter he had been translated to the Bishopric of Derry, where he was greatly esteemed for his humility, modesty, hospitality and charity.

But the strongest incitement to the Protestants to preserve their last refuge from persecution, arose from the public and unguarded declarations of the Romish Priests in the Mass-houses, that they had some great design in hand, whereof their congregations should soon have particular notice; that it was their indispensable duty, at the peril of their salvation, to do whatever their Priests should direct and enjoin them, requiring them in the meantime "TO BUY AND FURNISH THEMSELVES WITH THE BEST WEAPONS THEY COULD." The stories of this kind which were told by some of the Papists themselves, gained the more credit, from its being observed through the whole kingdom, that not only the men, but the women and boys of the Romish persuasion, began to supply themselves with a weapon called a SKEIN or knife, and a kind of half-pike; it being the chief employment of the smiths in the country to make this kind of arms for them. These women, who trained up their unhappy sons in the habit of robbery and bloodshed, entailed a severe curse upon the country, in the RAPPAREES, as they were called, "a sort of Irish vultures," says Mackenzie, "who followed the armies to finish the work of death, and prey upon the spoils of the field of battle." The frequent conferences of the Popish Clergy in the county of Donegal, had excited great suspicion, particularly an account of some violent debates said to have arisen between the Priests and Friars about the execution of some great design. A sermon preached to the Popish garrison of Derry, in the open Market-house, in October, 1688, contributed much to alarm the Protestants, some of whom were among the hearers. The subject of this sermon was Saul's treatment of the Amalekites, in which the preacher strongly insisted on the danger of sparing one of those whom Heaven had devoted to destruction, "God," he said, "deserted Saul, and took the kingdom from him, and ruined both him and his family, for that very reason, as he certainly would punish all who should be guilty of a similar disobedience; adding, that the people were always, as at that time, from Samuel, obliged to take their directions from their Clergy as from God, and punctually observe the same at the peril of their souls." The application of all this, at such a juncture, was not to be mistaken even by persons of less sagacity than the people of Londonderry proved to be. Some of these Ecclesiastics were observed to buy fire-arms, and to get several chain-bridles made, a few of which were accidentally found and seized by George Phillips, Esq. The Popish Priests now casting away all regard for a clerical appearance, assumed swords and periwigs, turned military commanders,

and exercised the new raised soldiers. All the scum and rascality of the country were made officers; in every part of the Island Papists enlisted themselves, and their Priests suffered no man to come to mass that did not arm himself with a skein and an half-pike.

By Colonel Phillips' first letter from Nn-Limavady, it appeared that the Earl of Antrim's regiment consisted of a much greater number of men than was at first supposed; the companies were eight in number, instead of six, which had been announced, and were attended by a great number of women and boys. In a second letter he expressed his sense of the danger of admitting such a crew into the city, and advised them to take care of their own safety. The messenger who brought this letter said that he had left some of the foremost companies within two miles of the town, the rest being on their way. The Protestant inhabitants were terrified; several of them assembled in groups through the streets. THE APPRENTICE BOYS, with a mob of the lower orders along with them, muttered something about shutting the gates; they got some private encouragement to do so at first, but that was soon retracted, and the minds of all the men of weight fluctuated in a miserable doubt of the most prudent course to take. In the meantime two companies of the unwelcome regiment arrived at the Water-side, commanded by a Lieutenant and an Ensign. Their officers, leaving their men there, were ferried over, and waited on the Deputy Mayor and the Sheriffs, with their authority for demanding admission. John Buchanan, the Deputy, a man secretly devoted to the interest of James, had no objection to give the regiment a most honourable reception, but Horace Kennedy, one of the Sheriffs, had given the PRENTICE BOYS a secret hint during the preceding night, and they were at hand, prepared to shut the gates against the regiment. While they were in some consultation with each other on the subject, the Irish soldiers, impatient at the delay of their officers, or having, it was thought, some intimation of the nature of the reception intended for them, and a strong desire to frustrate it, crossed the river, and appeared on the landing place, about three hundred yards from the ferry-gate. The young men of the city observing this, about eight or nine of them, whose names deserve to be preserved in letters of gold, viz. :—HENRY CAMPSIE, WILLIAM CROOKSHANKS, ROBERT SHERRARD, DANIEL SHERRARD, ALEXANDER IRWIN, JAMES STEWART, ROBERT MORRISON, ALEXANDER CONINGHAM, SAMUEL HUNT, with JAMES SPIKE, JOHN CONINGHAM, WILLIAM CAIRNS, SAMUEL HARVEY, and some others who soon joined them, ran to the main guard, seized the keys after a slight opposition, came to the ferry-gate, drew up the bridge and locked the gate, Lord Antrim's soldiers having advanced within sixty yards of it. They then ran to secure the other three gates, and having left guards at each of them, assembled in the market-place.

This kindled an ardent spirit among the lower orders, and more youthful part of the inhabitants to defend the city, but there was still some opposition to the measure; the Deputy Mayor, strongly attached to King James's interest, attended by the sheriffs, came to the market-place attended by two Popish officers, and others of the same persuasion, where, by promises and threats, they endeavored to prevail on the people to

throw the gates open to the King's soldiers, and they had taken the precaution to secure the magazine, by placing a guard of their own over it. The youthful heroes perceiving the measure, sent a party to counteract it, and Campsie, who led them, was wounded by a sentinel named Linegar, a reputed Papist. The circumstance of Protestant blood already flowing from a wound inflicted by such hands, at such a crisis, and in such a place, had an instantaneous and irresistible effect. It was in vain that the Bishop added his remonstrances to those which had been already used, talked of an allegiance to an abdicated King, and preached peace and submission. Mackenzie observes, "that the dull heads of the men of Londonderry could not comprehend how it could be a great crime to shut the gates against those whom they believed had been sent to cut their throats;" and Archbishop King observed afterwards, "that no man could blame the youthful heroes for their decision on this occasion. They were startled even at the external appearance of the pack of ruffians now approaching their city, attended by crowds of ferocious women and armed boys. Many of the captains and other officers of this regiment were well known there, having been long confined in the gaol for thefts and robberies. They came too at the time when a general massacre of the Protestants was expected, and appeared to have been the persons appointed for the perpetration of it in that place, ready, it was believed, to commit such villainies on command, and not likely to wait for an order to do so. The Deputy Mayor's remonstrances were at last silenced by Alderman Gervais Squire, who called him a traitor to the liberties of Ireland and the Crown of England; and the companies which had been indignantly waiting on the outside of the gates, were soon put to flight in a very ridiculous manner, for one JAMES MORRISON having warned them in vain to begone, called out aloud, "*bring about a great gun here,*" when they were instantly seized with a panic freight, and hurried across the river to their disappointed companions. In the afternoon of this day, the gallant David Cairnes, of Knockmany, in the County of Tyrone, a gentleman of high talent and great respectability, bred to the profession of the law, came into Londonderry, and expressed his full approbation of what had been done there on that morning. He commended the courage of the PRENTICE BOYS and assured them of his utmost assistance. He went round the walls, and to each of the gates, encouraging the guards and sentinels, and after returning to the main-guard again to shew his full concurrence with them, he went to the persons of respectability in the city, to persuade them of the necessity of their taking a similar course. In the evening of the same day, several of them began to appear more openly than they had previously done in the matter, so that at night he came to the guard-house with Alderman Norman, Mr. Jemmett, the Collector, Mr. Thomas Moncrief, Mr. James Lennox, and several others, who there wrote many letters to the gentlemen of the country, to acquaint them with what had been done, to represent their common danger, and the necessity of their concurrence in the defence of the city. Various answers were returned, as might have been expected, some approving of the measure adopted, and promising their assistance, others discouraging what they considered to be a disloyal and hopeless

enterprise. In the meantime, it is scarcely necessary to add, good guards were kept within and without the walls of the city, on the night of this memorable day.

On the next day, Saturday, the eighth of December, at an early hour, being in want of ammunition, the guards broke open the magazine, and took from it one hundred and fifty muskets, with some quantity of match, one barrel of gun-powder, and a proportionable number of musket balls. The magazine contained only eight or nine barrels of powder, of which two or three were unfit for use, and there were only two more in the city. There were but few arms in order, which had been prepared for Lord Antrim's regiment; the rest, in number about one thousand, were much out of repair. The Bishop, unable to stem the popular torrent, retired to his former residence, in the strong castle of Raphoe. A considerable number of the Protestants of the neighborhood flocked into the city for safety, and a rumour of a design of the Papists who remained, and the brutal conduct of the regiment at the Waterside, drew many more of the people of the town to take an active part in defence of it, and accelerated the departure of the greatest part of the Popish inhabitants, with an entire convent of Dominican Friars.

The appearance of an adequate posture of defence was, however, as yet, but slight and discouraging. It appeared, on investigation, that those within the walls capable of bearing arms, did not amount to three hundred; the suburbs were not taken into account, but it was thought they could not furnish as many more. But the news which arrived from England this day served as a powerful incitement to exertion on the part of the Protestants. The morning's post brought an account of the Prince of Denmark and the Duke of Ormond joining the Prince of Orange, with others of high rank and great influence in England. A discharge of two of the best guns on the walls, to announce the joyful intelligence, operated in striking terror into the Irishmen and Highlanders on the other side of the river, many of whom had never before heard the sound of artillery, and their terrified wives and children expected a shower of grape shot to succeed the thunder which assailed their ears. To complete their terror, one George Cooke, a butcher, drew up fifty or sixty boys on the city side of the river, which the terrified Irish mistook for the advanced guard of a regiment of Laganeers. This was the denomination of a regiment raised during the civil wars, in that district of the county of Donegal, near Lough Swilly, called the Lagan, and famous for its victories over the rebels. The consequence was, that the whole of the new raised regiment, armed only with skeins, clubs, and other such weapons as kerns and tories used, with the women and children at their heels, betook themselves to a precipitate flight. The officers left their boots behind them, many of them having been best used to run bare-footed, and the soldiers disregarded the incumbrance of their coats, in their eagerness to escape from an enemy, still separated from them by a broad and rapid river.

Their Colonel, the Earl of Antrim, then seventy-three years of age, a veteran in courts and camps, accompanied by Mr. Phillips, of Nu-Lima-vady, met the panic struck regiment about a mile from the spot from

which they had taken their flight, and having heard a very alarming story from them, thought fit to stop there and send forward Mr. Phillips to bring him word from the city, whether he would be admitted there, and who commanded the garrison. It was with some difficulty that this venerable messenger was admitted, as coming from the enemy, although he had rendered an essential service to the city already, and had been Governor of it and the fort of Culmore during the civil wars. But it soon appearing that he was inclined to join them in their defence, the guard which they had placed over him was removed, but upon his own request to David Cairnes, then in command, he was publicly threatened with confinement if he did not concur with them.

Mr. Phillips then wrote to inform the Earl of Antrim that he had been detained in the city, and to discourage him from approaching towards it, and that Nobleman returned to Coleraine to rally his scattered regiment.

In the mean time it was thought prudent that a letter should be written to Lord Mountjoy, in whom they had great confidence, informing him of what had been done, and requesting his interposition with Lord Tyrconnel on their behalf. A copy of this document is given at the end of Mackenzie's narrative, and it breathes but little of the spirit which animated the defenders of the city. On the same day there was a meeting of the nobility and gentry of the north-east of Ulster, who had a short time before associated themselves for the defence of their liberties and lives. They called themselves the Antrim Association; Lord Massareen's name stands at the head of their spirited resolutions. They now sent an address to the Prince of Orange, and entrusted the delivery of it to James Hamilton, of Bangor, Esq., and a Mr. Osborne, each of whom afterwards raised a regiment in defence of the Protestant interest.

The dreaded Sunday passed over without any attempts on the part of the Romish population to carry the design imputed to them into execution. Whether it was ever formed or not remains a profound mystery; but there can be no manner of doubt that they were making active preparations for civil war, in which they were equalled if not outstripped, by the alarmed Protestants of Ulster.

On Monday, the tenth, Captain Forward and Mr. William Stewart brought two or three hundred horsemen into Londonderry, and Mr. John Cowan, of St. Johnstown, a company of foot, which they offered for the public service. David Cairnes was unanimously chosen to be an agent for the distressed Protestants, in London, and together with letters credential to the Prince of Orange's Secretary, the principal magistrates and commanders in the city gave him a letter to the London Society, stating what had happened, and imploring their assistance, concluding in the following energetic manner:—"We most humbly and heartily beseech you, as you are men of bowels and charity, to assist this gentleman, how best you can, to secure us from the common danger, and that we may peaceably live, obeying his Majesty and the laws, doing injury to no man, nor wishing it to any. Your interest here is now no argument worthy to engage you; the lives of thousands of innocent men, women,

and children are at stake. If you can and will not now afford your help to the utmost, we shall never be able to use a motive to induce you or to prevail upon you. May the Lord send deliverance to us, and preserve you all in peace." This letter was signed first by George Phillips, who had re-assumed his old office as Governor of the City; Campsie, Norman, Tomkins, and others, also affixed their signatures to it. Cairnes was also supplied with a private key for the purpose of carrying on a secret correspondence.

On the same day the people of the town were formed into six companies, under the command of the following officers :—

- 1st—Captain Samuel Norman, Lieutenant William Crookshanks, and Ensign Alexander Irwin.
- 2nd—Captain Alexander Lecky, Lieutenant James Lennox, and Ensign John Harvey.
- 3rd—Captain Mathew Cocken, Lieutenant Henry Long, Ensign Francis Hunt.
- 4th—Captain Warham Jemmet, Lieutenant Robert Morrison, and Ensign Daniel Sherrard.
- 5th—Captain John Tomkins, Lieutenant James Spright, and Ensign Alexander Cunningham.
- 6th—Captain Thomas Moncrief, Lieutenant James Morrison, and Ensign William Macky.

On Tuesday, the 11th, Mr. Cairnes set out for London, and on the same day Governor Phillips went to Newton-Limavady, where he raised two or three hundred horse, with which he returned in a few days. William Hamilton, of Mayagh, brought in two or three hundred more, who tendered their services to the general cause.

In the meantime, the Irish in all places were assembled in great bodies, killing the cattle of the Protestants, and stealing one hundred or two at once in a night, so that many substantial gentlemen, who had been the owners of several hundreds of black cattle and sheep had not one left, and for forty miles together in the province of Munster, the Irish cabins were full of beef stolen from the Protestants, which they did not so much as strew salt upon, but hung it up in the smoke, so that the best of it looked and smelled like carrion. It was computed that in nine days the Irish stole eleven thousand head of cattle in that one Province, and at length to complete the miseries of those exposed to this cruel persecution, their houses were robbed and pillaged, so that many who had lived in great plenty and hospitality, now wanted the common necessities of life, and had nothing left to preserve them from starving.

The Province of Connaught was in a state equally deplorable, and about this time several of the Protestant gentlemen of the counties of Sligo and Roscommon, fled with their families into Enniskillen; among these were Thomas Lloyd and Daniel Hudson, Esqrs., the former of whom signalized himself as Colonel of one of the regiments embodied there.

On Thursday, the 13th of December, news arrived in Enniskillen that the two companies of foot whose presence they so much feared, were on their march towards them, and on Friday, the 14th, that they had arrived in Clones, within eighteen miles of them. The townsmen then sent again to all their neighbors, beseeching them to come to their relief, and offering them free quarters for man and horse. Upon this many came

into the town, resolved to stand firm to the last extremity in defence of their lives and the Protestant religion.

Upon Saturday, the 15th of December, the men of Enniskillen wrote the following letter, directed to David Cairnes, Esq., or the other officers commanding in Londonderry :—

"GENTLEMEN—The frequent intelligence we have from all parts of this kingdom, of a general massacre of the Protestants, and two companies of foot of Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment, viz: Captain Nugent's and Captain Shurloe's being upon their march to garrison here, and now within ten miles, hath put us upon a resolution of refusing them entrance; our desire being only to preserve our own lives, and the lives of our neighbours, this place being the most considerable pass between Connaught and Ulster; and hearing of your resolutions, we thought it convenient to impart this to you, as likewise to beg your assistance both in your advice and relief, especially in helping us with some powder, and carrying on a correspondence with us hereafter, as we shall, with God's assistance, do with you, which is all at present, Gentlemen, from your faithful friends and fellow-christians.

"THE INHABITANTS OF ENNISKILLEN.

"From Enniskillen, December 15, 1688.

"We are not now in a condition to spare men for a guard, therefore we must entreat your assistance in that.

"Allen Cathcart.
William Browning.
Thomas Shore.
William Smith.

"Archibald Hamilton.
Malcome Cathcart.
James Ewart.
Robert Clarke."

On this day, being Saturday, the two foot companies came to Maguire's bridge, on their way to Enniskillen, and within eight miles of it. On Sunday the 16th, at ten o'clock, word was brought into the town that they were on their march, and had arrived at Lisbellaw. Most of the inhabitants of the town were in church at that time, but soon came out and got under arms, resolved to advance and meet the enemy. On being drawn out they were found to amount to about two hundred infantry, and one hundred and fifty horse. Of these a few were sent before the rest to parley with the companies and dissuade them from advancing, and they brought ale and some provisions to treat them in case of a compliance. Gustavus Hamilton, Esq., afterwards their Governor, joined them this day, with about one hundred horsemen, within a mile of the town, and at the same time a report reached them that the two companies advancing towards them had several horse loads of spare arms with them, for the purpose of arming some of the multitudes of the Popish peasantry who flocked to them from all quarters.

The Enniskillen horse now advanced towards these companies and their tumultuous adherents, and a view of them was sufficient to drive the whole rabble in confusion and precipitate flight back to Maguire's bridge. The officers of the two companies were at dinner in a gentleman's house, at some little distance from their men, when this happened, but they hastened to overtake them and outstrip them in their flight. On the next day, Monday 17th, the fugitives arrived in Cavan, where they staid in great fear of the Enniskillen men, till they received orders from Tyrconnel to march into other quarters.

On the 18th of December, Gustavus Hamilton, Esq. was unanimously chosen Governor of Enniskillen. He immediately gave orders to raise two companies of foot in and about the town, under the command of

Captains Allen and Malcome Cathcart, and in a very few days he formed a good troop of horse for himself, from his own estate and the neighbourhood of it, providing them with all the arms and necessaries he could procure for them. He then removed his family from their dwelling-house into the castle of Enniskillen.

The month of January, 1689, was spent by the men of Enniskillen in the most active preparations for the defence of their town. They raised several additional troops of horse and companies of foot, in which they were much encouraged by hearing of the unfortunate James having disbanded his army, deserted his kingdom, and fled into France. The officers used the utmost endeavours to get all the fire-arms which they could procure into a thorough state of repair; they caused a great number of pikes to be made, and beat out many old scythes, fixing them on poles, by which means, in a very short time, the few foot then raised were in a tolerable posture of defence. When about twelve companies and some few troops were thus raised and armed, they were formed into a regiment, of which the Governor was appointed Colonel, and Thomas Lloyd, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel.

At this time the Prince of Orange, in compliance with the request of both Houses of Parliament in England, and of the Protestants of Ireland, summoned the Earl of Tyrconnel, by a letter, to submit to the existing Administration in England. The delivery of the letter was entrusted to Colonel Hamilton, who promised to second it with his persuasions; but it was afterwards known that he acted an underhand part, and used his utmost endeavours to prevent the Viceroy from complying with it.

The Irish Lords, at the same time, pressed Tyrconnel to surrender the Government, and he had already packed up most of his valuable effects, and put some of his treasure on board a ship in which it was supposed he intended to leave the kingdom. It was, however, suspected that he meant, by these indications, only to gain time and perfect the new levies which he was already engaged in making; and these suspicions were confirmed by his privately issuing five hundred military commissions in one day. On the 4th of this month the gentlemen of the county of Sligo associated themselves, choosing Robert Lord Kingston, and Captain Childley Coote, their chief commanders. They then formed their force into troops and companies, and stationed them on the frontiers of their county to hold correspondence with Londonderry and the adjacent places.

The issuing of many commissions by Tyrconnel for the purpose of raising an Irish army continued to alarm the Protestants in all parts of Ulster, who were now confirmed in their resolution of putting themselves in the best possible state for defending themselves. They held several consultations with each other, and some great men advised and encouraged them to take care of themselves in this manner. One of these, whose name he does not mention, left some instructions for the Rev. George Walker, Rector of Donaghmore and Erigle, in the county of Tyrone, recommending the necessity of securing the town of Dungannon by a Protestant garrison, and of securing a sufficient store of provisions in it for an emergency. Mr. Walker, though at an advanced period of

life, having been twenty six years Rector of these parishes, thought it not only excusable, but necessary to interest himself on this occasion, and he raised a regiment for the defence of that town. Gordon, the son of the rebel chief, Sir Phelim O'Neill, sent his Priest to enquire why Mr. Walker took this course, and the Ecclesiastic returned with an answer, that so many Irish, as the Ulster Protestants denominated Papists, had armed themselves in the country, and that he and his people thought fit to put themselves in a posture of defence. The new raised regiment, complaining of a want of gunpowder, were deceived by a stratagem, which induced them to believe that a sufficiency of it had been provided for them, and so were induced to take charge of the post assigned to them.

In order to regain possession of Londonderry, Lord Tyrconnel now ordered Lord Mountjoy and Lieutenant-Colonel Lundy, with six companies of their regiment, to march from Dublin and take possession of it. A notice of this order was privately sent to the men of Derry, by some of their friends in the metropolis, who added a strong caution against the admission of the regiment into the city. When Lord Mountjoy came to Omagh, he sent Captain M'Causland with a message to Derry, desiring that two or three of the citizens should meet him at Raphoe; upon which Captain Norman and Mr. John Mogredge were sent to hear his proposals, who, on their return, gave an assurance of the authenticity of the powers vested in Lord Mountjoy, and strongly advised a capitulation, in return for a free and general pardon for all that had passed. Lord Mountjoy, having objected to those who had been sent to him for not having had power to treat with him, charged them on their return to inform the citizens that he desired they would send commissioners to meet him at Mongevlin castle, near St. Johnstown. Accordingly, Governor Phillips, with Captain Alexander Tomkins, and Lieutenant James Lennox, were empowered by the city to conclude a treaty with him. The terms they agreed to were, their getting a Protestant garrison, with liberty to keep their watches and arms as formerly, and also a free pardon under the great seal. These terms were, however, rejected, and Lord Mountjoy dismissed them, saying, that he would go to the gates of the city next morning, and demand entrance. On the return of the commissioners the stores were examined, and found to contain only six barrels of gunpowder, a few arms out of repair, most of the guns being unmounted for want of carriages. On the arrival of Lord Mountjoy, he was delayed for some time outside the gate, while a strong altercation took place on the propriety of admitting him; but the personal esteem in which he was so generally held there, prevailed, and he was at length suffered to enter. His earnest endeavours to effect an accommodation were not disregarded by the town's people, and an agreement was made with them on their own terms, time enough to prevent any more forces being sent against them for the present. The commissioners on the part of the city were, Governor Phillips, Horace Kennedy, Esq., Captain Alexander Lecky, Captain Warham Jemmet, Captain John Forward, Captain George Canning, Lieutenant Henry Long, Lieutenant James Lennox, William Cunningham, and James Stewart, Esqrs.

On the signing of the articles, Lundy was, for the better satisfaction of the citizens, sent to Strabane to stop his six companies there, till one half of them, being Papists, should be dismissed, and some officers of the city were sent to see this done, and Protestants enlisted in their stead. There were, however, but two of these companies received into Derry, under the command of Colonel Lundy and Captain Stewart, all of them Protestants. The other four companies, one-half of which consisted of Papists, were ordered to quarter at Strabane, Newton-Stewart, and Raphoe, till thoroughly reformed. On these satisfactory measures being adopted, the citizens were fully satisfied that their interests might be safely entrusted to Lord Mountjoy, and Phillips resigned the government of it into his hands.

The new and noble governor immediately ordered the carriages of the guns to be placed, the fire-arms to be repaired, and every other necessary measure for the safety of the place to be adopted. Money was levied for this purpose by subscription, and a committee chosen for the expenditure of it. In a short time afterwards Lord Massareene contributed a considerable sum of money towards the defence of the city, and when the enemy afterwards were approaching the city, the garrison seized sixty tons of salmon, this nobleman's property, which had been deposited in a store-house near them, and carried it all away, except forty barrels, which fell into the hands of the besiegers. The money thus raised was sent into Scotland by Mr. James Hamilton, a merchant, to buy gunpowder, and arms. He was able to provide only forty-two barrels of gunpowder, which, except ten of them left in the county of Down, arrived safe and were secured in the magazine. They also seized a small vessel which had been sent from Dublin with thirty barrels of gunpowder for the Earl of Antrim, and lay wind bound in the harbour at Killogh, in the county of Down. Ten of these they left in good hands for the country's service there, and brought the remainder to Derry. All this was, however, too small a quantity for the emergency which they expected, and pressing letters were despatched to their agents at London, to apply there for a greater supply.

Tyrconnel now perceiving that he had fallen into a second error with respect to the citadel of civil and religious liberty in Ulster, by sending back Lord Mountjoy to command a garrison in it, devised a base stratagem, by the aid of Chief Baron Rice, and Neagle, the Attorney-General, to deprive the Protestants of the support they were likely to derive from the talent and valour of this Nobleman. He was ordered to return to Dublin, which he did, in opposition to the entreaties of many of his friends, who assured him, as was really the case, that the proposal of sending him to France on an errand to the fugitive King, was all a piece of artifice contrived to get him out of the way. He did not proceed on his fatal embassy, however, until he had obtained from Tyrconnel these general concessions to the Protestants:—1st, That no more commissions should be given out, and no more men raised. 2nd, That no more of the army should be sent to the North. 3rd, that none should be questioned for what was passed; and 4th, that no private house should be obliged to quarter soldiers. These terms were sent

through all Ireland by letters, yet Lord Mountjoy was scarcely gone when the faithless Viceroy denied he had granted them, and was angry at their having been published. In a very short time afterwards, news arrived that Lord Mountjoy was made a prisoner and sent to the Bastille, and this exasperated the Protestants to a degree which rapidly accelerated the ruin of the Popish interest in Ireland.

About this time the Rev. George Walker rode to Londonderry, to consult Colonel Lundy on the defence of Dungannon, to which the latter, then in high repute for experience in war, and zeal for the Protestant interest, sent some files of disciplined men and two troops of dragoons, highly approving of what had been done for the safety of that place. It does not appear, even by Walker's own account, that he had been in Derry before this time. On the 30th of this month, the castle of Kenagh, in the County of Longford, belonging to Sir Thomas Newcomen, in which some Protestants had taken refuge, surrendered upon articles to Brigadier Nugent, who was soon afterwards killed by the Enniskilleners at Cavan. One of the articles was for the goods belonging to those in the house, and their friends, notwithstanding which, Nugent seized and took away several parcels of goods, and many of those who were in the castle were plundered and stripped naked. Another article was, that the mansion-house of Kenagh should not be burned nor injured, notwithstanding which, it was burned to the ground by Colonel Cohannaught Maguire. These perfidious acts rendered the Protestants desperate, and all who could avail themselves of the resource, moved towards the province of Ulster, to make the last stand among their intrepid fellow-sufferers there. About the same time thirty soldiers deserted from Dublin, and endeavoured to escape to Enniskillen. They were pursued by one Captain Nugent with a party of horse, and overtaken near Navan. They put themselves in a posture of defence, and were ready to fire at him and his party, but he persuaded them by fair promises to yield to him upon articles, without any other loss than that of their arms; but as soon as they gave them up, he stripped and pinioned them, and it was by much interest that they escaped death, being reserved in a gaol until a more convenient time for executing them should arrive.

On the 22nd of this month, the Presbyterian Ministers of Ireland, on behalf of themselves and their congregations, sent an address to the Prince of Orange, assuring him of their readiness to serve his interest to the utmost of their power. It was entrusted to two of their members, viz., Messrs. Patrick Adair and John Abernethy. This was their second Address to that Prince, to whom, on his arrival, they had been the first to offer their congratulations and expressions of zeal for the success of his glorious undertaking.

On the 28th of this month the Enniskilleners sent Mr. Hugh Hamilton and Mr. Allen Cathcart, two of the most active men amongst them, with an address to the Prince of Orange, and with full power and instructions to act for them at the Court of England, to solicit for commissions, arms, ammunition, and money, for the defence of the place. They were ordered to make their way by Scotland, for their greater safety, and letters were sent by them to the Earl of Mount Alexander and the

associated nobility and gentry of the north-east of Ulster, imploring their advice and assistance. Tyrconnel now ordered Colonel Lundy to bring the remaining four companies into Londonderry, which had been left at Strabane, Newtownstewart, and Raphoe, and had not been cleared of the Popish soldiers, of which the one-half of them consisted. The Derry men, rather than lose so many serviceable muskets, were induced to receive them, when, with their usual spirit and prudence, they purged out the Papists, and supplied their place with Protestants, resolving to keep joint guards by detachments out of these six companies, and their own steady men. Upon this being reported to the Viceroy, he issued a proclamation to all parts of Ulster, forbidding the Protestants to assemble together, by way of troops or companies, &c., but the objects of his hostility were too sensible of the necessity of defending themselves, to pay any great deference to such a command. It was treated with particular contempt at Londonderry, where Lundy's management of affairs began to excite much displeasure. Contrary to the consent of the Committee for the City, he had chosen a Colonel and a Major to his regiment: he soon after forbade the City companies to keep their guards, refused them ammunition, and when upon a remonstrance being made, he restored the guards, he would allow but one City officer to each, and endeavoured to bring them under the command of his own officers.

Soon after the departure of Lord Mountjoy, a French Engineer landed at Cork, and travelled with all expedition to Dublin, assuring Tyrconnel that King James would be suddenly with him, and that nothing was to be feared from England for several months. All men had recollected the error of Charles II. in not coming into Ireland during the civil wars, and therefore on the arrival of this news, the aspect of affairs quickly altered. The hopes which had hitherto supported the spirits of the Protestants, now utterly vanished. Despair occupied their place, and they associated themselves in all places, getting into castles and other places of strength for the preservation of their lives. Those who had already taken strong positions, and put themselves in a condition to make a defence, were now commanded by proclamation to return to their respective homes, on a pain of being prosecuted for high treason. Matters at last came to such an extremity, that the Protestants were driven to a state of warfare, on the principle of self-preservation, and Lord Kingston, Sir Arthur Rawdon, and others endeavoured to secure some strong holds in which they might hope to make a stand against their persecutors. But matters were so indiscreetly managed, and the vigilance of their enemies was so great, that all their efforts proved fruitless; their inconsiderable forces were soon defeated, and almost all the Protestants throughout the kingdom, except those of Londonderry and Enniskillen, were disarmed in a very short space of time. The gates were shut up in cities and towns, and none were suffered to pass through them without being strictly searched for arms. The houses were examined, and plate and money seized and carried away, as well as arms. The horses of the gentlemen and farmers were seized for the King's service, and brought into the garrison towns, where the Popish soldiers lived at free quarters in the houses of Protestants, by which these un-

fortunate people were reduced to such a state, that many of them were not left a morsel to eat, or a bed to rest upon.

Matters, however, wore a better appearance in England at this time, for on the 28th of this month (January), the Parliament of England resolved, that "King James II. having endeavoured to subvert the Constitution of the Kingdom, by breaking the original compact between the King and the People, and by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, had *abdicated the Throne*, which was thereby become vacant."

The next day the Commons voted, that it had been found by experience to be inconsistent with the Protestant Kingdom of England to be governed by a Popish Prince; and they also presented an address to the Prince of Orange.

Tyrconnel, in the meanwhile, continued his violence against the Protestants of Ireland, and the acts of all his subordinate agents were characterised by a degree of treachery inseparably from cruelty. Among many other instances of a similar usage of Protestant gentlemen, the treatment of Captain Barton, of Carrickmacross, in the County of Monaghan, has been recorded by Archbishop King. This gentleman had a protection for his house and arms at that place, and had left his servants in it, while he remained in Dublin, as an hostage to the government, which suspected him of a design to join the Protestants in arms at Londonderry or Enniskillen, then at open war against them; yet, in his absence, a party of Colonel MacMahon's regiment went to the house about the first of February, in this year, and demanded the possession of it. The servants showed their protection, and told the officer commanding the soldiers that they had orders from the Government to keep the house: the commander assured them that he would not disturb them, and that he only designed to lodge some of his men in it, to secure it more effectually for the King and the owner; upon which promise the servants let him and his men into the house. As soon as they had got entrance, they began to plunder, destroy, and deface whatever they did not take away with them, and in a few hours, by ruining his improvements, and robbing him of stock, furniture, and other moveables, they injured him nearly to the value of ten thousand pounds. He complained to the government of this treacherous and cruel treatment, but could obtain no redress; new injuries were added to those already inflicted upon him, and at last his house was burned to the ground.

The month of February was spent by the Enniskilleners in meetings and negotiations with Colonel Lundy and the leading men of the counties of Londonderry, Tyrone, Donegal, Cavan, and other parts of the country. The Protestants of the north-east Counties had, as already noticed, entered into associations for securing the Protestant religion, their lives, liberties, and properties, and now orders were issued that the Protestants in the north-west of Ulster should form themselves into troops and companies, and afterwards into regiments, and all agreed that in case of extremity they should submit to the command of Colonel Lundy, whose reputation stood very high for conduct and experience in military affairs,

but whose treachery and cowardice they at that time had not so much as suspected. The gentlemen of the county of Fermanagh held a meeting, at which they resolved to raise two regiments of foot, and a regiment of horse ; but the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, in his account of the actions of the Enniskillen men, says that by reason of the backwardness to the service, manifested by some of these gentlemen, those regiments were not raised, so that the great stress of the country, as he terms it, was left upon the Governor of Enniskillen, and those gentlemen who adhered to him.

On the first of this month, the English House of Lords rejected a motion to place the Prince and Princess of Orange on the Throne. The majority on this occasion was only five in number, and the rejection of this measure, which was so soon afterwards adopted, arose from an artful party among the Lords, who aimed at rendering the settlement of the Government impracticable in any other way than recalling King James and his infant son, measures odious to the great body of the Protestants of the nation, who had so severely smarted under the tyranny of the father, and who very generally supposed the son to be a supposititious child, thrust into the succession to the throne by a jesuitical device. A petition was drawn up in London, to be presented to the Lords, desiring, in plain terms, that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be settled on the throne, and signatures of a multitude of persons of all ranks and descriptions appended to it, so that it might fairly be considered as an expression of the general sense of the people. But the Prince, with his characteristic nobleness of soul, scorning this mode of proceeding, sent orders to the Lord Mayor to put a stop to this tumultuous proceeding, which was accordingly done. After several debates, and the Princess's refusal to be Queen alone, it was at last agreed upon by both Houses of Parliament that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be King and Queen of England. On the twelfth of this month, the Princess arrived in England, well pleased at what had been done, and the strict union of sentiment and affection between her and her illustrious husband entirely frustrated the designs of a powerful party, which had hoped, by causing a misunderstanding between them, to find occasion to serve their old master. On the next day, William and Mary being seated on two large chairs, under a canopy of state in the banquetting-house, both Houses of Convocation waited upon them in a full body, and after a declaration of the rights of British subjects was read to them, the Speaker of the House of Lords made a solemn tender of the Crown to their Highnesses, in the name of both Houses of Parliament. The answer of the Prince was such as became him, brief and heroic ; he acknowledged the offer to be the greatest proof of the trust reposed in his royal Consort and himself. He accepted it thankfully, observing that as he had no other intention in coming into England than to preserve the religion, laws, and liberties of the Realm, they might be assured that he would endeavour to support them, and be willing to concur in every measure for the advancement of the welfare and glory of the nation. A burst of acclamation resounded through the House on the conclusion of this Speech ; it flew with electric rapidity

over the city, was re-echoed with joy through the three Kingdoms, and on the same day they were proclaimed King and Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

In the meantime, the Romish party in Ireland were encouraged in their intolerable aggressions on the Protestants, by daily reports of the landing of King James at Cork. Almost every post brought a false alarm of the tyrant's arrival—bonfires were made, and guns discharged in several garrison towns, in honour of an event looked upon as the finishing stroke to all opposition to the dominion of Popery in the Island.

Early as it was in the year, General Hamilton was sent with an army into Ulster, and the Judges entered on that circuit a full month before the usual time of the Spring Assizes. The pretext for this extraordinary measure was to punish the thieves and robbers who had plundered the Protestants, but the design was to condemn those poor men of the Reformed Religion who had taken up arms to defend their houses against these villains, and also to extort from them the means of supporting that army which had been raised for their destruction, there being at that time, from a ruinous management of the public affairs, little or no money left in the Exchequer. These Judges, immediately after opening their Commission, read a letter from the Government to the principal men in each of the counties, and to the Protestant Minister and Popish Priest of every parish, requiring them to summon the inhabitants of each parish together, and cause them to subscribe to the utmost of their ability for the subsistence of the King's forces, assuring them that his Majesty would soon be at the head of his loyal subjects in Ireland, with a considerable assistance from the King of France, and that they who had no money should send in meal, malt, beef, cheese, butter, herrings, leather, brogues, stockings, wool, cloth, linen, or any other articles of provision or clothing which the country afforded. By this crafty measure, the Protestants were exposed to inevitable ruin, and the little they had left was now drawn from them for the maintenance of their persecutors. General Richard Hamilton, who commanded the army sent to the North at this time, and who afterwards became so distinguished in the war which ensued, was the fifth son of the gallant Sir George Hamilton, of Donalonge, in the county of Tyrone, and Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary—an officer whose services in the cause of Charles I., as Colonel of a regiment of foot, had been eminently conspicuous, and were highly rewarded.

The war was now commenced against the Protestants, and prosecuted in all directions with vigour proportioned to the fears of Tyrconnel, and the apprehension of the Popish Clergy, that unless their crusade against the Reformed Faith were brought to a termination in a short time, the opportunity of regaining their lost ascendancy would be gone for ever. At the same time that Hamilton marched for the North, Lord Galmoy, afterwards so notorious for his perfidy and cruelty, was sent with a strong body of forces to guard the passes between Connaught and Ulster, for the purpose of preventing the Protestants on the western side of the Shannon from joining their more numerous friends in the

Northern Counties. He was the son and successor of Edward, second Viscount Galmoy. On the 6th of August, 1677, he was created Chancellor of the University of Oxford; he first commanded a troop of horse in the Royal Guards, and was afterwards Colonel of foot in James's new raised Irish army; he was also Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Kilkenny. One of his dragoons, on their march to the North, met with the wife of a Clergyman, who had fled to Derry or Enniskillen, and, according to the dreadful report recorded in Burton's History of Ireland, several of them, one after another, ravished her, and afterwards cut open her body, leaving it exposed in a most savage manner, along with the body of a dead man. About the same time, a Protestant gentleman, in the county of Tipperary, seeing some of Tyreconnel's dragoons coming towards his house late in the evening, shut and barred his doors, as if the family had retired to bed. Upon this, sixteen of them advanced to the hall door, and not being quickly admitted, they broke it open, calling the owner of the house a traitor for shutting it against the King's troops. They then pillaged the house of all the valuable articles in it, and, horrid to relate, they violated the gentleman's only daughter before his face. Thirteen of the ruffians abused her while she was expiring, and three of them after she was actually dead. Such, at this melancholy time in Ireland, was the dominion of that power which exalts itself against God.

The Protestants of the West County of Cork had for the three preceding years been severely persecuted by their Popish neighbors; they were robbed and plundered of their furniture and cattle in the open day-light, which terrified them so much, that, leaving their homes and the little which had been left in them, they now flocked into walled towns, for the preservation of their lives: the Irish, in this triumph, grew so insolent, that they went in great bodies through the country, with pipers playing before them, and gathered in the remains of the property of the unhappy objects of their fury. These robberies appeared, from the confession of Chief Justice Nugent, to be designed by the Government, and he boasted of the policy of such a proceeding. At the Assizes of Cork, he publicly called such robberies necessary evils, and from the beginning he took no care to suppress them. On the 28th day of February, in this year, the Protestants of Bandon hearing that the Earl of Clancarty was marching with six companies to reinforce the troop of horse, and two companies of foot there, commanded by Captain Daniel O'Neill, disarmed the garrison, killed some soldiers, took possession of all their horses and arms, and would have done much more had they been assisted. They shut their gates, and generously refused to give up any of their leaders, but at last purchased their pardon for a thousand pounds, with the demolition of their walls, which were then razed to the ground, and have never since been built. In a letter of the first of March, preserved among Sir Richard Cox's manuscripts, Tyreconnel expresses his sorrow that this treaty had been made until the authors of this disturbance were punished.

The chief actor in disarming the Popish garrison of Bandon, on this occasion, was William Fortescue, of Newrath, in the county of Louth, a

Captain in the Earl of Clancarty's regiment of foot. After James's abdication, he associated himself with the Earl of Inchiquin and other Protestants of the province of Munster, for self-preservation, and on this, their first success, they proclaimed King William and Queen Mary. This service exposed Captain Fortescue to the resentment of the Irish, by whom he was afterwards a very great sufferer; for the Earls of Inchiquin, Barrymore, and others, being deprived of their commissions, he narrowly escaped with conditions for his life, in the surrender of Mallow, upon articles with Lieutenant-General MacCarthy; and the Earl of Clancarty, in mere prejudice to his firm adherence to the Protestant interest, not only detained above one hundred and fifty pounds of his money, which he got into his hands, but soon afterwards, in breach of his articles, robbed him of two hundred pounds worth of his substance, and committed him to the gaol of Cork, among thieves and vagabonds, where he kept him in restraint above eleven months, with daily threats of death, refusing him all subsistence, bail, or exchange. This same Clancarty, on his march towards Derry with his regiment, commanded the companies disarmed at Bandon, by Captain Fortescue, to revenge themselves, by plundering his house in the county of Louth, while he lay in gaol one hundred and thirty miles distant. They took away all his stock and goods, to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds, burned and destroyed his dwelling-house and improvements, stripped his family, and left them so miserably exposed, that some of his children died of the severe usage they received.

This gallant gentleman was the son of Sir Thomas Fortescue, of Dromiskin, Knight, who was cashiered by Tyrconnel from the government of Carrickfergus, and committed a prisoner to the Castle of Dublin, where he lay confined with many other noblemen and military officers, until they were released in consequence of the victory of the Boyne. In the meantime, the Protestants of the north-east of Ulster proclaimed King William and Queen Mary in the principal towns of that district. They made an unsuccessful attempt to reduce Carrickfergus, and after their refusal to obey a proclamation to lay down their arms, General Hamilton advanced against them with a considerable body of troops. They retired from Newry to Dromore, where they were overtaken and routed by the enemy, who, being greatly superior in numbers, slaughtered them most unmercifully in the pursuit. They stopped at Hillsborough, but were soon obliged to fly from the town and castle in which they had posted themselves, and continued their precipitate retreat. About four thousand of them, kept together by the spirited exertions of Lord Mount Alexander and Sir Arthur Rawdon, reached Coleraine, and took their station there, in order to prevent the enemy from crossing the river Bann; and at the same time the Protestants of the north-west of Ulster poured into Enniskillen and Londonderry, as their last places of refuge.

About this time a large party of the Popish horse and foot suddenly entered Cork at midnight, and disarmed all the Protestants of that city. The next day they seized all their horses, and broke into the houses of several of the principal citizens, whom they robbed of great sums of money. Similar outrages were committed in the neighbouring towns.

Lieutenant-General MacCarthy having thus, with the spoils of the Protestants, increased his horse, and added to the number and equipments of his foot, marched with two field pieces towards Castlemartyr, the seat of Colonel Henry Boyle, who had with him there about one hundred and forty gentlemen and servants, to defend themselves against the attacks of the Papists. He was persuaded by his friends to make no resistance, on the promise of the Lieutenant General that neither their persons nor estates should be molested ; but without any regard to this promise the house was plundered, and Colonel Boyle, with many of the gentlemen he had with him, were carried prisoners to Cork.

On Wednesday, the 12th of March, King James landed at Kinsale, and proceeded to Cork, where, on Sunday, the sixteenth of the same month, he heard mass in a new chapel erected there by the Franciscan Friars. As the Royal bigot passed through the streets, on his way to the mass-house, he was supported by two of these friars, and attended by many others in their habits. He was received and entertained by Donough, Earl of Clancarty, who was made one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber, and appointed to the command of a regiment in the Royal Guards, and also Clerk of the Crown and Peace throughout the Province of Munster. Tyrconnel met his Royal master in Cork, who immediately created him a duke for his services, and the life of a Protestant magistrate, named Brown, a gentleman worth five hundred pounds a year, in that county, was sacrificed on the occasion. Brown had been in arms against the Rapparees, and, as the assizes were going on when the King arrived, he put himself on his trial, expecting that in case of his condemnation, the royal visit would insure him a pardon ; but in this he was sadly mistaken ; far from being wise or humane enough to begin with such an act of mercy, if not justice, the deluded monarch gave an appalling proof of the cruelty of his disposition, by leaving the unfortunate gentleman to his fate, who was immediately hanged and quartered.

In the meantime, about three thousand of the Irish being garrisoned in the Fort of Charlemont, and attempting to plunder the Protestants in the neighbourhood of Armagh, Lord Blaney had frequent skirmishes with them, in which he constantly prevailed, to their great loss, until the thirteenth of March, when, being informed that his castle of Monaghan had been taken by the Rapparees, and that all the Protestant forces in that quarter had retreated to Glasslough, where they were closely besieged by the enemy, and hearing also that Sir Arthur Rawdon had quitted Loughbrickland, and that the Irish army under General Hamilton had possessed themselves of that place, he called a council of war, in which it was resolved to march the next day to relieve their friends in Glasslough, and afterwards to proceed with them through Dungannon, to join those who had already retreated into the County of Antrim ; but Lady Blaney and the Protestants shut up in Glasslough were relieved in the meantime by the valour of Matthew Anketell, Esq., who had suddenly collected two troops of horse and three companies of foot. The Irish had entrenched themselves in a Danish fort, situated on a commanding eminence, and from their position kept up a heavy fire on the Protestants who advanced against them. Anketell, however, intrepidly

led his gallant band into the fort, from which he dislodged his terrified adversaries, and pursued them with slaughter, but he was slain himself in the hour of victory. Major John M'Kenna, who commanded six hundred of the Irish on this occasion, was taken prisoner, with his son, and eighty-nine of his men left dead on the field. It was with difficulty that the victors were prevailed upon not to sully their glory by murdering the captive chieftain, in revenge for the death of their beloved Anketell, whose remains were buried with great solemnity in the aisle of the church of Glasslough, where a plain tomb-stone in the floor records his untimely death in maintenance of the Protestant religion. After the battle, Lady Blaney and her party escaped to Londonderry, with two troops of horse and three companies of foot.

The Protestant Association having, in the meantime, received fresh assurances of support from England, proclaimed King William and Queen Mary in the north-eastern towns of Ulster, and even ventured to make an attack upon the Castle of Carrickfergus, in which, however, they were unsuccessful; and after General Hamilton, as already mentioned, had driven them from Newry, Dromore, and Hillsborough, Lord Mount Alexander and Sir Arthur Rawdon kept four thousand men in arms at Coleraine, while those of the north-west district sought refuge either in Enniskillen or Londonderry.

On the fourteenth of this month, Count Lauzun and the Marquis de Lery landed at Kinsale, with five thousand French troops, and King James sent back as many Irish, under the command of Major-General Macarty. Lord Blaney kept possession of the city of Armagh, after his Lady had escaped to Derry, until he was nearly surrounded on all sides by strong parties of the enemy. He had been promised reinforcements by Governor Lundy, from Derry, but being disappointed in them, he resolved to march on the Tyrone and Londonderry side of Lough Neagh, and the lower Bann, to Coleraine, with his little army, consisting of seven troops of horse and eight companies of foot. With a view to intercept him, twelve hundred men were rapidly hurried forward from the forts of Charlemont and Mountjoy, to seize the pass at Artree bridge, and five hundred more were dispatched to attack him in the rear. Lord Blaney, however, reached the bridge about a quarter of an hour before his opponents arrived there, where he halted, gave battle, and killed one hundred and fifty of them, driving many others into the river, where they were drowned. The rest fell back in confusion, and he made good his masterly retreat to Coleraine. Some companies of his army, however, which had endeavoured to escape on the eastern side of the lake, were not so fortunate; they were overpowered and disarmed near the town of Antrim. On the sixteenth, the Enniskillen-men, who five days before had proclaimed King William and Queen Mary with great solemnity, received an account that the garrison of Dungannon was deserted by order of Colonel Lundy, and that they, and all the inhabitants in the country about Dungannon, had fled towards Strabane and Londonderry. At the same time, their Governor received letters from Lundy, acquainting him that it was concluded by their Committee to order all the forces in the north-west of Ulster to draw towards Derry

and the Lagan, for the purpose of making their stand on the Donegal side of the Fin water: the letter contained a very melancholy account of the condition of the garrison of Derry. The Enniskillenmen, however, resolved not to forsake their town, and their heroic maintenance of that important pass between Connaught and Ulster contributed in an eminent degree to the security of Derry and the country about it.

Two days after the arrival of the French forces in Kinsale, Sir Thomas Southwell and his brother, and a considerable number of other Protestants, were brought to trial in Galway, before Judge Martin. The charge against them was, that upon the surrender of Mallow, they had attempted to force their way to join Lord Kingston, then at Sligo, in arms against King James. It appeared, that in their journey they had several skirmishes with the Irish, without any considerable loss, until James Power, the Sheriff of Galway, hearing of their approach towards that part of the country, raised the *posse comitatus*, and attacked them in a narrow pass, to which they had been led by emissaries he had sent to act as guides to them. They surrendered to him, on conditions that on giving up a stipulated proportion of their horses and arms, they should have passes, protections, and a convoy, if necessary. They were brought that night to Loughrea, for convenience of lodging, and on the next morning, instead of obtaining a convoy, which the Irish had agreed to give them, they were secured by strong guards, and informed that they could not be released until the pleasure of Government should be known, to which it was alleged that a favourable statement of their case had been made. Sir Thomas immediately dispatched a gentleman to Dublin, to petition the State for a performance of the articles of surrender; the suit was rejected without hesitation, and they were all removed to the County Court-house of Galway, where they remained in a deplorable condition, until they were now brought to trial. Judge Martin, to save the trouble of a trial, prevailed on them to plead guilty, assuring them of the lenity of King James, then newly arrived in Ireland; they did so, and of course were convicted, and the next day he sentenced them all to death. They had no subsistence whatever but from the Protestants of the town, and after a fortnight's imprisonment, received a reprieve for a month: this was renewed for three months, and afterwards for six, on a promise from their friends to obtain an equal number of Popish prisoners from England, in exchange. In the course of their imprisonment, some of them were accused of attempting an escape, on which the Earl of Clanrickard sent them word, by his Major, that as they had abused the King's mercy, and held correspondence with the Northern Rebels, he commanded them to prepare for that death which they had a second time deserved. They remonstrated by petition; he replied, on Friday, that though he would permit them to send no message to the King, he would give them time to repent. This answer caused them to give up all hopes of life, and they were assured that the ensuing Monday or Tuesday was appointed for their execution. On Monday morning they were alarmed with the noise of many drums, which they took for the signal of their execution, and whilst preparing for it in the common hall, they were offered their lives, if they renounced the Protestant reli-

gion. They however, unanimously resolved to die in the faith for which they had already suffered so much, and in a short time afterwards, Colonel MacDonnel, Governor of the town, sent them word to be of good courage, for that all which had passed was only a frolic of Lord Clanrickard's, to frighten them into better manners and greater sobriety. After the ineffectual efforts of the Earl of Seaforth to obtain their pardon, they remained in custody until the second of January, in the ensuing year. It may be reckoned among the "*ludibria rerum*," that a noble descendant of this Sir Thomas Southwell should exchange the Protestant for the Popish religion, although more than twenty noble Irish families have renounced the errors of the Church of Rome since the Revolution.

In this month, under the authority of an order from Tyrconnel, the officers of the Irish army seized the goods, houses, lands, and other substance of all the Protestants who had fled out of Ireland, or were absentees from it, from minority, bad health, or other causes.

On the twenty-fourth of March, James made his public entry into Dublin in a triumphant manner, attended by a long train of British, French, and Irish, together with Count de Avaux, the French Ambassador. The Magistrates of the City, and the Popish Ecclesiastics, met him in their proper habits, with the host borne before them in solemn procession. The King bowed down before it, and made his adoration, amidst the acclamations of a surrounding multitude. He took an early opportunity of dismissing the only two Protestants of rank or distinction in his army, merely on account of their religion; he refused the gallant Sarsfield commissions for two of that officer's Protestant relatives, saying that he would trust none of their religion; and on coming out from mass, immediately after his arrival in the metropolis, was heard to say, that "a Protestant stunk in his nostrils." He had now a second opportunity of manifesting the cruelty of his disposition, and the rooted hatred he entertained to Protestants. The wife of a man named Maxwell, who had been condemned to death for defending his house in the Queen's County against the Rapparees, presented a petition to him to pardon her husband; she had, by her piteous cries, prevailed upon the sheriff to grant her a reprieve for fifteen days, contrary to the order of the cruel Lord Galmoy, and she now appeared before the King in the most lamentable condition, having four or five small children along with her, all in tears. She delivered her petition on her knees, praying his Majesty to pardon, or even reprieve her husband for a short time. Many of the Irish nobility were present, and, struck with the woeful appearance of the woman and her weeping children, seconded her request with great earnestness; but the reply of the brute was, "*woman, your husband shall die.*" The Sheriff received a rebuke for his humanity, and was commanded to hang the man immediately, which was accordingly done. This example added a stimulus to the fury of the Romish soldiers against the Protestants, who were treated in the City, and under the immediate eye of the Government, in the most barbarous manner. No Protestant could be out of his house after sunset, without danger of his life; several of them were assassinated, and among them a poor tapster of an alehouse on the Wood Quay, who was thrown into the Liffey and drowned, merely

as a frolic, and no notice whatever taken of it. Richard Burton, who records this and other cruelties practiced at that time in Dublin, observes, that considering the example of James, and the hatred of the Romish Ecclesiastics to the Protestants, it appears to have been evidently providential that a general massacre was not attempted, as it had been in 1641.

In the midst of this cruel exercise of "brief authority," the tyrant's heart was desponding, nor could the utmost sycophancy of the addresses which were poured in upon him dissipate his fears. He beheld with dismay the undisciplined, half armed ruffians, whom Tyrconnel had collected, and vainly endeavoured to form into an army. No stores of ammunition or provision, of any consequence, had been provided, and little more than eight hundred muskets could be found in any of the depositories. There was not one piece of battering cannon mounted through the whole island. His field artillery did not exceed twelve pieces, and he had only two small mortars in a condition for use. His first care, after his arrival in Dublin, and ordering the execution of the Carlow Protestants, was to set the people at work to make arms for his troops, but all the work he could procure were Protestants, and he complained, probably with reason, that they worked unwillingly, and interposed as many difficulties and delays as they possibly could. There was also a scarcity of tools and implements of every kind, so that no more than fifty muskets could be manufactured in a week. He was also in a miserable state for want of money, and found it difficult to provide pay for his army, although he had reduced it to the number of thirty thousand men, by the dismissal of a multitude of non-efficient men which Tyrconnel had indiscreetly added to it. The whole amount of the money given to him by the King of France was four hundred thousand crowns, and the country, already destroyed by the depredations of his soldiers, was no longer able to maintain them by plunder. James was in a wretched condition now; on the one hand, he was assailed by the complaints of rude men and angry officers, the latter of a class little superior to the former; and on the other, he was controlled in all his designs and actions by Count D'Avaux, who, in the capacity of an Ambassador sent with him from France, was in reality a spy upon all his measures, which he resolved to turn to the advantage of his own ambitious master. This foreigner was associated with the Duke of Tyrconnel and Lord Melfort, in a council, where every matter relating to Ireland was debated, and from them nominally, but from D'Avaux, in reality, every decision proceeded. With the view of injuring England in her staple manufacture, this council prohibited the exportation of Irish wool into it, allowing it at the same time to be exported into France. In return for their wool, the Irish were to receive back from France her manufactured cloth, her wines, and other luxuries, duty free. A blind hatred to England and the Protestant religion, prevented the Popish multitude from seeing the ruinous tendency of such a commercial arrangement, and their bigotted king, a pensioner of France, dared not to breathe a remonstrance against them.

On the twentieth of March all the Protestants of the county of Cavan

in wretched stormy weather, and in great disorder, ran towards Enniskillen and the villages in its neighbourhood, to the great surprise of the inhabitants of that part of the country. Three troops of horse, and as many companies of foot, led the way, and then the whole Protestant population, men, women, and children followed, covered to their middle with clay or mud, crying bitterly, and with little or no provision to support them. The Governor of Enniskillen ordered them free quarters for man and horse; a considerable proportion of them were tolerably well armed, and the gallant Enniskillen men were glad of their assistance. On enquiry, it was found that the treachery of Lundy, the false Governor of Londonderry, had persuaded these people to abandon several strong holds, of which they had possession, and the immediate cause of their precipitate flight was the approach of Lord Galmoy, with the army which Tyrconnel had sent under his command towards the passes, between the provinces of Connaught and Ulster. On the arrival of that army in the county of Cavan, they surprised the house of Mr. Dixy. Dean of Kilmore, and took the Dean's son prisoner, along with Cornet Edward Charleton, and about eight or ten of the troopers, of whom young Dixy was captain. On hearing this news, all the garrisons in the neighbourhood broke up, some setting fire to their houses, and the whole of the Protestants fled towards Enniskillen. Lord Galmoy then advanced to Belturbet, and on the day after his arrival at that place sent a party to besiege Crom Castle, then garrisoned by a considerable number of Protestants under the command of Colonel Creighton, ancestor of the present Earl of Erne.

It was situated on the Lake, about sixteen miles from Enniskillen, and had been the frontier garrison of that town on the Dublin side. The walls of the castle were strong, but it had no outwork, fortification, nor fosse, and it was commanded by hills within musket shot of it. Galmoy, either in derision, or to frighten the inexperienced garrison by a false appearance, sent two pieces of cannon made of tin, near a yard long in the chase, and about eight inches wide, strongly bound about by a small cord, and covered with a sort of buckram, in colour resembling that of a piece of cannon. These he drew with eight horses each, making a great noise as if they were drawn with much difficulty. As soon as they came before Crom, he threatened to batter the castle with them, but he was fool enough to attempt a discharge from one of them, which burst it, and wounded the gunner, upon which the garrison made a sally, seized the other, and carried it away upon a man's shoulder. A hot fire then commenced from the castle, which killed several of the besiegers, but did not dislodge them from their position. On the twenty-second of March, Lord Galmoy summoned the garrison of Enniskillen to surrender, and received for an answer that King William and Queen Mary had been proclaimed there on the eleventh of that month, and that they would not only stand upon their own defence, but send what means they could to relieve Crom castle.

On arrival of the northern army at Coleraine, they sent immediate notice of the circumstance to Colonel Lundy at Derry, and in a day or two afterwards several of their officers went to advise with the false

Governor what measures were most advisable to be taken. They met Lundy on their way, within a few miles of Newton-Limavady, and he turned back with them to Coleraine. He there declared that he had no ammunition to spare for the defence of that place, and advised the garrison to quit it as soon as it should be attacked. He added, that though the powder was scarce with him, he had provisions sufficient for a year's consumption, and signified his intention to bring all the stacks of corn and hay in the surrounding country into Derry, but this he never attempted to do.

Immediately after the conference, Lundy walked towards the bridge, but the mob there already suspecting his fidelity, imagined he was about to desert, and drew up the bridge, while the guard presented their muskets and pikes at him. On the twentieth of this month a ravelin was ordered by the commander to be built before Bishops' gate, at Londonderry, and the money was advanced for that purpose; several sums were also raised there for the use of the defenders of Coleraine, and resolutions were entered into that the garrisons of both places would stand together and succour each other.

On the twenty-first Captain James Hamilton arrived in Londonderry from England, with four hundred and eighty barrels of gunpowder, and arms for two thousand men, with a commission from the King for Colonel Lundy, and a considerable sum of money for the garrison. The King and Queen were this day proclaimed in Londonderry with great solemnity, the Bishop having returned from Raphoe, and being present on the joyful occasion. Captain Hamilton, who was charged with this acceptable errand, was the nephew of Brigadier-General Richard Hamilton, then advancing with King James's army to besiege Londonderry. He was the son of Colonel James Hamilton, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Culpepper, of Hollingbourne, in Kent. The estates of Done-long and Mongevelin, in the vicinity of Derry, belonged to this branch of the Hamilton family; and this gallant officer, who declined the title of baronet, which had descended to him from his grandfather, was usually called Captain Hamilton, succeeded in the year 1700 to the title of Earl of Abercorn, and was the ancestor of the present noble Marquis. Among the resolute Protestants who at this period flocked from all parts of Ulster into Londonderry, were John Cochran, of Ballyrath, and Robert Tyler, of Tyross, with John and William Cross, Henry Cust, James Stiles, and Francis Stiles.

We are told by Mr. Stewart, in his history of Armagh, that Cochran survived the war and returned to his farm, where he was some time afterwards found dead in one of his fields, with his sword half drawn from the scabbard.

Captain Hamilton's instructions were to summon the Mayor of Londonderry, and all the officers, civil and military, to come on board his ship, and in their presence to administer to Colonel Lundy the oath of fidelity to King William and Queen Mary. Walker is silent as to this circumstance, and Mackenzie alleges that the oath was administered either very privately or not at all. When required next day by the committee and officers of the city to take this oath, Lundy refused to do

so, pleading that he had taken it on the preceding day in Captain Hamilton's ship. Mr. Charles Hamilton, Mr. William Stewart, and some others, refused to swear the oath, but the Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and all the officers were sworn. The precise sum of money brought by Captain Hamilton on this occasion was not known; Mackenzie insinuates that it was not applied to the purposes for which it was intended, but as no complaint on this head is recorded by any other writer, little credit is due to this aspersion of the character of Captain Hamilton, who, in recompense of his distinguished services on this occasion, was called to the Privy Council by King William, and created Baron of Mountcastle and Viscount Strabane.

On Sunday, the twenty-third of March, many of the Protestants of the county of Cavan left Enniskillen and proceeded on their way to Londonderry, in obedience to the orders of Colonel Lundy. In the afternoon of the same day the Enniskillen forces, horse and foot, were reviewed by the Governor on the common hill near the town, where they remained all day under arms, expecting the approach of Lord Galmoy and his army. Towards evening, however, scouts arrived with intelligence that Galmoy had advanced no further on his march than to Lissnaskea, a village ten miles from Enniskillen, from which, on hearing of the intentions of the men of the latter place, to meet him on his march towards them, he fell back with his men to the siege of Crom castle. On the night of that day Governor Hamilton sent about two hundred of the best armed men in Enniskillen towards Crom, partly by land and partly by water, in the hope to throw, if possible, a reinforcement into the besieged fortress. This they accomplished next day, after some feeble opposition from the enemy, who, being wretched marksmen, did no other execution on them than killing one old boatman, while the defect of artillery in the castle was supplied by long fowling-pieces with double rests, such as had been long in use round Lough Erne for the purpose of killing wild-fowl. Lord Galmoy was reconnoitering the castle from a hill nearly a mile distant from the scene of action, at this time, and as he stood with a glass of wine in his hand, toasting confusion to the rebels of Crom, an expert fowler from the battlements levelled his gun and fired at him with such precision, as to break the glass in his lordship's hand, and kill the man who stood near him. In the meantime, two hundred of the Enniskillenners forced their way into the castle, from which the garrison instantly sallied out with them, and drove the besiegers from their trenches, killing thirty or forty of them, and plundering it of two suits of armour, the muskets of the dead, and several other articles of value. Galmoy retired to Belturbet, where he vented the fury of his soul in such a way at his disappointment, as to sink his character to the level of the lowest of his species that ever disgraced human nature, and warranted Oldmixon, in his memoirs of Ireland, to brand him to posterity as an infamous wretch whom no titles could honour.

There was at this time a prisoner in Crom castle, one Bryan MacConagher Maguire, who had been a Captain in King James's army. Lord Galmoy wished for his release, and on the day after the raising of the siege sent an express to Captain Creighton, proposing to exchange Cap-

tain Dixy for him, pledging his honor that if Maguire was sent to him, he would return Dixy for him without delay. An express was instantly dispatched to Enniskillen for permission to make the exchange, which was obtained, and Maguire was sent to Lord Galmoy, with a letter from Colonel Creighton, desiring that Captain Dixy might be returned to him according to engagement. Instead of fulfilling his promise, Galmoy called a council of war, and put Captain Dixy and his Lieutenant, Charleton, on trial for high treason, and they were condemned to death, promises of life and preferment being made to them if they would renounce the Protestant religion and join King James's army. They were both young men, but they firmly rejected the base offer, and wisely preferred death to dishonorable life. Maguire, who had been given in exchange for Dixy, warmly interposed in behalf of the prisoners, and was so disgusted at being unable to save their lives, though at the expense of his own liberty, which he generously offered to resign for them, that he resigned his commission, returned to Crom, and would serve King James no longer. Galmoy, in the meantime, deaf to every remonstrance made to him, caused the unfortunate young gentlemen to be hanged on Mr. Russell's sign-post, in Belturbet, and when they were dead, commanded their bodies to be taken into the kitchen of the inn, had both their heads cut off and thrown out to the soldiers, who kicked them through the streets as foot-balls. When the ruffians had sufficiently gratified themselves and their brutal commander by this barbarous sport, the heads were set up on the market-house of Belturbet. Galmoy marched in a few days afterwards with his army towards Derry, and passing through Tyrone, perpetrated another act of cruelty, of more than usual enormity. It is thus recorded in Burton's rare and curious history of the Kingdom of Ireland—"At Omagh he took two men, on the pretence of their having taken up arms for their own defence; they were father and son. He first caused the son to hang his father and carry his head on a pole through the street, crying 'this is the head of a traitor,' and then the young man himself was hanged."

On the twenty-third, Colonel Phillips was sent to England with an address to the King, and to solicit a supply of ammunition and other necessities.

On the twenty-fourth, Colonel Gustavus Hamilton called a council of war at Coleraine, and represented to the officers, that a want of ammunition had rendered it necessary for them to retire into Derry, which they were about to do, when some squadrons of the enemy's horse appearing before the town, they repaired with their whole force to the ramparts, from which a few shots repulsed the enemy. Lundy had been in Coleraine the preceding day, whither he had gone to give his advice and assistance, the tendency of which soon proved to be the facilitating of a general surrender to King James's army. On the twenty-fifth, while the men of Derry were in active preparation to resist the impending storm, a fire broke out at an early hour in the morning in an out-house near the magazine, which causing a suspicion of treachery, the whole garrison got under arms, manned the ramparts, and remained there several hours in expectation of the enemy. On the same day, intelli-

gence arriving at Enniskillen of the arrival of Captain Hamilton in Derry with a great store of ammunition and arms, the Governor sent Nicholas Westley, Esq., and the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, Rector of Kilsillery, with a guard of twenty-four men to that city, with letters to Hamilton and Lundy, for a supply of arms and ammunition. Captain Hamilton was desirous to comply with the request, but Lundy showed the cloven foot in the coldness with which he received the messengers, and in refusing to give a single musket complete. He however, consented, with reluctance, that they should get sixty musket barrels, without stock or lock, which had lain useless for a long time in the stores, and of five hundred barrels of gunpowder, then in the magazine, he gave them but five. These were safely conveyed to Enniskillen, to which no further supply of arms or ammunition was sent during the arduous contest that ensued, but the brave defenders of that town supplied themselves by disarming their enemies, until Major-General Kirk sent them a relief.

Early in the month of March, the Rev. GEORGE WALKER, Rector of the Parishes of Donoughmore and Erigal Keroke, in the county of Tyrone, who had raised a regiment in and about Dungannon, for the protection of that part of the country, rode into Derry, and settled a correspondence with Colonel Lundy, whom few or none suspected of treachery at that time, and whose character for experience in warfare and zeal for the Protestant religion stood very high. On the return of Mr. Hamilton, of Kilsillery, from Londonderry to Enniskillen, he met Mr. Walker at Lifford, where a token passed between them, which proved afterwards of great use during the siege.

During the first five or six weeks of the siege, Mr. Hamilton says, the Irish army did not much scruple to let both men and women pass between Derry and Enniskillen, by which means a constant communication was kept up between these places, but afterwards, as might be expected, they would suffer none to enter into the blockaded city, by which means all intercourse with other places was completely cut off.

About eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-seventh of March, General Hamilton appeared with his whole army before the ramparts of Londonderry. He advanced within fifty yards of the works, under the shelter of some hedges and ditches, on the blind gate side and near the church. The mill sheltered them within forty yards of the bastion. They raised two batteries, one of which played on the draw-bridge and the blind gate, a shot from which broke the chain of the bridge, which Captain Archibald M'Culloch, with great hazard of his life, fastened again, while the enemy were firing very rapidly at him. The other battery did but little damage, killing only one man, knocking down some chimneys, and making a few breaches in the church roof. Captain Hugh M'Gill killed their gunner with a musket shot. From the beginning of this month to the end of September, the weather proved extremely wet, both in England and Ireland, the rivers were frequently overflowing their banks, and fevers and dysentery very generally prevailed. At four o'clock in the afternoon of this day, a considerable quantity of snow fell suddenly about Londonderry, and in about an hour afterwards General Hamilton and his troops retired in great confusion from the formidable

position which they had taken. The heaps of timber and earth which had been used in blocking up the gates on their approach, could not be removed with sufficient speed to enable the besieged to make a prompt pursuit, but many of them leaped from the walls, and seized several of the retreating enemy, with some fire arms, commissions, clothes, and tents. Among the prisoners taken on this occasion, there was one Courtney, who had deserted to the enemy in the course of that day. The loss on the side of the defenders of the town was three men killed, a small number to lose considering the continued fire to which they had been for some hours exposed; that of the Irish was uncertain, because they carried off their dead; and not deeming it prudent to spare time to bury them, they put them into a house, according to the report of the country people, and burned them to ashes. Thus ended the first day's enterprise against the maiden city, and it was an epitome of the whole siege. On the succeeding day the foraging parties advanced from the city within two miles of the enemy's camp, and brought in some cattle and other necessaries. On the twenty-ninth, Sir Arthur Rawdon's regiment was ordered to march to Moneymore, Colonel Skeffington's to Bellaghy and Dawson's bridge, and the passes on the Bann above Portglenone, and Colonel Canning's to Magherafelt. These arrangements were made in consequence of accounts being received of the advance of Colonel O'Neill towards Coleraine with two thousand men. O'Neill, who was son to the ferocious Sir Phelim, had resided in Derry for some years before this time, and the approach of a military man so well acquainted with the passes through the country as he was, added much to the alarm caused by the report of a reinforcement coming to Hamilton's army. The pass between the counties of Londonderry and Antrim, at Toome, was entrusted to Colonel Houston, within four or five miles of which, at the new Ferry, Major Michelburn was ordered to take his station. Colonel Edmonston, commonly called the Laird of Duntreth, was ordered to secure and defend the pass of Portglenone. Sir John McGill's regiment was sent to Kilrea, where care had been taken to sink most of the boats and cots on the Bann. Sir Tristram Beresford's regiment, with Colonel Francis Hamilton's, and several detachments to the number of three thousand men, were left to defend Coleraine. The Protestants at Fagivie, under the command of Captain Blair, beat back some of the Irish who had crossed the river there. On the approach of the Protestant troops to Moneymore, in which there was a strong castellated house and bawn, belonging to the Clotworthy family, the Irish quitted it, leaving behind them great quantities of provisions, which were very acceptable to Sir Arthur Rawdon. He sent a supply of them to Colonel Edmonston, who had just written to him from Portglenone, that his men were almost starved with hunger there. Late on the night of Friday, the fifth of April, Sir Arthur went to Portglenone, and found all well there; Edmonston had entrenched his men so well, that they were out of the range of both great and small shot, and he had destroyed a considerable part of the bridge. The enemy was however, very active, and there was a continued fire kept up on both sides. Twenty of the enemy were killed the next day, and that

part of Portglenone, in possession of the Irish, on the Antrim side of the river, was set on fire by red hot iron bullets, which drove them all out of it.

At two o'clock in the morning of the seventh, advices came to the Protestant army at Coleraine, that Lord Galmoy, Colonel Gordon O'Neill, and Colonel MacMahon, had advanced to Dungannon with three thousand men, with the intention of cutting off the garrison at Money-more. The same letter desired that Sir Arthur Rawdon should hasten back to Money-more, and he was a mile or two on his return with Major Baker, Captain Hugh M'Gill, and Captain Dunbar, when he heard that the Irish, having on the preceding night passed by the guards kept on the river side, by Colonel Skeffington, were then advanced within a mile of Colonel Edmonston's trenches. Sir Arthur sent immediate notice of their approach to Colonel Edmonston, one company of whose regiment, quartered in some country houses near the river, fired at the passing enemy till their ammunition was spent. When the boats came within half a mile of the trenches, they landed the men, and plied back and forwards across the river till they had ferried over a considerable party. Two or three companies of their grenadiers advanced first through the bog of Glenoe towards Colonel Edmonston's trenches, in which he had only one hundred and twenty men. With sixty of these he went out to line a ditch on the side of the bog towards the enemy, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw to guard the trenches. He there vigorously opposed the Irish, whose numbers every moment increasing, at last overpowered him and obliged him to fall back. At this time Sir Arthur Rawdon and Captain Dunbar came to the trenches, and were surprised by a volley of shot from the Irish, who immediately sent one hundred grenadiers to line the hedges on the way to that only pass by which their opponents could retreat, and to secure that point from a body of Protestants whom they saw advancing towards it. This party consisted of five companies of foot, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, coming to the assistance of Colonel Edmonston. Whitney commanded three young Captains to lead on the men, but when he saw the enemy he retracted his orders, and commanded the men to face about and retire; he was obeyed by all but Captain James M'Gill, who, ashamed of so base a retreat, went on towards the pass: Sir Arthur Rawdon and Captain Dunbar came to the pass at the same time, and having no other way to escape, ventured through all the shot poured in upon them from the hedges, until they met Captain James M'Gill, upon which, when they were about to charge the enemy again, they perceived another party of Irish in the rear, and in a few minutes Captain M'Gill was shot off his horse; a Captain of the Irish grenadiers came up and run his sword through the body of the fallen and wounded officer, and another of the savages dashed out his brains with a musket. By the time that Sir Arthur Rawdon had got over the pass, Major Baker and Captain Hugh M'Gill had come up to it with as many men as they could get together, and had stopped Colonel Whitney's party in its shameful retreat. Edmonston and Shaw also got to their assistance, by different ways, but the

soldiers having little or no ammunition or match left, the number of the Irish party every moment increasing, and news arriving of Lord Galmoy's approach to Moneymore, it was resolved that Edmonston and Whitney should retreat with their regiments to Coleraine, that Sir Arthur Rawdon and his own regiment of dragoons, with Colonel Skeffington's and Colonel Canning's regiments of foot should retire towards Derry, which was accordingly done. Lieutenant-Colonel William Canning having the command of Canning's regiment, which had been raised at Garvagh.

The loss at Portglenone, though numerically small, was considerable to the Protestants at this critical time, for besides a few common soldiers killed or missing, with Captain Henly, who was wounded and taken prisoner, and Captain James M'Gill, who was cruelly put to death in a condition which would have excited the sympathy of a civilized enemy, the services of two able officers, Colonel Edmonston and Sir Arthur Rawdon, terminated here; the former died at Culmore Fort in a week afterwards, of a disease caught in the trenches at Portglenone, in a season unusually cold and wet, and the latter, who was always of a tender constitution, was so injured in his health by the fatigue he suffered on this occasion, that he was obliged to retire from the army. He was so obnoxious to King James's government, that in the Parliament held on the ensuing month, he was particularly exempted from mercy, as "one of the principal actors of the rebellion," as it was termed, "and one of those who advised and fomented it, inveigling others to be involved therein." Sir Arthur Rawdon had married Helena, daughter and heiress to Sir James Graham, youngest son to the Earl of Monteith, and through this lady the present Marquis of Hastings is thought to have a title, that ancient Earldom which is now dormant by the failure of male.

The Irish having crossed the Bann, all the Protestant army of Moneymore, Magherafelt, Dawson's bridge, Belaghy, Toome, and Newferry, retreated over Carnogher mountains into Derry. Coleraine too was abandoned, and all the population of the country, not belonging to the Church of Rome, followed their armed protectors, with the exception of those who, from age or infirmity, were unable to travel, and a few Captains who took protection from the enemy.

On the ninth of this month, this body of distressed people arrived at the water side, and the ferry which led over to the city; the army without a General, and the terrified crowds that followed in the rear, presenting as melancholy a spectacle as could be presented to the human eye. Driven by the sword of a merciless enemy from house and home, destitute of all provisions or clothing except what their precipitate flight allowed them to carry about their persons: with a pursuing foe in their rear, and a deep and rapid river in their front, their last hope was an admission, by the slow means of a ferry boat, into a garrison already crowded with afflicted families, and scantily provided with the means of subsistence. The dragoons alone had brought with them a store of meal and other provisions, and those, with the rest of the horse, were ordered by Lundy to Strabane, Lifford, and Letterkenny. The rest were ferried over, and received with cordiality by all but the treacherous Governor and a few of his secret adherents. On the next day, Cairnes, of Knock-

many, returned from London, with instructions and a letter from King William to Colonel Lundy. As he came near the city, he met some officers and a great many people going away from it. Lundy had offered passes to these officers, and by his discouraging representations prevailed on them to quit the place, which they did under strong suspicion of that treachery which, although it detracted from the credit of his asseverations, furnished an argument sufficiently strong to prevent them from expecting safety under such a commander. Cairnes delivered the King's letter to the Governor and Council, acquainting them with the cause of his coming, and the forces which were on their passage from England for their relief. He earnestly dissuaded them from deserting this place, now the last hold of the Protestants of Ireland, with the exception of Enniskillen, which was not likely to stand against the forces now advancing towards it; and he desired, according to his instructions, a particular account of the present condition of the city, as to men, arms, ammunition, and provisions. In consequence of this communication from the King and their friends in England, the Council resolved to stand by each other, and not to leave the kingdom, or desert the public service, till their affairs should be settled in a secure posture. A copy of this resolution was affixed on the market-house, and read next morning at the head of every battalion in the garrison. The signatures affixed to it were those of Lord Blaney, Sir Arthur Rawdon, Palet Philips, Hugh M'Gill, Richard Crofton, John Hill, George Hamilton, Arthur Upton, James Hamilton, Nicholas Atchison, H. Montgomery, Thomas Whitney, William Ponsonby, Richard Johnston, Robert Lundy, Richard Whaley, Daniel M'Neil, William Shaw, J. Forward, Gervais Squire, J. Blaney, and John Tubman. The soldiers expressed their joy at this declaration, by loud shouts and huzzas; many were encouraged by it to remain in the city, although they had resolved to go away; but Cairnes' letters to several persons of note, who had fled in a panic to Castledoe, for the purpose of embarking there for Scotland, were fruitless, and while the soldiers and townsmen were murmuring at Lundy's evident neglect of all means of defence, the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the Foyle, preparing to cross the river in their boats. In the meantime, the Rev. George Walker receiving intelligence that the Irish army was advancing to Derry, had rode thither, and communicated his information to Lundy, who treated it as a false alarm; upon which he returned to Lifford, where he joined Colonel Crofton and his regiment on the thirteenth of April, and fought the enemy across the river during the whole of the night. The Fin and the Mourne, themselves composed of many rivers flowing from the surrounding mountains of Tyrone and Donegal, unite at this town, and form the broad and rapid Foyle, swollen at this time to its brim, and rendering the passage of it by an army almost impossible. An account of the transactions at this time, to be found in a poem discovered at Armagh some years ago, states, that the Irish after losing many men in the water, and staining its waves with gore, forced their way over the river at Lifford, and pursued the retreating Protestants with great slaughter; but the state of the floods at this place rendering it impossible for dragoons to pass over

at Clady, three miles higher up, without swimming, no credit can be given to this story, and it may be the more safely classed under the head of poetical fiction, because Mackenzie tells us, that on the next night, Colonel Hamill, the gallant proprietor of Lifford, with his regiment, which he had raised there and in the neighbouring town of Strabane, repulsed the enemy, with the aid of Crofton and his men, whom Walker had left there on the morning of that day, when, in obedience to Lundy's command, he went to take his post at the Long Causeway. Walker adds, that Colonel Crofton maintained this post against the enemy on the second night's defence of it, with great resolution. A proclamation had been issued from the Council at Derry on the thirteenth, requiring that all who would fight for their country and religion, against Popery, should appear on the fittest ground for battle near Cladyford, Lifford, and the Long Causeway, to engage the enemy on the ensuing Monday, and to bring with them at least a week's provisions for men, and as much as they could for horses. The signatures to this order, which had not been affixed to the preceding one, were those of Walter Dawson, William Stewart, John Barry, C. Frowde, Francis Hamilton, and Kilner Brazier. At this council, Lundy was chosen Commander-in-Chief, a trust which, for reasons best known to himself, he readily accepted. On the same day, Major Stroud made some proposals to him, of which no notice was taken, and most of the suburbs on both sides of the river were burned or pulled down.

On the fourteenth, the enemy's army marched from the water side, where they had on the preceeding day made a show of crossing the river, and proceeded towards Strabane. The vigilant Cairnes, on perceiving their movements, went twice to the new Commander-in-Chief, urging him to take some prompt measures for securing the passes of the Finn and the Foyle at Clady and Lifford; but a careless reply, that orders to this effect had been already given, served to diminish the general astonishment at the sad occurrences of the ensuing day. Several other persons sent word to Lundy, that if he did not march the men from the city that day to defend the passes, they could not arrive in time to do so next morning, and entreated him to be with them at both these places on that night. Lundy having already decoyed Lord Kingston, and a thousand horse and foot, which he had collected in the provinces of Munster and Connaught, for the defence of Sligo, and ordered to stay and keep the passes between Lough Erne and Ballyshannon, sent an express to that nobleman, which he received at ten o'clock this night, requiring him and his troops to join the Protestants in the Lagan, and be at Clady, Lifford, and the Long Causeway, before ten o'clock next morning. The nearest of his forces were at that time thirty miles from any of the places to which they were ordered, so that the design of so short a notice was accomplished by the impossibility of obeying it. His lordship, however, marched at an early hour in the morning towards Derry, and when he had brought his men within five miles of Raphoe, he met several of the Protestants running from Clady, who informed him that Lundy, with the British forces, had fled to Derry, the Irish having advanced in pursuit of them as far as Raphoe, after having forced

their passage across the Finn water. In a popular historical play, called *Ireland preserved, or the Siege of Londonderry*, the feelings of the Protestant officers at this time are thus delineated:—The scene having been changed from Derry to Castlefin, Colonel Mitchelburn thus addressed a brother officer: "What do you think, Colonel Murray, is this fair dealing or not? On Tuesday last I parted with Governor Lundy, who promised that I should be relieved or reinforced with strong detachments of men, arms, and ammunition; does he think that I can defend all these passes against the enemy with little more than one regiment? 'Tis now the afternoon of Sunday, and we see no appearance of troops, although the great body of the enemy's troops marched from the water side of Derry yesterday. I expect their attack to-night." The Town Major of the city replies: "'Tis admirable that he does not take care; a good commander would not send his men farther than he would venture to go himself. See how regular General Hamilton advances, although he has not one half the number of men which we have, while our Governor lies sotting and drinking in Derry, waiting for the enemy to come and pull him out of it by the ears. He sends us upwards of twelve miles from the city, as the Governor of Coleraine packed us off to be surrounded and cut off by the enemy's horse and dragoons. Twice have we escaped with our lives, by a good retreat; I hope we may be able to do so a third time." Mitchelburn answers—"He is safe, my friend, though we are not. General Hamilton and he combine against us; we have enemies before and behind us; we are betrayed, sold, our lives allotted and designed by them to be a sacrifice to the enemy's fury." Colonel Murray says: "'Tis a most deplorable case; think how we are served. Lord Kingston is within twenty miles of us, with three thousand foot and a thousand horsemen, to join us; yet by private designs and villainy, this treacherous Governor and his friends are not contented to get this kingdom to themselves, but attempt to destroy us root and branch. Thus are we scattered through the country, on purpose that the enemy shall have little or no opposition."

At six o'clock on Sunday evening, Mitchelburn had despatched an express to the Governor at Derry, imploring assistance. He stated that the enemy's troops were advancing upon him, and that their only preservation for that night was the flush of water in the river, occasioned by the heavy rains. Lundy replied, that he would march next morning with two thousand men and five pieces of cannon. On the morning of Monday, the fifteenth, Colonels Cunningham and Richards arrived in Lough Foyle, with two regiments of foot, and other necessities for the support of Derry. They sent their first message to Lundy from Greencastle, desiring his orders about landing, and received no answer to it. The second message they sent from Redcastle, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and hearing in reply that the Governor had gone with his forces to fight the enemy at Clady, Colonel Cunningham wrote to him from on board "*the Swallow*," letting him know that two well disciplined regiments had arrived there with him, and might join his army in two days at the farthest, being likely to be of great use on any occasion, but particularly for the encouragement of new-raised and untrained men. He

added his advice, to stop the passes on the Finn till he could arrive there, and enable him to join battle with the greater probability of success. Having received no answer to either of these communications, he dispatched another with a messenger from Culmore castle, at nine o'clock that night.

In the meantime, the Protestants at Clady, who, a week before, had broken down the bridge there, had thrown up a breastwork at the end of it. Some of the Irish foot had arrived on the opposite bank of the river at an early hour, but it was noon before the great body of their horse got there from Strabane. It was eight o'clock before Lundy marched out of Derry with the troops intended to guard this pass, and, with the reinforcements which joined them on their march, they amounted to ten thousand men, a force more than sufficient to repel the enemy, which is said to have been little more than half that number. The first division of the enemy which attempted to ford the river at Castlefin was repulsed by a party of Colonel Skeffington's regiment posted there. Another small party, consisting of about thirty dragoons of Colonel Stewart's men, after most of the few foot who had been posted there was beaten off, opposed the enemy's passing over the ford until all their ammunition was spent, and there was no more sent them. Lundy had so managed matters, that the necessary supply of ammunition was but three or four miles out of the city when his routed forces met the convoy on their retreat. Major Stroud, who had some cavalry at Clady-ford, was so disadvantageously placed, that he could not bring them on, though he earnestly endeavoured to do so, so that those who had defended the breastwork at the broken bridge were obliged to retire from it. At this moment several troops of the enemy's horse rushed into the river and swam across it. Two of their officers, Major Nagle, and another whose name is not mentioned, were drowned. The state of the flood at this time near Clady proves the impossibility of any portion of the Irish having passed the Foyle at Lifford on the preceding night. Colonel Gordon O'Neill assured Mr. Mackenzie, author of the narrative of the Siege of Derry, that when they had got over the river this day, at the former of these places, the Irish were in great terror of an attack from their opponents, for so high were the waters, that they had scarcely a dry shot left to them. Lundy, however, was their best friend on this occasion, for so far from putting the Protestants into any posture of defence, by which they might have cut off the enemy as they arrived on their side of the river, he gave orders for a precipitate flight to Derry, himself leading the way in such a manner as to afford a reason to suppose he laboured to excite a general feeling of terror and consternation. He sent no orders to any other divisions of the army, but at none of the passes did they amount to any considerable number. On the news arriving in Lifford that the Irish horse had got over the Finn water at Clady, the foot, who had been posted there, and were then firing across the river at some of the enemy on the Tyrone side of it, were called off, and retired to the pass at Long Causeway, a short distance north of Lifford, on the direct road to Derry. Colonel Francis Hamilton collected those who arrived there, and drew them up in good order behind the pass, expect-

ing the Irish would take that road towards the city. But they pursued the Protestants who took their way through Raphoe, where they did great execution upon Colonel Montgomery's regiment of foot, no care having been taken to secure their retreat. Many more would have fallen there by the swords of their merciless enemy, had they not precipitated themselves into the bogs and marshes of the adjoining parish of Clonleigh. The Protestants at the Long Causeway staid on the post they had taken there till the evening, when fearing that the enemy would get between them and Derry, they retired thither. On Lundy's arrival there, he ordered the gates to be shut, so that many officers, soldiers, and private gentlemen were forced to remain outside the walls that night, exposed to the danger of being cut to pieces by the enemy's cavalry, from whose rapid and merciless pursuit they had so lately escaped. Among those shut out from the city on this perilous night were George Walker, with his regiment, and it was not without difficulty, and some violence on the sentinels, that they got admission on the next morning. The reason assigned by Lundy for this suspicious measure was his anxiety to preserve the provisions of the city, by keeping all out of it above the number requisite for its defence. He said he had provisions for three thousand men for three months, and he did not consider it prudent to diminish the period it could hold out, by adding to the number of those who should be fed there. His letter to Major Tiffin, on the night of the same day, contradicted this assertion, for it stated that without an immediate supply of provisions, the place would of necessity fall into the enemy's hands. He had before written to Cunningham, informing him of the disaster at Clady, and consenting to the landing of the English troops, but in a postscript to his letter to Major Tiffin, he alleged that he had not above two days' provisions in the city for three thousand men, though all unnecessary mouths had been sent out of it, and he ordered Cunningham and Richards to leave their men on board the ships, and come with some of their officers into the city, that they might resolve what was to be done.

Accordingly, on the next day Colonel Cunningham and Colonel Richards, with some of their officers, came to Derry, where Lundy called a council of war. Along with himself and other officers, it consisted of Lord Blaney, Captain James Hamilton, and ten others, namely, Hussey, Tiffin, Coote, Cornwall, Echlin, Traunter, Lyndon, Pearson, Pache, and Taylor. None of the inhabitants of the city were called to this Council but Mogridge, the Town Clerk, and when Colonels Chichester, Crofton, Ponsonby, and Francis Hamilton, who had some suspicion of Lundy's design, desired to be admitted, they were refused admittance at the door, although Lundy had, in the same Council, alleged that he had sent for Hamilton and Chichester, and for Sir Arthur Rawdon, who he said was dying.

On receiving the King's letter and orders from Colonel Cunningham, the Governor repeated the representation he had before made by letter, of the defenceless state of the city, advised all present to quit it, and declared his intention to do so himself. The English officers, it is but just to say, agreed with him in opinion, being unacquainted with the false-

hood of the representation he had made to them, particularly that in which he had stated that James's army, consisting of twenty-five thousand men, were at that moment approaching near to the gates. Colonel Richards was the only Englishman who objected to the measure proposed, and he argued unanswerably, that the surrender of Londonderry at that crisis would be the loss of the whole kingdom. A resolution was, however, made, that it was not convenient to the King's service to land the two English regiments then on board the ships in the harbour, and that the principal officers should privately withdraw themselves, as well for their own preservation as in hopes that the inhabitants, by a timely capitulation, might make better terms with the enemy, who, at all events, would soon possess themselves of the place. It seems incredible that Lundy could thus delude some of the officers who assisted in the council, particularly Lord Blaney, whose services had been already so eminent, but there is no calculating to what extent one accomplished villain may practice on the credulity of unsuspecting men, and if ever there was an adept in the science of treachery, this Governor of Londonderry seems to have been one. After the council broke up, the English officers returned to their ships, which had fallen down the river that day towards Redcastle ; and Lundy, in prosecution of his nefarious plans, made a public declaration that the council had resolved on the immediate landing of the English regiments ; and he ordered the Sheriffs to provide quarters for them in the city. This he did to delude the officers and soldiers who had earnestly entreated that their troops should be landed and join with them in the preservation of that corner, as it were, of the province into which so great a proportion of the inhabitants, provisions, and wealth of three or four counties had been brought together, exhibiting as powerful a temptation to a necessitous enemy, as affording the strongest inducement and most encouraging means to defend so many lives and so much substance. One of the officers of the council, however, informed Colonel Francis Hamilton and Captain Hugh M'Gill of the resolution which the Council really made, and advised them to quit the city. M'Gill discovered it to Sir Arthur Rawdon and others, who thinking, as they well might, that they had been betrayed, deemed it madness to remain as a sacrifice to the fury of a triumphant enemy, and therefore many of them got off to the ships on the day following.

Sir Arthur Rawdon, however, did not leave the city without protesting against the proceedings of Lundy's council, and Walker says he would not have gone away but that he was dangerously sick, and was forced to do so by his friends and physicians. He survived for some years, but it is certain that his constitution, which had been delicate from infancy, never recovered the injury it sustained at the trenches in Portglenone. The common soldiers and the lower order of the citizens were fired with the utmost indignation at the resolution of the Governor and Council ; they vented their fury upon some of the officers whom they saw leaving the city, and shot one of them, a Captain Bell, who, with some others, had got into a boat which was pushing off from one of the quays. The officers who had resolved to remain, and who possessed the

confidence of the multitude, endeavoured, with some success, to restrain their violence, and to support their spirits under the discouragements which had nearly driven them to despair.

At this time the chief part of the infantry which had retreated from Clady and the other passes on the Finn water, came to the gates in tolerable order; but Lundy took care that they should be shut against them. Had the pursuit been very close the consequences might have been fatal, but Hamilton had got too warm a reception here on the 27th of March, to be rash in approaching the walls again. On the sentinels refusing him admittance, one of the Captains of Skeffington's regiment discharged a pistol at him, and called for fire to burn the gate; upon which it and all the other gates were thrown open to the retreating army, when all who had not got into the city with Walker on the preceding night, then found their way into it.

From a scarcity of forage in the city, and the difficulty of finding accommodation for so many horses in it, the cavalry were sent towards Culmore. Some of the officers and soldiers, influenced by Lundy's representations, or despairing of safety by any other means, took refuge in the ships anchored there, and at this time overflowing with passengers; others, resolving to stand upon their defence, and sell their lives as dear as possible, collected round the gallant Colonel Murray, and put themselves under his command.

In the meantime, Lord Kingston and his army, which would have placed the enemy between two fires, and in a most perilous situation, had the two English regiments been marched round by Strabane and joined to his force at Castlefin, were sent back to Donegal, when within five miles of Raphoe, a few hours after the Irish army had passed the ford at Clady. An account was sent to this gallant nobleman by the treacherous Lundy, that there was neither room for his men or forage for his horses in Londonderry. In consequence of this, he fell back to the quarters from which he had advanced, by a forced march, on the preceding night, and ordering his cavalry to secure themselves in Enniskillen, and his infantry in Donegal, Ballyshannon, and other places, he forced himself with a few of his officers into a French vessel at Killybegs, pushed out to sea, and hastened to give King William an account of the distressed state of the Protestants of Ireland.

James remained in Dublin from the 24th of March to the 8th of April, and during the short time he stayed there, seemed to be much more anxious to force Popery upon the Protestants, than to prepare for the contest which awaited him in Ulster.

The Romish Priests and Friars in the metropolis at this time amounted to three or four hundred in number, sleek, lusty, well-fed fellows, whose effrontery, as mendicants, for means to build chapels, was not to be paralleled. In a short time fourteen mass-houses and convents, and two nunneries, were erected in the metropolis, a good part of the cost of which came out of the pockets of Protestants, who dared not to refuse subscriptions.

On one of the three Sundays during James's stay in Dublin, Dr. Larbonne preached a controversial sermon before him, at the Cathedral of

Christ's Church, and on another, an Ecclesiastic, named Hall, preached a discourse on the same subject, corrupting Scripture, rendering the passage "do penance" instead of "repent." The Catholics appeared now to be nearly triumphant. The Protestant religion did not want an advocate, and a powerful one, in Dr. Nathaniel, a minister of St. Bridget's, in Dublin, and afterwards Minister in Waterford and Lismore. A few of his friends, who very courageously attended the delivery of these sermons, provided the means to print copies of them, and he replied to them with such energy from his own pulpit, that multitudes flocked to hear him from all parts of the city, rejoicing that the cause of truth was so well defended. For this conscientious discharge of duty, he was grossly insulted, and his life endangered. He was assaulted by Popish soldiers while performing the burial service in his Churchyard, and was prevented from preaching several days by King James's guards, who surrounded his Church, and threatened to shoot him if he should attempt to do so. These were the most cogent arguments used against him, and to render them the more convincing, he was imprisoned with the celebrated Doctor William King, and some other Protestant Clergymen, who, like him, had preferred their duty to their interest and personal safety. A third sermon delivered before this bigotted Prince was not so agreeable to him as the two former. One Moore, a Popish Ecclesiastic, preaching before him in Christ Church, alleged that he did not do justice to the only true Church and her clergy, and said that Kings ought to consult their confessors in all temporal affairs, as the clergy possessed a temporal as well as spiritual right; but that Kings had nothing whatever to do with the management of spiritual affairs, but were to obey the orders of the Church. This was too much to be borne even by this priest-ridden Prince. The preacher, to avoid banishment, privately withdrew from the Court in consequence of a message he received from the incensed King, who, nevertheless, hastened to gratify the Popish Clergy by inflicting severe injury and insult on the Protestant Bishops and their Clergy. Their churches in the metropolis had been all seized in the course of the preceding month of February, and converted into store-houses for arms. Out of twenty-two spiritual Peers, only seven remained in Ireland, the others had fled from persecution, with many of the inferior Clergy, who were at that time subsisting by the means of private alms in the eastern parts of England. Of the Bishops who remained on account of age and infirm health, three were treated in a cruel and inhuman manner. The Primate, Dr. Michael Boyle, then upwards of eighty years old, had the temerity to refuse a subscription to some Friars who had applied to him for aid to build a mass-house, and the consequence was, that a warrant was issued by Sir Thomas Hacket for the prosecution of that Prelate's son and nephew, who were seized and put in prison for several months. Dr. John Roan, Bishop of Killaly, was robbed of all his substance; and Dr. Hugh Gore, Bishop of Tuam, at the age of seventy-eight years, was seized in his bed by Popish ruffians, and stripped and beaten till he was left for dead. The Bishopric of Cashel, and the Bishoprics of Clogher, Elphin, and Tuam were seized, with many inferior benefices, and the

moneys arising from them disposed of in maintenance of Popish Bishops and Priests, in direct violation of the existing laws and constitution of the realm. Several of the parochial clergy were cruelly beaten with clubs, and they were waylaid as they went out upon their clerical duty, fired at, wounded, and in many instances narrowly escaped with their lives; some were beaten with such severity that they died in a short time afterwards, and Archbishop King says that the Protestant parishioners were in general so apprehensive of the danger in which their Ministers were, that they besought them to withdraw themselves out of it, by flying to England or Scotland. Those who were unable or unwilling to leave their homes or parishes were obliged to walk from house to house to perform their offices, as their horses had been taken from them; and at last they were almost all committed to prison, and some of them tried for their lives, and condemned to death as traitors and rebels; even in the city of Dublin, under the eye of James and his Government, a Protestant Clergyman could scarcely walk the streets without receiving either injury or abuse. The soldiers considered it part of their duty to insult them, and the French dragoons called them *Diables des minestres heretiques, un Protestant, un Diable*.

On the eighth of April, James left Dublin, and marched with his army towards Ulster; it consisted of twelve thousand men, and a tolerable train of artillery. His Generals were Monsieur Maumont, who commanded the French horse, and the Marquis de Mensea Pusignian, who had charge of the infantry. He was accompanied by the Duke of Berwick, Lords Netterville and Abercorn, and many other noblemen and gentlemen of distinction. Sir Michael Creagh, Lord Mayor of Dublin, accompanied the unfortunate Prince in the double capacity of Paymaster-General to the army, and commander of a regiment of foot. In his progress through the North, James stopped a few days at Armagh, which he found inconvenient to himself and his train, as it had but a few days before been pillaged by the retreating Protestant army.

From this, he sent Monsieurs de Rosen and Maumont to view the troops at Dungannon, to which place he went immediately afterwards himself, where he saw the regiment of Cavenagh, armed half with pikes and half with muskets; but so bad and so much out of order that not one hundred of them were fit for service, which surprised him very much, and made him redouble his orders for bringing arms into Ulster from Cork, Kinsale, and Waterford, with all speed. The Marquis de Pusignian waited on him here, and informed him that Lieutenant-General Hamilton's army, at Strabane, was in little better condition than that at Dungannon, for want of arms and ammunition, which obliged the King to reiterate his orders to the Duke of Tyrconnel and Sieur de Pointis for a speedy supply of both. On the fourteenth, he proceeded to Omagh, from which he found Hamilton had marched with his army for Strabane, and Pusignian, with a considerable body of horse and dragoons, by Clady-ford. Upon hearing here that the Protestants had shown themselves in great numbers on the Donegal side of the Finn water, he sent forward Rosen and Maumont, with Monsieur Lery and the troops that remained in Ormagh, except one regiment of foot

and one troop of dragoons, to secure, if possible, the pass over the river.

On the same day that General Hamilton, the Duke of Berwick, and Monsieur Pusignian forced their passage over the Finn at Clady-ford, Monsiear de Rosen, according to King James's account of the campaign, published in Macpherson's collection of state papers, crossed over the river at Lifford, with so small a force as two troops of horse and one of dragoons, though the Protestants on the Donegal side, who opposed them, were effectually ten times their number. The Royal Historian says that de Rosen, and his Generals leading the way, the troops courageously followed them, swimming the river, and by so bold an action terrified their adversaries, who fled upon the first charge made upon them, and were pursued with considerable slaughter for three or four miles.

On the sixteenth of April, King James returned from Omagh to Charlemont, from which he sent a body of troops to reinforce the garrison at Coleraine, as also some aid to his friends in the county of Down, where there was some appearance of a rising of the Protestant population against him. His intention was to return to Dublin for the purpose of providing all things necessary for the siege of Derry, but on that night he received an express from the general officers of his army in the neighbourhood of that city, informing him that after resting the troops on the seventeenth and eighteenth, they had resolved to join all their force, and advance to the gates at once, in expectation of being admitted, on account of the general consternation which had seized the multitudes who had fled there, on the passages of the Finn water being forced.

On the morning of the seventeenth, another express arrived to him from the Duke of Berwick, saying that the Derry men, whom he termed rebels, had sent to capitulate with General Hamilton, who had referred them to Monsieur de Rosen, as his superior officer, and that de Rosen had offered them the benefit of his Majesty's proclamation, as an inducement to a prompt submission. Nothing could be more acceptable to James than this intelligence, for the success of his attempt to regain the Crown evidently depended on his getting possession of such a point in Ireland as Londonderry, from which he could act by transmitting his army into Scotland. Lord Dundee, and a powerful party of nobility and gentry, would have received him with enthusiasm in the ancient realm of his family, and their devotion to him was blended with feelings of self-preservation, which offered the best security for fidelity, as by the triumph of William the Episcopal Church of Scotland was prostrated, and Presbyterianism established on its ruins. He therefore resolved at once to return to the North-West of Ulster, and present himself before the gates of Londonderry, convinced by the accounts which he had received that nothing more was wanting to the accomplishment of his most sanguine wishes than his presence there. A report, too, had prevailed in the North that he had returned to Brest, and died there, and this rumour it was necessary to contradict as soon as possible, by showing himself at the head of his hitherto victorious army. Therefore, leaving a great part of his train at Charlemont, and taking with him

only those who were necessary to his household, he rode a long and painful journey of thirty miles to Newton Stewart, where he arrived late at night. He rested, without undressing himself, for a few hours in Lord Mountjoy's Castle there, which his army afterwards burned on their retreat, and the next morning, by break of day, he was on horseback and rode to Strabane, where he arrived at eight o'clock. There he received a letter from De Rosen, informing him of a second capitulation from Derry, and that he was marching with the whole army to present himself before the gates. The same letter informed him that the English ships, with two regiments on board, were anchored in Lough Foyle. Disappointed at not finding the army there, James did not stop at Strabane, though a local tradition says he slept there that night. He passed the river on horseback, and overtook the infantry commanded by Monsieur Pusignian, near Ballindrate, about two miles from Lifford; and having viewed them without stopping, he went on to join Monsieur De Rosen, who had marched from Strabane about four hours before his arrival there. A part of the horse had been sent on the preceding day to Raphoe, as well to save the provisions, as to drive the Protestants, as it were, into a net in the Peninsula, between Lough Swilly and Lough Foyle, and thereby prevent even a possibility of their escape. De Rosen, however, had got within two miles of Derry before he was overtaken by his Royal Master, who then put himself at the head of his army, and marching directly towards the city, halted on a hill within cannon shot of the walls.

The place was now surrounded, except on the water side, by horse and foot, presenting a most formidable appearance to a garrison unused to warfare, and distracted by the counsels of a party within their walls, which, at this moment, possessed sufficient influence to procure an offer of surrender to be signed, and sent out to General Hamilton, by Captain White. The bearer was however to stipulate that the besieging army should not, in the meantime, advance within four miles of the city. Rosen, in the meantime, had distributed the besieging army in such a way as to invest the place, from the river under Ballougry to the shore at Culmore. According to Captain Francis Neville's map of the city and adjoining lands, as besieged at this time, the order in which the troops was stationed was as follows:—Commencing with Lord Galmoy's horse and Sir Michael Creagh's regiment of foot, extending from Ballougry hill to the water, viz.: the regiments commanded by Colonel Barrington, Colonel Butler, Colonel Ramsay, Lord Slane, Colonel Hamilton, and Lord Gormanstown. Sir Maurice Eustace and his regiment had charge of the magazine, between General Hamilton's quarters and a mill a little to the north of the Bishop's demesne. In General Hamilton's front was a strong post, and between it and Pennyburn-mill were Colonel Cavanagh and his regiment. Colonel Butler's was encamped near Charles-fort and round to the bank of the river, where the boom was afterwards fixed, and on the opposite side, a little lower down, was Sir Neill O'Neill's regiment of dragoons. Lord Clancarty and his men occupied a position on the road to Greencastle, about half-way between Charles-fort and an old chapel on the rising ground above Culmore; and

between this chapel and the river, Fitzgerald's and Bagnal's regiments shut out all communication by land between Culmore and the city. The fort had a mound of sod-work for its protection on the land side, and the batteries on the side towards the water were very formidable to vessels coming up the river.

The officers of the besieging army, as well as James himself, appear to have been ignorant of what had occurred on this and the preceding day in the city, which they hoped to gain so easily. In the midst of the consternation artfully spread around by Lundy, and after the indignant citizens had slain one retreating officer and wounded another, a gallant country gentleman, named Murray, arrived at the head of a body of cavalry, and although the faithless Governor refused him admittance into the city, he forcibly entered it, and was received with acclamation. He harangued the surrounding crowds on the perfidy of their Governor, and expatiated on the baseness of surrendering a place garrisoned by such brave men to an abdicated king and a Popish army.

Rosen, in the meantime, regardless of the stipulation made by General Hamilton, ordered the troops to advance towards the city, and they posted themselves very near to it, under the shelter of a wind-mill and a house near it. He detached other bodies of his men along the low lands called the Bogside, near the Butcher's-gate. While this was doing a trumpeter arrived from the city to the King, requiring an hour's time to consider his summons to surrender, and desiring that the troops should advance no further than they had done. Rosen took no notice of this, and the trumpeter was afterwards killed. In a few minutes, as the Irish army continued to advance, with James at their head, a terrific discharge of cannon and musketry commenced from the walls of the city, and continued with little or no intermission for the rest of the day. Several of the besieging army fell by this fire, and among the rest one Captain Troy, who was killed near the King's person. This salutation, unexpected as it was, from Lundy's representations, who had, on the preceding night, caused the gates to remain open till Major Crofton secured them, and doubled the guards, had such an effect on the undisciplined Irish and their unfortunate King, that the utmost terror and confusion prevailed amongst them. The treacherous council of the city in vain endeavored to allay their apprehensions, by sending Archdeacon Hamilton to the Irish camp, to excuse themselves for what had passed, and lay the blame of it on a turbulent body of men whom they were unable to restrain, and whom they falsely represented as a drunken rabble. The better sort they said were generally resolved to surrender in a dutiful manner, and did all they could to persuade the common people to do the same. James, however, to use the language of his own diary, had nothing to eat for the whole of that day, and notwithstanding that and the fatigue of the two preceding days, had remained the whole of it on horseback, exposed to cannon, and under heavy and incessant rain, waiting for the effects of the assurances which had been given to him. He therefore resolved to draw off his troops, and retired to St. Johnston, to await the arrival of the artillery which he expected, and to provide other necessities either for a siege or a blockade. Archdeacon Hamilton aban-

done the city, took a protection from the abdicated king, and entertained him during his stay at the castle of Mongevelin, within a short distance of St. Johnston. Captain Murray, in the meantime, had advanced from Culmore fort to a green field below Pennyburn-mill, with a body of horse considerable enough to dislodge the enemy which had occupied the ground before he approached to it, and he left fifteen hundred men below Brook-hall as a body of reserve. His first appearance had the effect of inducing the ardent spirits within the walls to give the astonished tyrant and his slaves a reception which astonished them; and he now received an express from the Governor and Council, requiring him to withdraw his men without delay to the back of the hill, out of view of the city. The messenger, who was a relative and name-sake of the gallant Murray, informed him that the Governor and Council were then making terms for a surrender of the city, and advised him, if he wished to save it, to lose no time in hastening to the aid of the citizens, who had determined not to capitulate while they could raise an arm to defend themselves. He therefore resolved to march to the city, and after some opposition from the enemy's dragoons as he passed along the river side, arrived safely at Shipquay gate. The Council sent him a message, that he might be taken up alone upon the walls by a rope, but this proposal he treated with disdain, and Captain Morrison, who commanded the guard, without waiting for orders, opened the gate to him and his troops. His presence, says Mackenzie, struck a cold damp in the Governor and Council, but inspired the men on the walls with vigor and resolution. The Council, however, proceeded in their attempt to surrender, and many of them signed a declaration to that purpose, who afterwards signalized themselves in the defence of the city. Murray was received by the multitude with every demonstration of respect, confidence, and affection. They detailed to him their wrongs, and implored his assistance. He replied that he would stand by them to the latest hour of his existence, in defence of the Protestant interest, and that his first act should be the prevention of a surrender, and his next, the suppression of Lundy and his Council. Captain Noble, of Lisnaskea, in the county of Fermanagh, and a Captain Bashford, with many other gentlemen, declared their resolution to second the noble designs of Murray, and all who would join them were desired to signify their intention by putting a bandage of white cloth round their left arm. This scene is not ill described in the homely verse of a manuscript, said to be found in a gentleman's library at Armagh about thirty years ago, and which, mutilated as it has been, by a loss of eight pages in the most interesting part of it, records more of the names and circumstances of the defenders of Londonderry, than any of the other accounts which we have had of the transactions of that eventful time.

The illiterate, but amusing poet, thus describes Murray's entrance on his career of glory :—

"Archdeacon Hamilton by James is sent
 Into the city with this compliment :
 If they in four days would yield up the town, }
 All the inhabitants should have their own,
 With pardon for their past rebellion. }

And he in his commission fared so well,
 That Lundy forc'd the town to article.
 Th' ingenious Neville, and the said divine,
 Went to King James to tell him they would sign
 In a few days, to hasten which the King
 The Irish army to the town did bring;
 Delays are dangerous, he urges on
 The town to sign the capitulation,
 Which being signed, and ready to be sent,
 Great MURRAY throws himself and compliment,
 Just to the walls : he lay then at Culmore,
 And bravely fought his way upon the shore.
 Lundy refus'd him entrance—but the town
 Open'd their gate, unto their great renown.
 The loyal party knew his grand design,
 And to his conduct they themselves resign.
 Then in a moment all the town rebels,
 And curse the author of the articles ;
 For at the guard a proclamation's made,
 That all true hearts repair to the parade
 With handkerchiefs on arms, that all shall die,
 Who would yield up the town to Popery.
 Then in a trice eight thousand men convene,
 To whom great Murray did this speech begin :
 Dear friends, this city is our last support ;
 Let us not yield I earnestly exhort,
 Lest that it should to our disgrace be spoke,
 That we submitted to an Irish yoke :
 Hold out brave boys, England will succour send,
 If we like men our city do defend ;
 Here are sufficient to sustain a siege,
 If we to loyalty ourselves oblige :
 Yet all is vain if we do not expell
 The traitor Lundy and his false cabal.
 The town consents, huzzas now rend the sky,
 Then unto Lundy all in anger fly ;
 To whom great Murray spoke this fatal speech,
 Of treachery I do you now impeach,
 Both to the Protestants and to our King—
 A Popish reign upon us you would bring.
 You left Tyrone unto the enemy ;
 At Clady ford you made our army fly,
 And now you're plotting to betray the town,
 By a capitulation of your own.
 Therefore lay down your pow'r, for we will chuse,
 Such loyal men as will oppose our foes.
 Lieutenant Cook, who from fair Lisburn came,
 Courageously stood forth and said the same.
 Great Murray seized the guards, the keys and all :
 They presently a general council call,
 The Church and Kirk did thither jointly go,
 In opposition to the common foe,
 Although in time of peace they disagree,
 They sympathize in their adversity.
 Then in like words great Murray thus address—
 The intestine foe I have at last suppress :
 Here at your feet I lay down all my pow'r.
 * * * * *

Then all with one consent,
 Agreed upon a form of government,
 Baker and Walker Governors they chose,

And form'd eight regiments to meet their foes.
 The horse to Colonel Murray they bestow :
 Him General in the field they do allow.
 From Philiphaugh, near Tweed, his fathers came.
 The noble name of MURRAY is well known,
 For their great service to the Royal Crown.
 Cairne's, of Knockmany's his Col'nel.
 From Meath's fair county came his Major Bull ;
 Cochran, Carlton, Moore, Herd, and Murray,
 His valiant brothers, Captains to him be.
 The Borderers did fill his regiment,
 Which to the field with noble courage went.
 The foot in manner following they dispose ;
 Baker and Walker Colonels they chose—
 Whitney and Mitchelburn that honour gain ;
 To Parker the brave regiment of Coleraine :
 Crofton and Hammel the same station grace—
 These and the Volunteers defend the place.
 Watson's made master of the artillery,
 Two hundred gunners and montrosses be :
 James Murray was conductor of the train ;
 Our Engineer was Adams of Strabane.
 For Major of the town Captain Freeman—
 Thus in few hours they form'd a noble band,
 Which did King James's forces all withstand."

The rustic poet proceeds to describe the position of the different regiments in the besieging army, in which he differs considerably from the representation of them in Captain Neville's map. Lord Louth's camp he places on the east beyond the river, at Strong's orchard—Brigadier-General Kearney's division he stations with Sir Neill O'Neill's dragoons, and he assigns a place to Monsieur Maumont near General Hamilton, at Brookhall. An air of truth pervades this poem, and impresses a conviction on the mind, that it presents to us a picture drawn from life, and for this reason, as well as for the transmission of many names to posterity, unrecorded in any other way, it shall be quoted with slight verbal alterations, as opportunities may offer in the course of this narrative.

It may be easily conceived that the climate of Derry had now grown too warm to suffer Governor Lundy to breathe in it much longer. "He stole off," says Dalrymple, "with a load upon his back, a disgraceful disguise, and suited to him who bore it." Walker says that he got out with a burden of matches on his shoulders, in a sally towards Culmore—and his last act was a successful endeavour to persuade the officer in command to surrender that fortress. Captain Ash accuses Mr. Galbraith, an Attorney, and two persons named Adair, of selling Culmore to the Irish army. It is not however probable that such a transaction should have escaped the notice and animadversion of Walker and Mackenzie, neither of whom mention it. It was the day after the repulse of James from the walls of Londonderry, that the officers mentioned in the Armagh manuscript were appointed. Walker and Mackenzie have both given lists of them, the total amount of men and officers being little more than seven thousand. The town was weak in its fortifications, the wall being less than nine feet thick along the face of the ramparts, with

a ditch and eight bastions, and some newly raised out-works. Of all the guns upon the walls, which had been a present to the city from the London Companies, nearly half a century before this time, scarcely twenty were fit for use, and nearly twenty thousand women, children, and men unarmed, or incapable of bearing arms, diminished the probability of the garrison being able to sustain a protracted siege. These were opposed to a Prince, who, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, possessed an influence in Ireland, which, if estimated by the physical force of his adherents, was sufficient to bear down all opposition to him, and the number of his besieging army amounted to twenty thousand men.

While the new Governors of Londonderry were examining the public stores, observing the motions of the Irish regiments around the city, and assigning a position to each division of their own forces, the unhappy James, considering how much the troops he had with him at St. Johnston had been harassed on the preceding day, suffered them to remain there and take some rest. He held a council on this night, when it was resolved that he should return with Rosen and Lery, to meet the Parliament he had summoned to assemble on the seventh of the succeeding month, and that Hamilton, Maumont, and the Duke of Berwick, should remain to reduce the Derry rebels, most of whom, he had heard from some sycophants, were running from the city into the wilds of Ennishowen. He then gave protections to all the Protestants who submitted to him, and he alleges that their number was great. On the twentieth, he set out from St. Johnston, and dined on his way to Strabane under a large tree, in the front of Cavanacor-house, within a mile of Lifford. The table at which he sat, and the china upon which dinner was served up, are still preserved and shown as curiosities in the adjoining village of Ballindrate. In the evening he proceeded to Strabane, where he received a deputation, offering a surrender of Culmore fort, which he accepted, and in consequence of which, General Hamilton was put in possession of it a few days afterwards.

On the same day a party of the besieging army marched towards Pennyburn-mill, and pitched their tents there, by which, as already mentioned, they hindered all passage to or from Culmore. The garrison despatched a Mr. Bennet, on a message to the English Government, and to protect him from the suspicions of the enemy, fired at him as a deserter. At the same time Lord Strabane approached the walls, a great proportion of whose defenders were his tenants, and offered the King's pardon, protection, and favour to those who would surrender the place. During the parley the enemy were observed to draw their cannon forward, upon which his Lordship was desired to withdraw, on pain of being exposed to the danger of a shot, and as he retired he was told that the garrison of Londonderry would not surrender to any but King William and Queen Mary, or their order. On Sunday the twenty-first, James rode from Strabane to Omagh, in which latter place he received deputies from Castlederg, who offered a surrender of that fortress, which being strong in itself, and commanding a pass between Derry and Enniskillen, was granted on favourable articles, and secured by a garrison.

The Irish army in the morning of this day alarmed the city, by firing on it from a demiculverin, placed on the opposite side of the river. This, from the novelty of it, produced greater alarm than heavier cannonades did afterwards, but did little or no mischief except to the market-house. The first sally from the town was now made by a body of horse and foot, under the command of Colonel Murray; the Captains of foot being, Archibald Sanderson, William Beatty, Thomas Blair, and David Blair. Lieutenant-Colonel Cairnes and Captain Philip Dunbar, were posted on an eminence with a body of reserve. The horse amounted to three hundred in number, and Murray divided them into two parties; with the first of these he courageously charged the enemy himself, and the second was led forward by Major Nathaniel Bull, a gentleman of the County of Meath, to whom, as well as to his father, Major Samuel Bull, the city of Londonderry was indebted for many eminent services. The rear was brought up by Captain Cochran, of Ballywrath, in the County of Armagh, who, when the men under his command fled, advanced with a few gallant fellows to the scene of action, where his horse was killed under him, and he received a wound in the leg. The Irish divided their horse into two squadrons, also; the commander of one of them led them on with great bravery. Colonel Murray charged through that division of them, and in the course of the day had three personal encounters with him, in the last of which he killed him on the spot, and the enemy then confessed he was General Maumont, whose brother also was said to have fallen by the hand of Murray, in this engagement. In the meantime, the Irish horse had pursued the rear of the Derry cavalry towards the walls, to which they had retreated, but they were almost all killed by a body of the Protestant Infantry, who, perceiving the retreat of their friends, had moved from a mill, where they had done great execution, to the strand, near the Bog-side, in which they lined the ditches, and commanded the pass. In the commencement of the action, the enemy brought a piece of cannon to the point on the other side of the river, opposite to the strand, and fired frequently at the besieged without effect; but a gun from the wall at last dismounted the piece, killing the gunner and others who happened to be near him. The loss on the side of the enemy amounted to more than two hundred men killed, including Major-General Maumont, Majors Taaffe and Wogan, Captain Fitzgerald, and Quartermaster Cassore. The Marquis de Pusignian, was mortally wounded. The loss on the Derry side was no more than nine or ten, among whom were Lieutenant M'Phedris, Mr. Mackey, one Harkness, and five or six private soldiers killed, but the number of the wounded was considerable. Three standards were taken from the Irish army, with a great spoil of horses, saddles, cloaks, arms, watches, and money.

The historical Drama already quoted, throws such light upon the general history of the country, and the particular state of the contending armies in Ulster at this period, that a few extracts from it can hardly fail to be appropriate in this place. The scene having changed from Derry to the camp of the besiegers, at the Pennyburn mill. General Hamilton enters, accompanied by Sheldon, Dorrington, Ramsay, and

Buchan. Sheldon then addresses the Commanding Officer in the following words—"I understand, Hamilton, that the King has left the whole concern of the campaign under your care and conduct; and as you have been very fortunate hitherto, his Majesty is well assured there will be nothing wanting in future to the reduction of these rebels to obedience." "Alas, sir," replies the General, "our cause is lost! we are undone. The King might as well have staid at Paris, since we can do no good. One day now is a month's loss; England will be alarmed, the Prince of Orange will soon understand our designs, all of which will be frustrated. If this unlucky accident, this opposition of the rebels to our occupying Londonderry, had not happened, we would have been in Scotland before this time; we should have had an army in England, and the King of France would have assisted us. Alas! this perverse town disappoints, daunts, and so disgraces us, that all King James's army could not reduce it, inconsiderable as it is. It is but a poor revenge to starve these people; they will say it is Popish cruelty, while we shall reap no advantage from it. In three or four months the English will land upon us and beat us out of the Kingdom."

The dialogue then proceeds thus:—

Sheldon—"I must own, with great regret, the reason why we did not succeed; it was our own fault; flushed with success on all sides, we were too sure of accomplishing our ends, and have, I fear, left an example to future ages of the consequence of despising even the most despicable enemy."

Buchan—"This night the King sleeps at Strabane; the next at Charlemont; and so he proceeds to Dublin, where he will hold the Parliament which he has summoned to assemble on the seventh of May, when the act of settlement shall be repealed, and some laws will be enacted for the good of the nation."

Hamilton—"Calling a Parliament, Buchan! 'tis an act of folly, especially at this time. I can assure you he did not leave the French Court to call a Parliament in Ireland; we have weightier matters in hand. The method devised for him by the French King's Council was to have taken fifty thousand men from this kingdom to join Lord Dundee's army in Scotland, and march with an overwhelming force into England, where there are multitudes ready to join his standard on the first appearance of his ability to protect them. But this cursed town ruins all—(*striking his breast*)—it stops our current: it is the destruction of our great designs; it makes us little in the eyes of our confederates, and will absolutely be the ruin of us all. Thousands who were favouring our interest will now decline in their ardour, turn to the other side, and make the Prince of Orange more glorious than ever."

Ramsay—"Had these people been pardoned and sent to their homes, we might, in all probability, have had the town by this time, and used it as a point of embarkation for Scotland, but you see how the contriving of mischief for others falls upon our own heads, spoils all the King's affairs, and loses an opportunity which we shall never meet again. All our ammunition must be brought by land-carriage from Kinsale, which is about two hundred miles distant from Londonderry. In the mean-

time, our cause is lost ; to save it, we should have had here by this time five hundred barrels of gunpowder, twenty-four pieces of cannon, and all other necessary materials ready to our hand. All our designs prove vain ; delays of this kind never can be retrieved ; he never, never will enjoy his crown again."

The scene then changes to the city, and after a dialogue between two of the Aldermen, who, late in life, and cowardly in disposition, had, nevertheless changed the gown for the sword, and accepted the command of companies, it shifts about again to the Irish camp, when the dialogue is thus resumed :—

Hamilton—"I had all these letters from the town, giving an account of the ringleaders of the rebels, and of their new Governor, the old one, it seems, they have turned out. I have likewise an assurance of the scantiness of their stores : there is very little in them."

Ramsay—"But, Sir, the private houses are well furnished, and there is more meal and other provisions in some of them than in the stores,"

Wachope—"I had a note last night from a very honest Burgher, who was Deputy-Mayor to Colonel Cormack O'Neill, who was placed there by Lord Tyrconnel, when a Quo Warranto was issued against their charter ; John Buchanan they call him ; he makes his request to your Excellency for a protection for himself and his family, and several others."

Hamilton—"My secretary is drawing five hundred of these protections. There is one of my name who makes great profit by selling them at half-a-guinea a-piece."

Buchan—"Your Excellency may see that the cobweb government of Londonderry is tottering already."

Hamilton—"If it is not tottering I will make it totter, and those rebels shall totter by scores upon yonder gallows."

The scene then changes to the city, from which two thousand chosen musketeers are suddenly sent out. The battle on the strand is represented ; Murray being designated by the stage name of Monrath ; Walker called Evangelist ; Baker, Anthony, and Mitchelburn, Granade. It is probable thus this interesting drama was written during the life-time of some of these and the other defenders of the city, who were occasionally present at the representation of it on the stage, and the subject of it not being as the term is, "ripe for history," their real names could not with propriety be used to designate their characters. The true names are given in these extracts, there being no longer a necessity for using the fictitious ones.

The scene changes once more to the quarters of General Hamilton, who thus addresses Generals Wachope and Buchan :—

"A man came to me not long since and told me that a swarm or two of the rebels came out of the city to take the air ; they are so hot in keeping within that hive of theirs, that the old ones turn out the young ones. I'll serve them one of these days as they do the bees ; put brimstone under their hive and smother them all. I was indeed going towards them on horseback, but on reflection thought it not worth my while to take that trouble. We shall have a hundred or two of them to hang

presently. I have indeed allowed quarter to be given, but it is only for three days, to sport with them, to tantalize them, to serve them as a cat does a mouse, play with them a little and then devour them."

Wachope—"I take that very well, if it were no more than to make them an example to the country."

Enter Sheldon—"What news, Sheldon? What prisoners shall we have to hang?"

Sheldon—"Prisoners, Hamilton! Your men were all beaten; the enemy were near having enough of our men prisoners, for if Lord Gal-moy had not come down with his horse, and Brigadier-General Ramsay with three brigades of infantry from Ballougry, we would have been entirely routed. This reinforcement caused the rebels to retire, but Lieutenant-General Maumont has been killed with a great many more."

Hamilton—"Is it possible?"

Sheldon—"It is very certain, Sir."

Hamilton—"Oh most miserable! These rebels begin to get heart; let me immediately have a fort built to cover Pennyburn-mill, and another at Ballougry to cover my infantry."

The scene then changes to Londonderry, where Mitchelburn thus addresses Baker, Walker, Campbell, Murray, and the Town-Mayor:—

A blessed Sunday's work! this is now something like success; there is some sport on our side at last. See the white carcasses of our enemies lying on the ground. Brave boys; they find what stuff we are made of; all good men and true. My dear Murray, (*shaking hands with him*) you laid about you with a witness! Let us turn aside a little and see what plunder our soldiers have got."

Enter six soldiers; they pass over the stage; one with a pair of jack-boots, a trooper's coat, and a case of pistols; another with a fine laced saddle, crying, "here's plunder!" a third with a scarlet coat with plate buttons, a hat and feathers; the fourth a large wig, with a silver-hilted sword and gold fringed gloves; the fifth with a fine green purse of slight net-work, filled with Spanish pistoles, crying, "plunder you rogues! gold boys;" a sixth in his broad Scottish accent informs the Governor that he had gotten a guid horse, but o'er muckte to gang in by the door-way.

Mitchelburn—"This success will much enliven our men; we shall now begin to feel how the enemy's pulse beats."

Baker—"Aye, and their hearts too before we have done with them."

An express was sent to James with an account of this disaster, and it overtook him in Omagh on the ensuing day. He was much concerned at the enterprise against Derry commencing with the loss of Maumont, and was weak enough to order his corpse to be carried to Dublin, a circumstance likely to afford a triumph to his enemies in every part of the country through which the funeral should pass. He wrote at the same time to Hamilton, positively forbidding the General Officers to expose themselves as Maumont had done, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Sheldon and other experienced officers, a practice which, he observed, was as contrary to prudence as to the known rules of war, and certainly one of which he never appeared very ready to set an example in Ireland.

It is much to be regretted that Walker has omitted to give credit to

Murray for having slain Maumont in single combat on this day; but it was uncandid in the publishers of the Dublin and Derry editions of his Diary, to allege that the omission was a decisive proof of a disagreement between them. Walker's conduct towards the gallant Murray on that occasion was that of a man superior to such a motive for his silence. When Murray was surrounded by a crowd of assailants and likely to be overpowered by them, notwithstanding the prodigies of valour and strength which he exhibited, the venerable Governor rushed from the city to his assistance, mounted a horse, whose rider had been killed, rallied the retreating Protestants, and at the imminent peril of his life, rescued his friend from impending death. Mackenzie does justice to Murray, but is silent respecting Walker; but as his narrative was professedly written to "rectify the mistakes and supply the omissions," and not to add anything to the dazzling fame of his renowned cotemporary, this omission is the less surprising. It affords, however, an additional proof of the necessity of a new and more satisfactory account of the transactions of this interesting period than any which has hitherto appeared.

Captain Ash says that there was much gold found in the pocket of Pusignian and Taafe, and that during the whole of this day the enemy's cannon played upon the city from the other side of the river, by which some houses in Pump-street were demolished.

The poem found at Armagh records so many names and probable circumstances, not mentioned by any of the journalists of this siege, that a transcript of the most curious parts of it, with a few verbal amendments, and some attempts to polish its rustic versification, cannot but be acceptable to all who deem the preservation of the history of our country to be an object of importance to posterity. The following is the account given in it of this battle:—

* * * *

"On Sunday morn
By break of day, the Irish force advanc'd
In squadrons two, their horse prepar'd to fight
On the left wing; their foot were on the right.
Maumont, their horse, Hamilton, their foot command,
At Pennyburn river they began to stand.
The sound of drums and trumpets rend the air,
The flow'r of all King James's men were there.
The noble Murray hastens to the strand,
And in like manner does his troops command.
Foot against foot, horse against horse he plac'd,
In gallant order to the en'my fac'd.
He with a thousand foot his horse sustain'd,
Which noble stratagem the battle gain'd.
Mounted upon a gallant steed that hour,
He fought the Irish with unequal pow'r.
The loud huzzas of both hosts rend the sky,
Each side prepar'd to conquer or to die.
The French came on, with glittering sword in hand,
But our quick firing made their horses stand.
Maumont the French, Murray our horse led on.
* * * *

Murray, like thunder through their squadrons broke,
A gallant Monsieur fell at every stroke.
Maumont did also with like terror ride

Thro' troops retreating round on every side.
 Both squadrons fight with equal force and rage,
 And in close combat mutually engage ;
 Till prostrate bodies covered all the shore,
 For both reserves had fled the spot before.
 Ours in the city their protection found,
 Theirs was unable to maintain their ground.
 For Luddle brave, an English Buccaneer,
 A thousand footmen marching in his rear,
 Made the proud enemy soon disappear.
 In this pursuit stout Captain Taaffe was slain,
 Brave Captain Cochran did that honour gain.
 Lieutenant Carr, the Laird of Graddon's son,
 In this affair great reputation won.
 The strand thus clear'd, Murray and Maumont meet,
 Who with dire threatnings one another greet,
 For they had often sought each other out,
 But still were parted in the bloody rout.
 They first discharged their pistols on the spot,
 In which brave Murray's fiery steed was shot.
 Yet the brave beast ne'er felt the deadly wound,
 But pranc'd and wheel'd upon the bloody ground :
 Redoubled blows they gave with sword in hand,
 Which the strong armour scarcely could withstand.
 At last their swords in several pieces flew,
 And with their rapiers they the fight renew.
 'Twas then Maumont began to falsify,
 * * * * *

He wheel'd his horse, which then began to spurn,
 But noble Murray made a quick return,
 For under his raised arm his steel he thrust,
 Till at his neck the purple gore outburst.
 His fleeting soul with the free blood expir'd,
 And our great hero to the foot retir'd,
 Where they the Irishmen had soundly beat,
 And caused them all to make a quick retreat.
 Brave Major Blair the hottest fire sustain'd,
 And by great feats a reputation gained.
 Young Francis Crofton to the battle flew,
 And with his sword a multitude he slew.
 Noble, like light'ning fell among their foot,
 Dunbar's red coats too put them to the rout.
 The valiant Cook from Lisnagarvey fought,
 And conquer'd many who his ruin sought.
 Lieutenant Rankin hew'd the Irish down,
 And in that bloody battle gain'd renown.
 Tom Barr, a trooper, with one mighty blow,
 Cut off the head of an opposing foe.
 Two thousand slain the river side then fill'd,
 And many officers of note were kill'd.
 On our side some ; brave Cornet Brown was slain,
 Mac Phetrix died upon the purple plain.
 Lieutenant Mackay fell upon the spot,
 M'Cleland's son was wounded with a shot.
 The ancient father did the son revenge,
 And with the foe full many a blow exchange.
 The parents view'd their son's exploits that day,
 From the strong walls above the broad Ship-quay ;
 For near that place upon the shores they fought.
 * * * * *

Then backward to the town

Our host return'd in triumph and renown.
 Great was the spoil and plunder of that day,
 For all return'd with some substantial prey.
 One brought a pyebald horse, which Columbkil
 Foretold it taken at the Pennyburn-mill,
 The Irish might expect no more success;
 This fatal horse was taken in the chase."

On the twenty-second of this month the abdicated King sent a General Officer from Charlemont to command some forces which he had ordered to march towards Carrickfergus, to prevent the landing of the English there, in case their ships, which had sailed out of Lough Foyle, should attempt to do so; and being informed that there were some new commotions of the Protestants in the county of Down, he sent a reinforcement to his troops there. On the twenty-third he arrived in Newry, and finding the disorders in the county of Down increase, sent back another troop of dragoons to his army, leaving no force to guard his person on his return to the metropolis. This day the Irish army planted two pieces of cannon in the lower end of Strong's orchard, about eighty perches distant from Londonderry, on the other side of the Foyle, opposite Shipquay-street. These three balls of about ten pounds weight each, and with them they played so incessantly on that street, penetrating the garrets and walls, that many persons were wounded by them, and it became unsafe to remain in the upper parts of any of the houses. The besieged threw up a blind, as they termed it, to preserve the inhabitants of this street, and returned the fire from their walls with such effect, as to kill Lieutenant-Colonel O'Neill, Lieutenant Fitzpatrick, two sergeants, several private soldiers, and two Friars in their habits, to the great grief of the Irish, says Walker, for they were indignant beyond measure that the blood of these holy men should be spilled by an heretical rabble, as they termed the defenders of Londonderry.

Monsieur Pusignian died this evening of the wounds which he received in the battle of the preceding Sunday, and King James, on receiving the news of his death, was much concerned at it, for this officer, as well as Maumont, was as much esteemed for obliging manners as he had been respected for courage and conduct. On the twenty-fourth, Captain Ash says, the enemy began to throw bombs into Londonderry, a practice which, in a short time, became too familiar with them. On the next day King James arrived in Drogheda, from which he proceeded, after one night's rest, to Dublin. Tyrconnel had not returned from visiting the country garrisons; the expected supply of arms had not arrived from Cork, Kinsale, or Waterford, and the Protestant artificers had not been very active during his absence in repairing the old muskets in the arsenal, or making the tools necessary for his engineers. He therefore renewed his orders on these heads, and taking all possible methods to obtain the necessary supply of cannon, small arms, and ammunition, resolved to form three camps on the expected surrender of Derry, one towards Scotland, to cover the embarkation of troops for that country, and the others in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Lord-Mount Cashel was appointed Muster-Master of Artillery, and the King resolved to send several pieces of cannon to Derry by sea, but this latter project was

frustrated by the appearance of some English vessels in the Channel. Tyrconnel returned to Dublin in a few days after James's arrival there, and reported that he had found so many efficient men among the Irish infantry, that he did not disband them in the proportion which he had resolved to do when he left town. Those whom he had disbanded had committed great atrocities wherever they went, so that it became necessary to restrain them by the appointment of Provost-Marshals in each of the provinces; but the King set them a bad example at the same time by ordering the goods of all absent Protestants to be siezed and confiscated.

On the twenty-fifth of April, the besieging army placed their mortars again in Strong's orchard, and fired a few small bombs across the river, on the Shipquay-street of Derry. The greater part of these fell in the street, and one of them killed an old woman in a garret. The first that was discharged fell into a house where several officers were at dinner, and rolling over a bed that was in the room, did them no injury, but passed into a lower room, where it killed the landlord and broke a hole through the outer wall, through which the guests went out, as it had by the concussion choked up the doors of the house. In consequence of this, the ammunition was secured in the vaults under the Cathedral Church, in dry wells, and in the cellars of private houses. In the meantime, Colonel Murray, with some cavalry and a strong body of foot, which he always supported by dragoons, sallied out of the town and drove the enemy from the trenches into which they had thrown themselves. Some of the foot had followed the retreating enemy too far, and a party of their horse suddenly forced them to fall back upon their main body, who, forming themselves in a line behind a ditch on the road side, fired with such effect upon the pursuers, as to throw them into great confusion, and oblige them to retreat. The Derry men then pursued them to Pennyburn-mill, and pressed so hard upon them, that their dragoons, who themselves had just been beaten out of an old mill about a mile higher up on the same water, found it necessary to leave their horses behind them, and reinforce their distressed friends at Pennyburn. The Derry men kept their enemy at warm work in this place until the evening, and returned without much loss. A party of the besieged, which went out towards the close of the day to cover the retreat of those who were engaged at Pennyburn, were beaten back, but without loss, by a party of horse which had been despatched from the Irish camp, each of them carrying a foot-man behind him. Those who signalized themselves on this occasion with Colonel Murray, were Major Bull and Captains Obrey, John Kennedy, Archibald Sanderson, Michael Cunningham, William Beatty, and William Moore. The contest, both at the old and new mill, was very sharp, and lasted for a considerable time. Mackenzie says the loss on the Derry side was but two men killed and eight or ten wounded; but Captain Ash alleges that Cornet Brown and three others were killed; the loss on the enemy's side was not ascertained. In the Armagh manuscript this engagement is called the battle of Elah, and the author thus celebrates those who distinguished themselves in it:—

"Against the weakest side our Gen'ral saw
 Their greatest force the Irish army draw ;
 Which to prevent, with equal ardor he
 Sprung forth at morn to fight the enemy,
 Near ELAH, in the parks. Murray came on ;
 The Irishmen were led by Hamilton ;
 Where they continued fighting till 'twas noon,
 When we were flank'd by the enemy's dragoons.
 Five hundred men our open flank secure,
 Led on by Taylor, Sanderson, and Moore.
 The enemy stood boldly to the fight,
 But Murray quickly put them all to flight.
 Berwick and Pontee each receiv'd a scar,
 From valiant Murray and the brave Dunbar.
 Bold Major Bull did wonders in that fight,
 For he brought back the Irish on the right.
 Crofton and Bashford did much honour gain ;
 By Captain Noble multitudes were slain.
 From Lissnaskea, Fermanagh's pride, he came,
 But now he's Major Noble of the same.
 Cairnes in our centre, standing like a rock,
 Undauntedly repell'd each hostile shock ;
 Like Spartan heroes firm together clos'd,
 He and his friends their enemies oppos'd.
 Lieutenant Lindsay, Lord Donrode's brave son,
 Fresh honour in this hot engagement won.
 Brave Captain Barrel, from Urney, near Strabane,
 Gain'd the renown of a heroic man.
 Here Tillilagan, from renown'd Tyrone.
 To glory sent her gallant Saunderson.
 The valiant Moore of Augher, with great might,
 Cut all before him in this bloody fight.
 Lieutenant Cooke repuls'd the enemy,
 And forc'd their bravest warriors to fly.
 Lord Abercorn left both boots and horse,
 And fled without his cloak, with all his force.
 Then in a trice, our foes we soundly beat,
 And to their camp compel them to retreat.
 We burn'd their stores in ELAH without pity,
 And turn'd back to march into the city.
 When we went forth we carefully had sent
 Most of our horse, and of foot a regiment,
 To watch the camp by gallant Ramsay kept,
 Lest he our marching home should intercept.
 But Col'nel Parker, odious was his crime,
 Had them commanded off before that time ;
 When Ramsay boldly, with his foot and horse,
 Came quickly up to intercept our course.
 This great surprise did all our spirits damp,
 We fear'd our men were slain round Ramsay's camp.
 But Col'nel Murray and brave Aubery,
 Oppos'd the foe and forc'd them back to fly,
 Till all our heroes cover'd with renown,
 From this brisk fight got safely into town.
 Parker and Hamill to our aid both run,
 With Wigton pushing on a loaded gun ;
 But their assistance came to us too late,
 For Ramsay then had forc'd us to retreat.
 Parker considered it but policy,
 To fly that evening to the enemy ;
 His Coleraine regiment brave Lance obtain'd,
 And in our service lasting glory gain'd."

Mackenzie states, in corroboration of the foregoing statement of Parker's treachery, that this officer was sent out with a rear guard of infantry, to cover the retreat of those who had sallied out with Murray this day, and that at the moment when the citizens from the walls saw a body of the enemy advance to intercept their return, he appeared so slow and negligent in the discharge of his important duty, as to expose the returning victors to imminent danger. He was threatened with a court martial for this misconduct, upon which he left the city in the night and deserted to the enemy.

It was not without great address and considerable difficulty, even under their present circumstances, that the harmony necessary for the preservation of all descriptions of Protestants was preserved among the members of the Established Church and the various denominations of Dissenters, at this time in Londonderry. The Episcopal Clergy had suffered heavily from the Presbyterians in Scotland: the persecution there was nearly at its height at this time, and even William, who established Presbyterianism on the ruins of their Church, afterwards found it necessary to open an inlet and shelter for some of them, by translating Dr. Alexander Cairncross from the Archbishopric of Glasgow to the See of Raphoe, in the neighbourhood of Londonderry.

In the two preceding reigns, Lord Dundee, Captain Creighton, and others, had made very severe retaliations on the Covenanters, so that both parties were under strong and unhappy temptations to dislike each other, when they found it necessary at this time to unite for their common preservation. This feeling was nearly brought into fatal operation on one or two occasions during the earlier part of the Siege. On one of these, a Mr. Hewson stepped forward, and declared that no man was worthy to fight for the Protestant Religion who would not take the solemn league and covenant; and on another, the conformists and non-conformists were drawn up in the Diamond to fight for the Cathedral Church. Hewson's insane proposal, however, was treated with merited neglect, and the dispute about the Cathedral was soon settled by the conformists, who were heretofore in undisturbed possession of it, consenting that the others should have the use of it for one half the Lord's day, and also on every Thursday during the Siege. The non-conformists had also meetings in different parts of the city, and all the congregations in the Church, and out of it, made very considerable contributions after divine service for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers, of whom the greatest care was taken. The clergy and ministers of all denominations were indeed equally careful of their people, exhibiting an example of moderation and kindness towards each other, worthy of imitation at all times, but indispensable to their common safety on this trying occasion. They enjoined their respective congregations to forget their distinctions, and join as one man in defence of the PROTESTANT RELIGION, reminding them of their perilous situation: they pointed to the water which enclosed them on the one side, and to the camp and batteries of twenty thousand enemies surrounding them in every other direction. They then betook themselves to their several devotions, recommending their sacred cause to the care of ALMIGHTY GOD.

Walker's reflections on the nineteenth of this eventful month are so characteristic of the circumstances of the city at the time, and so honourable to himself as a divine and a writer, that they cannot be omitted here. "It did," says he, "beget amongst us some disorder and confusion, when we looked about us and saw what we were doing ; our enemies all about us, and our friends running away from us ; a garrison we had, composed of a number of poor people, frightened from their own homes, and seemingly more fit to hide themselves than to face an enemy. When we considered that we had no persons of experience in war amongst us, and those very persons that were sent to assist us, had so little confidence in the place, that they no sooner saw it than they thought fit to leave it ; that we had but few horses to sally out with, and no forage ; no engineers to instruct us in our works, no fire-works, not as much as a hand grenade to annoy the enemy ; not a gun well mounted in the whole town ; that we had so many mouths to feed, and not above ten days provision for them, in the opinion of our former governors ; that every day several left us and gave constant intelligence to the enemy ; that they had so many opportunities to divide us, and so often endeavoured to do it, and to betray the governors ; that they were so numerous, so powerful, and so well appointed an army, that in all probability we could not think ourselves in less danger than the Israelites at the Red Sea. When we considered all this, it was obvious enough what a dangerous undertaking we had ventured upon ; but the resolution and courage of our people, and the necessity we were under, and the great confidence and dependence among us on GOD ALMIGHTY, that HE would take care of us and preserve us, made us overlook all those difficulties. And GOD was pleased to make us the happy instruments of preserving this place, and to HIM we give glory ; and no one need go about to undervalue or lessen those he was pleased to choose for so great a work ; we do allow ourselves to be as unfit as they can make us, and that GOD has only glorified HIMSELF in working so great a wonder with his own right hand and his holy arm, getting to himself the victory."

The Governors, Baker and Walker, now examined the stores, continuing the old keepers of them in their places for some time, until, on their contents being much diminished, they were all put into one house, which was carefully kept by Mr. John Harvey and his brother Samuel, during the whole time of the siege. Persons were also appointed to search all cellars and other private stores, from which they brought to the common stock a very considerable addition, which had been brought into the city by private gentlemen and others who had taken refuge in it.

On the twenty-fifth of April, the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, with Mr. Anthony Dobbin, a justice of the peace, resident in the neighbourhood of Derry, went to the Irish camp, at the hour of nine or ten o'clock in the morning. At that time a party of the besieged had sallied from the city, and were skirmishing with some part of the besieging army. These gentlemen had an errand from Enniskillen to General Hamilton, who being engaged with the troops that were fighting, did not return for a considerable time. While they waited for him, they heard several shots

going off within a short distance behind them, and enquiring the cause, were told by a soldier that there was good sport, for the men had got hold of an English or Scotch witch, who had attempted to destroy their horses by enchantment, and had been caught in the act of gathering their dung for that purpose. Mr. Hamilton entreated some of the Irish officers with whom he was acquainted, to save the unfortunate woman's life. Mr. Dobbin and he then went with them towards the place from which the noise of the firing came, and as they got within twenty or thirty yards of it, they saw a woman at least seventy years of age, sitting with her breast laid bare, and before they had time to interfere for her protection, one of the soldiers came up to her, held the muzzle of his musket close to her breast, and shot her dead. Being bad marksmen, they had been firing at her from some little distance, and none of their former shots had the desired effect, though she was wounded in several places. An army composed of such men as this, could not prove ultimately successful over an intelligent and humane enemy, let their numerical superiority be ever so great, and so the event of this summer's campaign fully proved. It appeared, on enquiry, that this poor victim of superstition and cruelty, who lived near Derry, had been robbed of her substance, and hearing that the Irish camp was full of provisions, and that the officers and soldiers were very civil to all who went to them, she had gone there that morning to beg a little food among the tents, and a man passing by her with a load of oatmeal thrown across his horse, the sack burst, and some of its contents falling upon horse dung, after the man had gathered as much as he thought fit, the wretched woman went forward and was taking the dung out of the dirty meal that remained on the road, when a fellow who saw her do so called out that she was a witch gathering their horses' dung that the Derry men might get the better of them; upon which a crowd gathered about her and used her in the cruel manner above related. It is a very common opinion among the Irish, that the excrements of any animal being burned, a mortal dysentery will ensue to the body from which they have been discharged; and, in this way did the superstitious savage imagine that a decrepid old woman could dismount a regiment of cavalry, and turn the fate of a battle.

On the night of the twenty-sixth, the bombs played hotly on the city, with little intermission, from the setting of the sun until morning. This night was one of intense suffering; terror prevailed in all directions, except in the hearts of the intrepid heroes under arms. The shrieks of women and children formed a terrific contrast with the thunder of the artillery, and the crash of walls and houses thrown down by the shells. One of the victims of this night's cannonade was Mrs. Susannah Holding, a gentlewoman aged eighty years, who was killed in Mr. Long's house, where many other persons were wounded.

About the twenty-seventh, Captain Darcy, who had been brought from Scotland by Captain James Hamilton, and left prisoner in Derry, on a charge of having deserted King William's service in England, got a pass from the Governor, and left the city with his horse and arms. He had bought some horses from Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, which

were said not to have belonged to that gentleman, who was tried for this and other misdemeanors, and being found guilty of being no friend to the garrison, was committed to prison, where he was kept during the remainder of the siege. Captain Monro succeeded to the command of his regiment. That of Coleraine, from which Parker had deserted, was given to Captain Lance.

The regiments were now regulated as they remained during the siege; they were seven in number, six of infantry and one of cavalry. Mitchellburn's consisted of seventeen companies; Walker's, of fourteen; Monro's and Crofton's, of twelve each; Lance's, of thirteen, and Hammel's, of fifteen. Colonel Murray's regiment of horse consisted of eight troops. Besides these regimented men, there were several volunteers in the city who did good service, as Captain Joseph Johnston, William Crooke, Mr. David Kennedy, and many others, who were frequently out upon service. Crooke's leg was broken by a piece of a bomb, which caused his death.

On the twenty-eighth, the besieged sallied out and killed several of the enemy at Pennyburn-mill, but were forced by a body of horse to retreat, with the loss of two men killed and eight or ten wounded. Admiral Herbert, being at this time on the south coast of Ireland, discovered the French fleet on the twenty-ninth of this month, and the next day received intelligence of their having gone to Baltimore, being in number forty sail; but on pursuing them, the scouts discovered that they had got into Bantry-bay. The English Admiral lay off the bay all night, and next morning stood in, when he found the enemy at anchor. They soon, however, got under sail, and bore down upon him in a line composed of twenty-eight men-of-war and five fire ships. When they came within musket shot of the Defence, which led the van, the French Admiral put out the signal of battle, which was begun by their firing their great and small shot at the English ships, as they came into the line. After several ineffectual attempts to engage the enemy closer, Admiral Herbert, finding his fleet in a disadvantageous situation, put off to sea, as well to get his ships into a line as to gain the wind of the enemy, but he found them so cautious in bearing down, that he could not get an opportunity to accomplish his purpose, and so continued battering upon a stretch till five o'clock in the afternoon, when the French Admiral stood into the bay. Admiral Herbert's ship and some others being severely disabled in their rigging, could not follow them, but continued for a short time after before the bay, and gave the enemy a shot at parting. In this action, which the French reckoned a victory, Captain George Aylmer, of the Portland, with one Lieutenant, and ninety-four seamen, were killed, the number of the wounded amounted to two hundred and fifty. Admiral Herbert, however, sustained no other loss, and got safe with his fleet into Plymouth a week afterwards. It seems unaccountable that it did not occur to the French Admiral, now that the coast was clear for him, to bring his fleet round to Lough-Swilly or Lough-Foyle, rather than expose the arms, ammunition, and military stores it contained to the delay and the dangers of a land-carriage from Cork to Londonderry, by wretched roads and many hostile tracts of country. But James's coun-

sels appear to have been such as to insure his final defeat ; his intelligence was usually false or exaggerated, and the measures he adopted frequently calculated to disgust even his friends. His subserviency to the French Ambassador was apparent, and a report went forth at this time very much to his prejudice, that he had agreed to put Ireland into the hands of Louis, to become a province of France, in return for the assistance given him to recover the rest of his dominions.

On the last day of April, the street on the Ship-quay side of the Diamond of Londonderry was barricaded, between Cunningham's and Boyd's corners, with timber, stones, and rubbish, to secure the market-house from the enemy's cannon ; and at the same time a shot from one of the bastions killed the chief gunner of the Irish army and broke one of his pieces of cannon. About this time Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd, by order of the Governor of Enniskillen, took a party of horse and foot from that town towards Omagh, where the Irish had a garrison. This post was too strong to warrant his making any attempt against it, but he drove all the cattle in the neighbourhood of it before him to Augher, where the enemy had another garrison in the castle, which they abandoned before he had arrived at it. To prevent their repossessing themselves of this stronghold, on his departure he burned it to the ground, and defaced the fortifications about it. He then proceeded into the county of Monaghan, and returned to Enniskillen with a very great prey of cows and sheep, which proved a most seasonable relief to the poor people in and about that town ; for on the return of that party a good milch cow might have been bought from the soldiers for half-a-crown, and a dry cow or an ox cheaper. Towards the end of this month some choice troops of horse and companies of foot reinforced the Enniskillenners from Ballyshannon. They had formed part of Lord Kingston's troops, and had marched with him from Sligo, when, by Lundy's orders, that nobleman led his army into the county of Donegal. The Governor of Enniskillen then erected a fort on the common hill near the stone-bridge, at his own expense, and it afterwards proved to be a great strength and protection to the town.

A circumstance is mentioned in the poem found at Armagh, respecting the father of Colonel Murray, which, "*mutatis mutandis*," may be related with propriety in a work which aims at giving a vivid representation of the varied scenes of this interesting period of Irish history :—

"General Hamilton takes Colonel Murray's aged father prisoner, and sends him to move his son to quit the town."

"Now Hamilton had got intelligence
That Murray's father liv'd not far from hence,
Ag'd above eighty years : for him he sent,
And brought the old man captive to his tent.
Pray said the Sage, your business with me tell ?
Your son, said he, Sir, ventures to rebel
Against his king. He holds that city out,
Him you may counsel better without a doubt.
On yon tall gibbet, rising to the sky,
Your bones shall hang if he does not comply,
And yield the town—go tell him so or die ;
And here you must your sacred honour pawn,

To bring his answer e'er to-morrow's dawn,
 Old Murray answers, he will not disown
 His due allegiance to King William's throne;
 But, as I must obey you, I will try
 If with such cruel terms he will comply :
 I found my son, Sir, from his early youth,
 A paragon of steadiness and truth ;
 A scion worthy of his ancient line,
 Respecting law, both human and divine,
 Form'd, mind and body, for some great design. }
 In haste the vet'ran's guarded to the town,
 And meets his son then covered with renown ;
 As on the street the youthful hero stood,
 His steel still reeking with the Frenchman's blood.
 Son, said the Sire, this Bible in my hand
 Must give due sanction to my last command ;
 Swear, now, I charge you, that in town or field
 To James's power you will never yield ;
 That for our faith you'll spend your latest breath,
 And choose with me sweet liberty or death.
 Father, said Murray, as he dropt a tear,
 That voice I love so dearly wounds my ear, }
 Imputing treachery or slavish fear.

The deeds I do, I cannot stoop to tell,
 But all my gallant friends here know me well ;
 Why then through dangers have you made such speed,
 To give me counsel which I do not need.
 Adam, said he, I never could have meant
 Such imputation, but I have been sent
 By Hamilton, to tell you I must die,
 Unless with his commands you now comply, }
 Give up the town or from its ramparts fly.

But now my long lov'd son, my darling child,
 Who on my knee so oft have sweetly smil'd,
 Cheering a father's and a mother's heart,
 I've made my last request and I depart ;
 Hamilcar's task was mine, and now I go
 To meet like Regulus an angry foe ;
 He may command my instant execution,
 But Murray's blood will seal the revolution.
 In such a cause I could die ten times o'er,
 And count it gain to bleed at eighty-four.
 Stay, said a voice, stay Murray with your son,
 His race of glory is but just begun ;
 Maumont's career arrested by his steel,
 His sword's sharp edge this Hamilton shall feel.
 Ill fare the man whose cunning could engage
 In such a task your venerable age,
 No, no, said he, not thus is glory won, }
 My word is pledg'd, a soldier's course I run,
 "Take honor from me and my life is done." }

Then peals of thund'ring cannon rend the air,
 And warlike trumpets from the city bear
 Defiance to the foe's detested arts,
 As for the camp the vet'ran departs.
 The gallant Hamilton forgives the fraud,
 If such it was, and ventures to applaud

Without reserve, a more than Spartan deed,
Which well became the Murray's of the Tweed;
From Philiphaugh this hero's fathers came,
A line long known in rolls of Scottish fame.
No longer forc'd through hostile lands to roam,
A guard of honour guides the old man home;
Where he was suffer'd undisturbed to dwell,
Though by his son the Irish army fell."

The reader will, no doubt, forgive the liberty here taken with the coarse original of the foregoing lines, which have been rendered into intelligible language, as the tales of Chaucer and satires of Dr. Donne have been translated by Pope.

On the first day of May, a cannon-ball fell among a company of foot who were marching up Shipquay street, and wounded two men. A shell also fell where Colonel Mitchelburn's men were exercising in the Bogside, and killed one man, who remained on his feet till it burst. The rest threw themselves down on the ground, by which means they escaped unhurt.

On the second of this month, the Irish garrison in Omagh sent two men into the parish of Kilskenry, within five miles of Enniskillen, who in the night stole away about twenty or thirty cows. In the morning, the owners, missing their cows, and seeing their tracks on the road towards Omagh, sent some of their neighbors in quest of them. Accordingly, eight of them who undertook this task, overtook the cattle within a few miles of Omagh; but the thieves, unluckily escaping, fled into the garrison and gave the alarm there. Before the Kilskenry men had got half way on their return home, they were overtaken by twenty-four well mounted dragoons from Omagh; the poor men, being eight in number, had but bad horses and few arms. Three of them, on the approach of the dragoons, left their horses and escaped into a bog; the other five, thinking they need fear no injury, for having taken back their own cattle, submitted, and had quarter given to them. The dragoons leaving a guard with the five prisoners, followed the other three into the bog, but being unable to overtake them, returned back to those they had left on the road, and after carrying them a little way back with them, barbarously murdered them all, cutting them so in the face with their swords, that their friends scarce knew one of them when they found them. This was the usual quarter given by the Irish soldiers to the prisoners who submitted to them, which was the principal cause of the obstinate defence both of Londonderry and Enniskillen. Bellew, the Governor of Omagh, sent an express on the morning after this cruel murder to General Hamilton, before Derry, acquainting him that a party of his garrison had killed above one hundred of the Enniskilleners, calling every man twenty; which news, in a dearth of better, went through the whole of the Irish camp, and caused great joy there. Richard Burton says, in his history of the Kingdom of Ireland, *page 80*, that some of Galmoy's dragoons, in the course of this unsuccessful campaign against the Protestants, caused two gentlemen, who had taken arms under Colonel Saunderson, to be hanged on a sign-post at Belnahatty, and their

heads being cut off, the horrid scene at Belturbet was a second time exhibited, by their kicking the heads about the streets like foot-balls.

About the beginning of this month, Colonel Mitchelburn was suspected by Governor Baker and the garrison. The latter, after a personal scuffle with him, confined him to his chamber, and he continued for some time a prisoner, but he was never tried by a council of war. At this time, Baker, fearing lest some treacherous persons within the city should work mines in the cellars near the walls, took with him an active and zealous defender of the city, Mr. William Macky, and searched all the underground apartments adjoining to the walls, under pretence of examining the provisions, but they found nothing to justify their apprehensions. On the second of this month, fourteen or fifteen cannon-shots were fired against the city, but none of them did any damage. Three of them struck the market-house, and one against the town-clock; they knocked down some slates and rubbish, but did no farther injury.

On the third, there were nine pieces of cannon discharged against the city in the forenoon, and two in the afternoon, by which there were only two men wounded; one lost a leg and another an arm. During the night of this day some of the enemy came to the bogside and fired at the sentinels on the wall, which the guard at Butchers'-gate returned with interest, but no harm was done on either side. Major Fitzsimmon's company were stationed on that part of the wall this night. On the fourth of May, Captain Folliot, Governor of Ballyshannon, sent an express to Enniskillen, stating that a considerable body of men had arrived there from Connaught, to beseige that place. He sent the summons he had got, and prayed for a speedy relief, which was sent to him immediately afterwards.

The enemy's camp was now every day moving nearer to the city of Londonderry, and few days passed without vigorous sallies from the gates. The parties who went out were commanded by one or more of the following distinguished officers:—Colonel Murray, Captains Noble, Dunbar, Adams, Wilson, Hamilton, Beatty, Saundersons, senior and junior, Shaw, Wright, M'Cormack, Bashford and Cunningham. Great services were also rendered to the city by Major Alexander Stewart, Major John Dobbins, and Lieutenants Dunlop and Maghlin. Some of these went out with small parties of gentlemen volunteers, and sometimes of private soldiers, and they seldom returned without doing execution on the enemy, or bringing in some prey. Captain Noble and others found several letters in the pockets of the slain, giving some intelligence, particularly respecting the surrender of Culmore. It appeared by them that Lundy, as he passed, sent a message to the garrison that Londonderry had surrendered; they had but little ammunition at the time, and had lost eight of their guns, which Captain Jemmet, by order of the false Governor, had sent into the city, and this, it was stated, inclined them to surrender.

On the night of the fifth, the besiegers drew a trench across the wind-mill-hill, from the bog to the river, and there began to erect a battery for the purpose of annoying the town walls, which were much too strong for the guns against them. The Derry men, with equal spirit and good

humour, advised the men who worked in this trench and battery to save themselves the trouble, labour, and expense of such an undertaking, offering to open a wider passage for them through the gates than their cannon could make in the walls, at any time they should feel disposed to try their fortune in the city. A little after midnight, provoked by these taunts, Brigadier-General Ramsay came to the wind-mill, and dislodging the out-guards there, possessed himself of the place, and before sun-rise had the works they had begun in the evening completed to the water side. The guard which had been driven from the wind-mill retired to the half-moon on the outside of the Bishop's-gate, and those who had driven them in intrenched themselves on the ground they had gained, by making a strong double ditch across the highroad near Robert Harvey's house. This ditch was levelled upon fifteen of their dead bodies next day.

At an early hour on Monday, the sixth of May, the besieged, fearing that the battery erected near the wind-mill might injure that part of the town nearest to it, resolved to demolish it, and at the same moment a great number of the enemy coming near the town wall, fired at the guards, which alarmed the garrison. Walker, apprehensive that an escalade, which had often been threatened, was now about to be attempted, instantly drew out a detachment of ten men from each company, and after putting them in the best order their impatience allowed, sallied out of the Ferryquay-gate at their head, in the deepest silence, at the hour of four o'clock in the morning. Mackenzie assigns this command to Baker, but Ash, more correctly it is probable than either, says that the sally was commanded by both the Governors, whose efforts on that occasion had been as diligent as they proved successful. At the moment when one body of the citizens had proceeded out at Ferryquay-gate, another party of citizens burst forth at the Bishop's-gate, and, joining their force, advanced impetuously on the enemy. Some of them drove the Irish dragoons from the hedges, while others took possession of their trenches. The Derry men pursued the retiring foe so closely, that it soon came to what has been termed club musket. The dragoons and infantry took flight in great confusion. Ramsay, in vain endeavouring to rally them, was killed upon the spot, with many other officers; the pursuit was continued beyond all the ditches to the top of the hill. The ground contended for was gained by the victors, with four or five stand of colours, several drums, fire-arms, spades, shovels, and pick-axes, with some ammunition, and the plunder of the dead. The enemy lost Brigadier-General Ramsay, Captains Fleming, Fox, and Barnwell, with Lieutenants Kelly and Welsh, and Ensigns Barnwell and Kadell killed. The prisoners were Lord Netterville, Sir Garret Aylmer, Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot, Lieutenant and Adjutant Newcomen. Colonel Gordon O'Neil was wounded in the thigh. Lord Netterville and Sir Garret Aylmer were badly wounded; they were treated with kindness and the respect due to their rank, being confined in a private house, that of Mr. Thomas Moore, and a guard placed over them. The Irish lost in this route, as it may be termed, about two hundred men killed, many of them shot in the face, forehead, and breast, over their own lines, as they were

firing with little or no effect upon their more steady and skilful opponents. Walker says that no less than five hundred of them were wounded, three hundred of whom died afterwards of their wounds. On the Derry side, some few were wounded, and but three or four privates killed. Towards the end of the skirmish some of the garrison went out and posted themselves very judiciously between the wind-mill and the strand, fearing the Irish, who were in great numbers on the top of the hill above the river side, should rally again, and get between their pursuers and the city. Several of these men lined the ditches very near the enemy, to prevent them from coming down, but they showed no disposition to do so. The whole affair was over at noon, and in the evening the Governors sent a drum to General Hamilton, desiring he would bury his dead. This was done the next day, in a very negligent manner, the soldiers who were sent to perform this duty scarcely covering the bodies with earth. General Ramsay was interred at the Long-Tower, much lamented by all who knew him. He was reckoned the most efficient officer in the Irish army, with the exception of General Hamilton. In the course of this day Quarter-Master Murdagh was killed by a shot in the forehead at the Church-bastion.

The author of the poem found at Armagh thus describes this battle of Wind-mill hill :

“ Now gallant Ramsay, in a strong array,
Entrench'd five thousand men by break of day,
On wind-mill hill, and threaten'd instant fate
To all who dar'd to open Bishops's-gate.
To check this force, our Governors command,
And from the town lead forth a gallant band.
Dunbar and Bashford, round by the steep way,
Which from the city leads to Ferry-quay,
Rush to the trenches, and the Irish slay.
Whilst Wilson, Fleming, Gunter, and brave Moore
Out-flank their foe-men, and the day secure.
Forbes like thunder towards the trenches flew,
And with his sword a crowd of foe-men slew,
In that attack was valiant Ramsay slain,
Of full five thousand scarcely half remain.
Dobbin, as Major, some bold heroes led,
Before whose sword the frighted Irish fled.
From trench to trench did Pogue undaunted fly,
And with his sword cut down the enemy.
Lord Netterville a prisoner was made,
Proud Talbot's capture Hamilton dismay'd.
Sir garret Aylmer, with a bleeding wound,
Unable to resist or run, was found.
At length when wearied were the gallant foot,
Our horsemen came and made a hot pursuit ;
To Ballymagrorty we the foe pursue,
And all along the brow their forces slew.
Murdagh, our trusty Quarter-master's slain,
Who in all actions did great honor gain ;
Ready to go on each forlorn command,
Full six or seven men he could withstand.
And though he's gone, his fame shall never die,
While Derry's tale is told in poetry.
Their magazine we forc'd them to destroy,

They blew it up, we heard the sound with joy.
 When rich in spoil, and cover'd with renown,
 We marched triumphant to our happy town.
 King William's welcome men and maidens sing,
 Shouts rend the clouds, and joy-bells sweetly ring."

The historical drama, also gives an interesting account of this day's battle, stating the Irish forces defeated to have been Sir Maurice Eustace's fusileers, with the regiments of foot commanded by Colonels Butler and O'Neill, supported by Lord Galmoy's horse.

SCENE CHANGES TO THE FRENCH CAMP.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon and Wauchope.

"You talked of trenches, what signified trenches when the enemy flanked us? Indeed, had we trenches on the flanks that would have been something; for when the rebels came upon us with two bodies of men, and charged our right and left, we were then obliged to quit our trenches, and draw into a body; we lay open then to their guns from the walls, which made lanes through our men."

Enter an Officer.

Officer.—"The fight seems dubious; great opposition upon both sides."

Enter another Officer.

Officer.—"Our men fall extremely fast; what the rebels want in skill they have in courage."

Enter a third Officer.

Officer.—"Our men give ground, and unless you appear among them, the victory will fall to the rebel side."

Hamilton.—"That shall not be wanting."

SCENE CHANGES TO LONDONDERRY.

Enter Governor Baker, Colonel Campbell, and the Town-Major.

Baker.—"The day is ours, the enemy is fled."

Campbell.—"Murray is in hot pursuit with his cavalry, but where is Mitchelburn?"

Town Major.—"He will be here presently, he only staid to give Murray the necessary orders, how far he should pursue the enemy."

Enter Mitchelburn and Walker.

Mitchelburn.—"I think between our right and left we peppered them off."

Baker.—"They will hardly come to the Wind-mill these two days again."

Mitchelburn.—"That regiment of Sir Maurice Eustace's, with their caps, stood stiffly to their business, but when they saw me lead up my

last reserve of five hundred men, they took to their heels. How like stags they bounded over the ditches, and our men like true bred beagles scoured after them in full cry."

A great shout within.

"Make room for my Lord Netterville."

His Lordship enters, two soldiers supporting him; three of his fingers cut off, and a wound in his face; he appears a lusty, fat man; they set him down in a chair.

Baker—"Who, Sir, are you?"

Netterville—"The unfortunate Lord Netterville."

Baker—"What! My Lord Netterville?"

Netterville—"So they call me; I am three score and ten, and yet must turn soldier in my old age; my spirits faint, pray let me lie down."

Walker—"Get a surgeon immediately, his Lordship is fainting, bring a glass of sack quickly."—(*Sack brought.*)

Baker—"My service to your Lordship."

Netterville—"I thank you, Sir.—(*He takes the wine.*)—Pray do me the favour to let me lie down somewhere."

Baker—"Your Lordship shall have a good room, an aired bed, and excellent quarters."—(*Exit Lord Netterville and his attendants.*)

Enter sergeants, bringing in Colonel Talbot on a hand-barrow, covered with blood. After him Sir Garret Aylmer is brought in by the soldiers, and laid on the stage; Talbot is carried off.

Baker—"Pray who is that on the hand-barrow."

Walker—"It is Colonel Talbot, a near relation to Tyrconnel; he has been usually called wicked Will Talbot."

Baker—"He was blessed Will, that the soldiers did not knock him on the head; I wish we had his cousin Tyrconnel in his room."

Town Major—"As I and some others were viewing the dead bodies, we saw that of Brigadier-General Ramsay among them, the commander of the grand attack. We found Hamilton's order in his pocket-book; the word was '*NO QUARTER!*'"

Baker—"Let a parley be beat, that they may come and bury their dead."—(*Exit Town Major.*)

SCENE CHANGES TO THE IRISH CAMP.

Enter Hamilton, Dorrington, and Sheldon.

Hamilton—"Tis yet uncertain how many principal officers are lost in this unfortunate enterprise, neither is it known whether the rebels gave quarter or not."

Dorrington—"It is judged by all that our loss is very considerable."

Sheldon—"It would make one's heart bleed to see how many cart loads of wounded are going off to St. Johnstown."

Enter an Officer.

Officer—"Sad news! sad news! Brigadier-General Ramsay is killed."

Hamilton—"It grieves my heart! our great Maumont at Pennyburn mill, and Ramsay at the Wind-mill. Indeed, a great loss!"

Enter an express from Dublin to General Hamilton, which he reads:—

"SIR,—The King is much dissatisfied with your slow proceedings, the great defeat you have met with, and the loss of so many considerable men. Marshal Rosen is marching to besiege ENNISKILLEN with ten thousand men, and then will advance to join you. His Majesty is impatient till the town of LONDONDERRY is reduced; it stops all his measures and utterly ruins his cause. The eight hundred men sent to LORD DUNDEE are safely arrived in the Highlands of Scotland. EDINBURGH Castle is stoutly defended by the DUKE OF GORDON.—I am well,
MELFORT."

Hamilton—"Famine and plague light upon this perverse town of Derry! The holders of it persist and glory in their wickedness, pride, and rebellion. They are even building two privateers, which I fear will be launched in two or three days, which will harrass and fatigue our men, especially those on the river side. I have nothing to say in answer to this express, but that there are fifty or sixty ships discovered at sea, making for this harbour, which, no question, is for the relief of the rebels."

On the night of the defeat of the Irish at Wind-mill hill, the Governor of Enniskillen sent to all the garrisons under his command, ordering them to send him speedily all the armed men they could spare; and the next day, May the seventh, he sent Colonel Lloyd, with about twelve companies of infantry and some troops of horse, towards Ballyshannon. They met the enemy's horse near Belleek, a village three miles nearer to Enniskillen than Ballyshannon, where they soon put them to rout, killing about one hundred and twenty of them, and taking about half that number prisoners. All the Irish infantry fled towards Sligo, and escaped, except a few who were taken in the Fish Island, near Ballyshannon, with their Captain, one M'Donagh, a Counsellor at Law, commonly known by the name of blind M'Donagh. The victors got two small pieces of cannon, several serviceable horses, and some good arms. Thus was Ballyshannon relieved by the Enniskilleners, whose first time it was to encounter the enemy in the field with horse and foot. Their success in the beginning of such undertakings, encouraged them very much, and they returned to their quarters without losing one man. Immediately after this, an express was sent to them from Colonel Sarsfield, proposing an exchange of some prisoners which the Irish had at Galway and Ballinrobe, for those who had been taken at Ballyshannon. The Governor, recollecting how Lord Galmoy had behaved, on a similar occasion, at Belturbet, desired Sarsfield to send him the names of the prisoners he would exchange for those of Enniskillen. Sarsfield delayed sending an answer for a month, and, in the meantime, he ordered all the Protestants in the Province of Connaught, notwithstanding the protection they had got from him and other officers, to be put into the gaol of Sligo, and then he sent their names to the Governor of Enniskillen, pre-

tending that Sir Thomas Southwell, and some other prisoners in Galway, were to be sent to England, in exchange for some Irish prisoners kept there. The Governor, suspecting fraud, declined to make the exchange, upon which Sarsfield gave very harsh treatment to those he had in prison, scarcely allowing them as much food as would keep them from starving. He made them send some of their wives with petitions to Enniskillen, stating their miseries, and thus succeeded in the deceit he practised upon a generous and humane enemy. All those who were sent in exchange had been protected persons, not taken in arms, and therefore could not be deemed proper subjects of exchange for men taken in battle. It was, in fact, the experience of such faithless dealing and cruel usage of individuals, after promise of quarter, that some of the Enniskilleners were less merciful to the Irish in battle than they would have been to a civilized enemy, and for this reason they enjoyed an incredible proportion of quiet during this eventful campaign; being a terror to their brutalized adversaries, few of whom attempted to expose themselves to the hazard of an attack, without great probability of success.

While James's cause was going to ruin in Ulster, where he ought to have been at the head of his army, he assembled his pretended Parliament in Dublin, to repeal the act of settlement and outlaw the Protestants. It was in vain that the purchasers of property under the above mentioned Act remonstrated against the repeal of it; many of these, particularly in the province of Connaught, were members of the Church of Rome, who, by such a measure, would be turned out of their estates and possessions, and be reduced to that state of poverty from which they had risen, under the mild sway of a Protestant government. His acts in this, as well as in many other respects, were little less injurious to those of his own religion than any other description of the people. The trade of the kingdom had been ruined by his government, and now, under the influence of the French Ambassador, who controlled all his actions, and turned them to the advantage of his master, he was endeavouring to find Spanish and Dutch vessels for the transporting of wool, hides, and other raw materials of the country, to France, from whence they were to be sent back manufactured, to the great advantage of foreign artizans, and to the impoverishment of the country which produced them. All preferments in James's army were now given to Frenchmen, to the utter discontent and indignation of the Irish adherents, who began to show, in the new Parliament, a disposition to take at least as much care of their own interest as that of the unfortunate King, whose difficulties and embarrassments began to multiply rapidly around him. He was fed by false reports of the surrender of Derry, and the defeat of a great body of Protestant rebels in the county of Down; and the exaggerated report of the victory over the English fleet at Bantry Bay, is recorded in terms of great asperity in the account of his life, which M'Pherson has published, as written by himself. "The King," says he, "received the welcome news of the arrival of the French fleet in the Bay of Bantry, and of the fight they had with the English, who were beaten and put to flight with as much ignominy, as they had with insolence and disrespect of the law of nations, attacked them. This arrival of the fleet,

which brought a supply of officers, arms, and money, filled the court with general satisfaction." While this paradise of fools were exulting in contemplation of their imaginary victories, and studiously concealing the disastrous accounts which they were every day receiving from the province of Ulster, the Protestants in Londonderry continued to maintain that city with a degree of success which surpassed their utmost expectations. Owing to a damp cast upon the enemy by their loss at Wind-mill hill (which, by the way, was diminished from two hundred, to thirty men, in the false account of it which was sent to the unfortunate James) and also for want of cavalry among the besieged, some weeks of this month produced little more than skirmishes, in which Captain Noble and many others continued to distinguish themselves. When they saw the enemy make an approach towards the city, they would run out with ten or twelve men, and skirmish a while with them. When the besieged, who watched them closely from the walls, saw them too closely engaged, or in danger of being overpowered, they rushed out in great force to their relief, and always came off with great execution on the enemy, and with very little loss to themselves. On one of these occasions, however, Lieutenant Douglas was taken prisoner and murdered, after quarter had been promised to him. The day after the opening of James's Parliament, Lord Melfort, his Secretary, wrote to Lord Waldgrave, informing him that all Ireland, except the obstinate city of Londonderry, had been brought into subjection.

At this time the two Captains Close left the city and took protections, as also did the Rev. John Brisben, a clergyman of the Established Church, mentioned by Mackenzie, but not by Walker or Ash. The clergymen who, according to Walker, stayed with him in the city during the siege, were—

The Rev. Michael Clenaghan, Minister of Londonderry.

Seth Whittel, Rector of Bellaghy.

James Watmough, of Arigal.

John Rowan, of Balteagh.

Richard Crowther, Curate of Cumber.

Thomas Semple, Curate of Donaghmore, near Clady-ford.

Robert Morgan, Curate of Cappagh, of the Diocese of Derry.

Thomas Jenny, Prebendary of Mullaghbrack.

John Campbell, of Segoe.

Moses Davies, of Stewartstown or Donaghendrie.

Andrew Robinson, of ————

Barth. Black, Curate of Aglanleo.

——— Ellingsworth, Newry, of the Diocese of Armagh.

John Knox, Minister of Glasslough.

——— Johnston, of ————

——— Christy, Curate of Monaghan, of the Diocese of Clogher.

William Cunningham, of Killishandra, of the Diocese of Kilmore.

Five of these, viz. Whittel, Watmough, Rowan, Crowther, and Ellingsworth, died during the seige. Mackenzie has left a list of the Non-Conforming Ministers, of which the following is a transcript:—

Messrs. Thomas Boyd, of Aghadowy; William Crooks of Ballykelly; John Rowat, of Lifford; John Mackenzie, of Derriloran; John Ham-

ilton, of Donaghedy ; Robert Wilson, of Strabane ; David Brown, of Urney, William Gilchrist, of Kilrea.

Of these, the four last died during the siege.

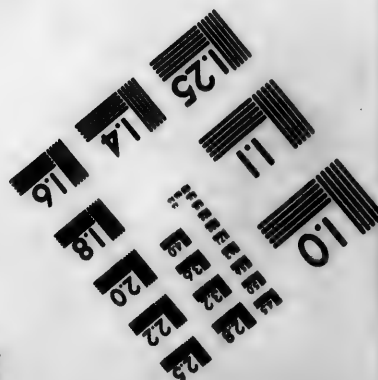
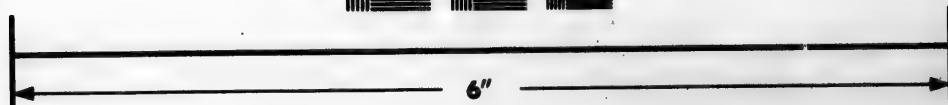
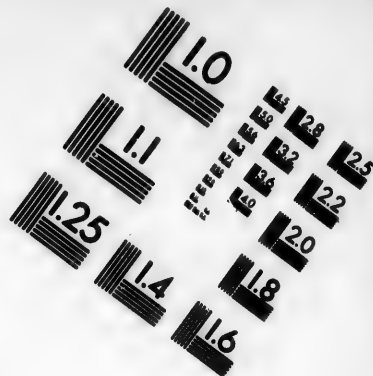
On the eleventh of May, upwards of a thousand of the garrison went, at an early hour, from the Wind-mill to Pennyburn, with the expectation of finding the enemy in their tents, and beating them out of them. Two pieces of cannon, which happened to be near, were discharged at them ; but altho' they received no injury from the shots, they soon found that they could not accomplish their purpose, and returned to the city.

On the thirteenth, a piece of cannon was fired up Pump-street, from the opposite side of the river ; it broke the leg of one boy and wounded another ; it then rolled all the way to the Church and stuck in the wall. The next day a ball came in the same direction, but did no harm ; both of these were red hot. At the same time one of the Derry men was killed outside the wall, and as the enemy approached to strip him, some of his friends fired at them and brought the body off. Many guns were fired this day on both sides, but no injury was done to the city.

On the sixteenth, one of the sergeants of the besieged was killed by the enemy. Several of the citizens imprudently went without orders to parley with the Irish, which obliged the garrison to fire some shots for the purpose of recalling them, by which four of the enemy were killed. The forenoon of the seventeenth turned out extremely wet, and nothing was done on either side during the whole of the day.

On the eighteenth, according to Captain Ash's journal, for the date of this transaction is not given by Walker or Mackenzie, a large party of the garrison went above Creggan, with Captains Noble and Cunningham, where they met the enemy, and were almost surrounded before they were aware. Captain Cunningham and several of his men were killed, after quarter had been given to them, and many were wounded, several of whom died soon afterwards.

The Irish now gave daily instances of falsehood and perfidy, which confirmed an account given by one of their own people, a prisoner in the city, who, to ease a troubled conscience, confessed to Walker and others that they had all been bound by an obligation, both of oath and written resolutions, not to keep faith with Protestants, but to break whatever articles it should become necessary to give them. When they hung out a white flag to invite the besieged to a treaty, Governor Walker ventured out, to get within hearing of Lord Louth and Colonel O'Neil, and as he passed, an hundred shots were fired at him by the perfidious enemy. He got into a house, and upbraiding some of their officers with his violation of faith and of common confidence between man and man in civilized warfare, desired that they would order their men to be quiet, or he would command the guns upon the wall to be discharged at them. The only satisfaction he got was a denial that those he addressed were concerned in the shameful act, or knew anything about it. By a flagrant breach of parole, they contrived to deprive the Derry men of the only boat which remained with them, the rest having been taken away by those who had fled from the city, or been sent out of it on errands. They desired that one White, the owner of the boat, should be sent to them, with two men,



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whom they promised to send back in it, but they detained both the men and the boat, to the great loss of those who had been credulous enough to rely on their word. Fifteen or sixteen of the besieged were killed in the sally which proved fatal to Captain Cunningham.

About this time the defenders of the city heard of the arrival of Colonel Dorrington in the Irish camp, a circumstance eagerly communicated to them for the purpose of intimidation. This gentleman was esteemed to be a very able officer, and of such there was no superabundance in the besieging army. The historical drama marks his arrival as having taken place before the death of General Ramsay, in the engagement of the fourth of this month. This week, the Governor, with the advice of some officers, drew a line across the Wind-mill hill, from the bog to the water. they secured it, when finished, with redoubts, to defend it from the enemy's cannon on the Prehen side of the river. This new line was guarded both night and day by the different regiments of infantry in their turn, for some time, but afterwards, on suspicion of an officer on that outguard, it was kept by detachments out of each.

The following is the account given of several of the above-mentioned enterprises, in the Armagh poem :—

“ In a few days the Governor sends forth
Full fifteen hundred soldiers to the north
Of Creggan-burn, and this undaunted band,
Noble and Cunningham conjoin'd command.
The fort towards Incl. they seiz'd with matchless force,
But were surpris'd by Galmoy's troops of horse.
Thirty stout men in this affair were lost,
And in brave Cunningham alone, a host.
A prisoner, on articles, the foe
Broke trust, and martial law, and laid him low.
In many a bloody fray, severely tried,
By a base murderer the hero died.
Such deeds as these, grown frequent, caus'd disgust,
And no man would an Irish promise trust.
Meantime, brave Noble makes a safe retreat,
At fair Brookhall the enemy we beat ;
And burn their fascines, there the strong Monro,
Cut down an Irishman at every blow,
Irvine, a Captain. admirably fought,
Until he was disabled by a shot.
His father, brave Sir Gerrard, dead and gone,
Had been renown'd for worth in forty-one.
The bolts and bars of Londonderry gaol,
To keep him captive prov'd of no avail,
When Coote, for loyalty a sentence gave,
Which doom'd Fermanagh's hero to the grave.
The foe our worsted men began to chase,
And to the city they retreat apace.
The enemy, their army to secure, •
A trench began across the boggy moor.
It griev'd our General's great heart and soul,
To see them at this work without control ;
He therefore led three thousand soldiers out,
Who beat them in a trice from the redoubt,
And clear'd the trenches, but some troops of horse
In turn repell'd them by their greater force.

Three times our General the trenches gain'd,
 And on our side success would have remain'd,
 Had not bold Wauchope with a fresh supply
 Compell'd our forces to the town to fly ;
 From which, because no timely succour came,
 Our Governors, for once, got worthy blame.
 While in the glory valiant Captain Blair,
 With our commander bore an equal share."

On Sunday, the nineteenth, the body of Captain Cuninghame was brought into Derry, and interred there next day with military honours, when there was a solemn fast kept by the members of the Church of Scotland, and other Nonconformists. Besides the sermon in the Cathedral on this occasion, their ministers preached in two other places of the city, and considerable collections were made for the poor, who now began to stand in great need of them. In a short time afterwards, another fast was observed by the members of the established Church.

On the twenty-second, the Derry men killed five of the enemy, and the next day many pieces of cannon were discharged on both sides, without doing any execution ; this could hardly have happened had the contending parties been veterans in the art of war.

The Irish now moved the main body of their army from St. Johnston, and pitched their tents upon Ballougry-hill, about two miles from Derry, S.S.W. They placed guards on all sides of the town, so that the besieged found it impossible to receive or convey any intelligence, and had great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of water, which they often had to seek for at the risk of their lives, and obtained by loss of blood. One gentleman, burning with thirst, raised a bottle of water to his head just as he took it out of the well, when a shot came from a dexterous and perhaps humane marksman, which shattered the glass about his lips. The water of the city became so muddy by the earth which was shaken into it by repeated concussions of the ground from the discharge of cannon on the walls, that the garrison was obliged to run these risks to obtain some fit for use. A few filtering stones at this time would have been an invaluable acquisition.

Three days were now spent, as if by mutual consent of the besiegers and besieged, in total inactivity ; but before day-light, on the twenty-seventh, three hundred of the latter, starting from the wind-mill, divided into two equal parts, and proceeded to Ballougry on the one side, and Pennyburn on the other, in order to surprise the enemy's camp at these places. The assailants of Ballougry effected nothing ; the others went near a fort which the enemy had erected, and fired briskly at the men in it, but with what effect is not known ; four of this party were wounded there, and two killed. Lieutenant Green led one of these parties, and Ensign Dunbar the other. On the same day, the cannon from the city killed one of the Irish Captains, and wounded two men. Captain Ash sent out his sister, Gardiner, to her husband, under the protection of the surgeon who came to attend Lord Netterville. Captain Fortescue and her brother attended her beyond an orchard, where she passed into the enemy's lines.

Two regiments of horse and foot now came from Strabane, and drew

up above Captain Stewart's house, where they rested a while. Five pieces of cannon, discharged at them from the Church bastion, obliged them to retreat. On this day, Major William Church was interred, and about the same time the enemy fired three pieces of cannon, a ball from one of which entered a window of the cathedral, but did no other damage. This day the horse-mill at the Free school began to grind malt; this seems a trifling incident to be recorded, till we consider it as a proof that there could have been no great precaution used against approaching famine, when those who were fainting with hunger in July, had been malting their corn in May.

On the twenty-eight, as a troop of the enemy's horse were going down to Pennyburn, the cannon from the double bastion in the city killed three of them. Governor Baker rewarded the gunners with three pieces of money each, of a kind which Captain Ash denominates cobs. A bombardment being threatened on the next night, the Governor took one hundred and seven barrels of powder out of the Church, and buried them in two places in Bishop-street, which had been wells, but were now dry. They placed them under tanned and green hides, and some beams of timber, covering all with rubbish and dung. In the evening a drum was beat through the city to warn the inhabitants to provide water in every house to quench the fire, if any should arise from the bombardment threatened that night.

The morning of the thirtieth of May arrived, and proved that the threatened bombardment of the city, in the preceding night, was one of the many falsehoods circulated by the enemy to harass the garrison. This morning their post was taken, and all the letters they had despatched from Dublin were brought into the city. They stated that no less than three thousand of the Irish army had died of sickness since the commencement of the siege; that the survivors could get no rest from the frequent sallies of the besieged, and that they had made places under ground to secure themselves from the cannon shot, but all in vain. At the same time advices came from other parts, that a large army might be daily expected from England to raise the siege, in consequence of which, the guns on the walls were twice discharged, and the bells chimed in the Cathedral.

On this day, a ball from a piece of cannon in Captain Strong's orchard, struck off the arm of one brother, and broke the arm of another, who had been walking together in Pump-street. This night the enemy employed themselves in making ditches on the hill over the bog; they also planted one piece of cannon at Strawbridge-town, and another in Tamnemoore, over the Lough, opposite the Wind-mill hill.

Towards the latter end of May, the Governor of Enniskillen, hearing that there was a garrison of the Irish army at Redhills, in the county of Cavan, which distressed the Protestant parties stationed near them, and that another at Ballynacarrig, in the same county, was equally troublesome, he therefore sent Colonel Lloyd, with fifteen hundred men, to reduce them. The report of his march flying before him, with great exaggerations of his numbers, the Irish fled in all directions, and on his arrival at Redhills, the garrison there surrendered upon quarter. As the

house in which they had posted themselves belonged to Colonel White, a Protestant gentleman, then in arms for King William, it was left uninjured, and Lloyd proceeded with his army to Ballynacarrig, taking his prisoners along with him. The castle here was reported to be one of the strongest in that part of Ireland, and had for several days baffled Oliver Cromwell's army, surrendering only on the general desertion of all the strongholds by the Irish, when the whole kingdom was subdued. There was at this time, however, but a small garrison in it, with little ammunition, and the news of the taking of Redhills struck so great a terror into the possessors of it, that in a few hours after the Enniskillen men got there, they held out a flag for a treaty, which ended in a capitulation, that they should surrender the castle on condition of being permitted, with the prisoners taken in the other fortress, to go away unstripped, leaving the castle, with all it contained, including arms, ammunition, furniture, &c., to the plunder of the besieged. Some pikes, about thirty muskets, a few cases of pistols, and a little gunpowder were found here. As soon as the castle had been rifled of its contents, the soldiers undermined the wall, set it on fire, and in a few hours it fell to the ground a heap of ruins. This they did, because it was a place of great strength, situated in a part of the country almost exclusively occupied by the Irish, who would soon have repossessed themselves of it, if left standing. The news of the taking of these places flew to Dublin, gathering importance from exaggeration as it proceeded. Fifteen thousand Protestants were said to be on their march for that city, and the rumour, which spread universal consternation, was countenanced by the advance of Colonel Lloyd and his men to the neighbourhood of Kells, in the county of Meath, from which place and from Finea, on their return, they brought back to Enniskillen above three thousand cows and oxen, two thousand sheep, and some horses, without the loss of one man.

On the last day of May, there was a skirmish at the Windmill-hill, near Londonderry, the cannon on both sides playing smartly. About ten o'clock in the morning, a considerable number of the enemy came running down the fields, and possessed themselves of a height beyond the place from which they had forced our men to retreat, on which a party sallied out of the city to the Wind-mill, from which, with the guard there, they went over to the camp at the top of the hill, where there was a warm contest for some time, but the Irish, as might be expected, beat off their assailants, and there was much execution on both sides.

On the first of June, one of the small guns at the wind-mill fired eight or ten shots at the enemy, as they were employed in making a trench opposite the Gallows; and some of those who were at this work being shot, the rest ran away. Many great and small guns were discharged on both sides during this day, and in the course of the night there were four shells thrown into the city. On the next day a cannon ball struck off the arms and legs of two men who were lying in a little hut on the Bishop's bowling-green. Men were employed all this day in making leaden balls for the cannon of the besieged; hogsheads were placed in the double and royal bastions, filled with earth and gravel, to secure the breast-

works from the battering guns of the enemy, one of whose balls, weighing nineteen pounds, struck the Cathedral Church, but did little damage to it. For the greater part of this afternoon, the fire of great and small shot was incessant, and for the four preceding days the enemy made no less than sixteen forts on both sides of the river, fixing guns upon such of them as they designed for immediate use. Within these ten days, several of the enemy's partizans came to them from Scotland, who advised a closer investment of the city than had hitherto been attempted. The camps being before this time no nearer than Ballougry and Pennyburn, there was liberty for the grazing of cattle round the city within the lines, but from this forward they were so closely besieged, that they dared not to venture out of the Island.

On the third, some ships appeared in the river, below Culmore. The Irish discharged thirteen bombs into the city; the first killed a man and a woman, the second or third killed Mr. James Boyd, in his own house, and wounded Anne Heath, who died shortly afterwards. The others did no other harm than tear up the streets, making great holes in the pavement, and one of them, when it broke, flew back into the river, at the Shipquay. Another fell upon a dunghill in the rear of Mr. Cunningham's house, whose wife had presence of mind enough to draw the fuse from the touch-hole in time to prevent an explosion of its contents. It weighed two hundred and seventy pounds, fifteen of which were gunpowder.

A cannon ball from Tamnemoire, on the other side of the water, struck Major-Graham on the chest, as he was leaning over the wall at Shipquay-gate; he died of the wound next day. During this night, fifteen shells were thrown into the city, which killed and wounded several people, and broke down many houses. Seven men of Colonel Lance's company, were killed in Mr. Harper's house, in Shipquay street, and many others elsewhere.

On the fourth of this month, the Governor of Enniskillen, hearing that the Irish army besieging Derry, had sent a great many of their horses to graze near Omagh, despatched two troops of dragoons under the command of Captain Francis Gore and Arnold Crosby, into the parish of Kils Kerry, ordering them to keep garrison at Trillick, a house belonging to Captain Audley Mervyn, and about half way between Enniskillen and Omagh. They had not stayed there above two days, when, taking with them another troop of horse and two companies of foot, that quartered in the parish of Kils Kerry, they went in the evening, about sun-set, towards Omagh, and before eight o'clock the next mornink they returned to Trillick, with about eighty good horses, taken from the enemy, and nearly as many more of smaller and inferior horses fit for labor, and about three hundred cows. By this enterprize they dismounted about three troops of the enemy's horse, and would have surprised their fort at Omagh, if notice had not been sent to the enemy of their coming, which gave them time to secure their position, but not to save their cattle. On the same day that this party marched from Enniskillen, the besiegers of Derry attacked the works at the Wind-mill with horse and foot, having divided the former into three squadrons.

The first of them was commanded by the Hon. Captain Butler, son of Lord Mountgarret, and consisted of gentlemen, sworn, as it was reported, to top the Derry lines, which they attacked on the water-side, and the other two parties were to have followed them. The besieged placed themselves within their lines in three ranks, so advantageously, that they were able in succession to relieve each other, and fire upon the enemy, who expected but a single volley to impede their course. Their infantry had faggots before them for a defence against the shot of their adversaries, and all together, horse and foot, began the attack with a loud shout, which was re-echoed from all parts of the Irish camp, by the savage howl of the numerous rabble that had gathered round it. The faggot men found their twigs but a weak defence against the bullets of the protestants, and were routed in a few minutes. It being low water, Captain Butler and the horsemen under his command, came to the end of the line, notwithstanding a heavy fire on them, and stooping down over their horses' necks, about thirty of them leaped on the works, and overtopped them, in accomplishment of their sworn purpose. The Derry men, surprised that none of these horsemen had fallen from the many shots fired at them, were at last undeceived by Captain Crooke, who observed that they were covered with armour, and commanded a fire upon their horses, which had such an effect, that but three of these gallant gentlemen escaped with great difficulty. Captains John and James Gladstones, Adams, Francis Boyd, R. Wallace, John Maghlin, and William Beatty distinguished themselves highly on this occasion. With the infantry under their command, they left the redoubts, and attacked Butler and his horsemen on the strand, with muskets, pikes, and scythes, killing most of them, and driving some into the river, to sink or swim in their iron armour. During the heat of this action, a body of the enemy's grenadiers attacked the forts at the bogside, where Captain Michael Cunningham kept the defenders of them steady to their posts till they were beaten back by the enemy. They were ably assisted by Lieutenants James Kerr, Josias Abernethy and Clarke, the latter of whom was wounded, at the same moment with Mr. Thomas Maxwell. The fair sex shared the glory of the defence of Londonderry on this occasion: for when the men, to whom they had, for the whole time, intrepidly carried ammunition, match, bread and drink, began to fall back, they rushed forward in a considerable number, and beat back the grenadiers with stones as they attempted to climb up the trenches. One brave boy joined them, and altogether they stemmed the torrent of war, till a reinforcement rushed from the city and repulsed the assailants. After slaughtering sixty of them, they chased the rest over the meadows.

Captain Cunningham narrowly escaped with his life at this time; a cannon ball tore up the ground about him, and he received a musket ball in his back.

The route of General Hamilton's infantry at the Windmill had by this time been completed. They had been as warmly received as their cavalry there, and after a few of them had furiously ran in upon their opponents, and were either killed or drawn over the works by the hair of their heads, the remainder wheeled about and fled in a tumultuous

manner. Colonel Monroe acquitted himself with great gallantry at this place, as also did Captain Ash, who, with modesty characteristic of heroism, has not dropped an expression in his journal which could intimate his presence there, except the following ebullition of gratitude to heaven—"Blessed be God," says he, "we had a notable victory over them, to their great discouragement, for they have not attempted a place since."

The poem found at Armagh, however, does justice to this gallant officer, as well as to many others not mentioned by him, or Walker, or Mackenzie, and thus affords another opportunity and apology for quoting it.

"THE SECOND BATTLE OF WIND-MILL HILL.

"To guard the Wind mill from the watchful foe,
Strong trenches in a line they quickly throw
From Columb's wells, upon our western side,
Down to the lowest point that marks the tide.
Colonel Monro is station'd near the walls—
Stout Campbell's post upon his left hand falls.
Along the trenches many Captains stand,
Each at the head of an intrepid band.
Beside the glossy margin of the lake,
Did Col'nel Cairnes his position take,
When in defence of our devoted town,
He found success and merited renown.
Soon Col'nel Nugent, in front appears,
Commanding a strong force of grenadiers.
He makes his onset briskly at the wells,
As briskly him the stout Monro repels.
Then reforc'd, the Irish force return,
To fight or die impatiently they burn.
On goes the fray, till near the holy well
Nugent was wounded and O'Farrell fell.
Wauchope and Buchan, Scottish Chiefs, then come
With ten battalions, marching fife and drum,
Yet could they not our constant fire sustain,
While dead men's bodies cover'd all the plain.
The Irish press'd our trenches on the strand,
Till noble ASH their efforts did withstand.
Armstrong came on to aid him in the fight,
And then they put their boldest foes to flight.
Away Bob Porter pike and pike-staff threw,
And with large stones nine Irish soldiers slew;
Another Ajax, aiming sure and slow,
A skull was fractur'd at his every blow.
Gladstones and Baird, a bright example show,
And Captain Hannah stoutly fought the foe.
Their horsemen bravely came with heart and hand,
Resolved that nothing should their arms withstand,
Fierce was the contest, we their force repel,
And almost all their gallant party fell.
Butler, their leader, we a prison'r take,
Captain M'Donald too we captive make;
Whilst valiant Watson, fighting unto death,
Resigned upon the spot his latest breath.
Cairnes did wonders in this bloody field,
Where to his arm full many a foe did yield.
Here follow'd closely valiant Captain Lane,
By whom the foe in multitudes were slain.

Their foot bore off their dead upon their back,
 To save their bodies from our fierce attack.
 Then, reinforced, we chase them o'er the plain,
 Where full two thousand of their men are slain.
 On our side, Maxwell fell upon the spot,
 Knock'd down and shatter'd by a cannon shot,
 While Col'nel Hammel did the foe pursue,
 Through his left cheek a pistol bullet flew.
 The valiant Murray, &c.

(Here is a want of eight pages.)

The account of the carrying off the dead bodies of their companions, for the purpose of saving their own bones, is corroborated both by Walker and Mackenzie, the former of whom says, "We wondered that the foot did not, according to custom, run faster, till we took notice that in their retreat they took their dead on their backs, and so preserved their own bodies from the remainder of our shot, which was more service than they did when alive."

The Irish lost four hundred of their men in this action, and the following is a list of their loss in officers:—

Lieutenant-Colonel Farrel, two French Captains, Captain Graham, Lieutenant Bourke, Adjutant Fahey, Quarter-Master Kelly, Ensigns Norris and Arthur, killed. The Hon. Captain Butler, with Captains M'Donnel, M'Donagh, and Watson. Lieutenants Eustace, a French Lieutenant, and sergeant Pigot, prisoners.

The Derry men lost but five or six private men. Captain Maxwell, who behaved himself with great courage on this occasion, had his arm broken by a cannon ball, of which he died in three days afterwards; and Thomas Gow had all the flesh shot from the calf of his leg by another, but the bone not being broken, he recovered. Mackenzie mentions three of their Colonels, Murray, Monro, and Hammel, who were engaged on that day, and he says, in corroboration of the account in the Armagh poem, that the latter was hurt on the cheek with a small bullet, a circumstance not noticed either by Walker or Ash. The Irish lost four pair of colours in this action, and almost all their arms, which incensed them so much, that they threw six and thirty shells into the town, by which many lost their lives. One of these fell on the house of Colonel Cairnes, and made its way down to the cellar, where some of the sick men of Captain Ash's company lay; it killed two of them, and wounded many others. Some of Major Campsie's and Mr. Sherrard's men were killed by these shells. One of them fell on the Diamond-house, went through it, and fell within six feet of forty-seven barrels of gunpowder, which had been buried in a dry well.

On the next day, being Friday the fifth of June, twenty-six bombs played against the city, by which many were killed and wounded. They broke down houses, raised stones, and made great holes in the streets. On the same day Mr. Edmund Stones, in the time of parley, went with leave from the Irish to a little well beyond the bog, when a French offi-

cer treacherously came behind him, snatched his sword out of the scabbard, and wounded him, but not mortally, in the side.

The enemy now increased their shells to a great size ; some of them were said to weigh two hundred and seventy three pounds, but their fuses not being prepared in an efficient manner, a great proportion of them fell without bursting, and did no damage. Such of them as did burst were very destructive, and the terror of them made the inhabitants leave their houses at night and lie about the walls, where they contracted diseases, which added to the prevailing mortality. Major Breme and Surgeon Lindsay were killed on the night of this day, as also Mr. Henry Thompson, a public-spirited burgess of the city. The loss of Mr. Lindsay at this time was much felt, for he had been very useful to the sick and wounded soldiers. The bombs supplied only one convenience to counterbalance all the mischief they did ; fuel was now growing scarce, and they saved the trouble of ascertaining which of the houses should be pulled down first to supply it. One of the shells fell into the house of Captain James Boyd, broke down the side of it, and killed himself. Several officers who were then at dinner in the house escaped the danger, though the shell fell near the room in which they were sitting. Another killed seven, and another three of the men of the garrison.

On the next morning the bombs began again, and out of two mortars thirty shells were discharged, some large and some small, which did great mischief. One of these fell on Major Campsie's house, sunk into the cellar, and struck the heads out of two wine hogsheads, but fortunately did not touch a large quantity of gunpowder which lay near them. Another fell on Captain Cairne's house, breaking all the furniture and glass in it. Another fell on Captain Abram's house, and smeared it all over with some syrup which had been stored there ; it also broke the Captain's under jaw. Three of them fell on the Market-house, which greatly defaced it, and spoiled the clock.

On the seventh, eleven bombs were shot into the city, with little or no damage to it ; and in the meantime, the spirits of the garrison were raised by the view of three small ships, the *Greyhound* frigate with two small ketches coming up the river towards Culmore. A boat was launched for the purpose of meeting them, but could not be moved from the shore, because the places for the oars had been made so near to each other, that the men had not room to row. The ships fired on the castle at Culmore, as soon as they approached within shot of it, but one of them running aground on being left by the tide, was much endangered by the enemy's cannon. The Irish called to the Derry men in derision to send down carpenters to mend her ; but she soon righted, and with the others got out of the range of the fire from the fort. In the life of James the Second, it is observed, that this vessel would have been battered to pieces, but that the gunners at Culmore were none of the best.

The bombs recommenced their work of destruction next day, no less than five and thirty of them being discharged into the city, killing some people and wounding many more, by shattering their legs and arms to pieces. One of them fell upon Mr. Moore's house, and drove a stone out of it, which killed a man at the Shipquay bastion, below the magazine.

On Sunday, the ninth, there was a pause in the firing on the city; the besiegers for this day intermitted their cannonade, not in honour of the Sabbath, which they had never before this time observed as a day of rest from their fruitless labours at Londonderry, but because it happened to be the patron day of St. Columbkille!!!

On the tenth, the Governor of Enniskillen, having heard of the dreadful state of the Protestants in Londonderry, who, it was generally thought, would be obliged to surrender, if not relieved in a very few days, marched with two thousand of his men on his way towards that City, and came that night to Trillick. The next morning he proceeded towards Omagh, and on the way received a false information of that place having been abandoned by its garrison. Deceived by this news some of those who travelled with the Enniskillenners, but were not under any command, went on before the main body, in hope of getting the plunder of the town before the soldiers got into it. Such was their incautious haste that they went near a mile before the forlorn hope, and the consequence was, that when they got within three miles of Omagh, they were surprised by a party of the Irish that lay in ambuscade in a valley, and came upon them unawares. They all, however, effected their escape, with the exception of Mr. Rowland Beatty, a man in good esteem among all who knew him. After discharging his pistol at the enemy, he was in the act of wheeling round and retreating, when his horse fell with him to the ground, and before he could recover the saddle again, they came forward to him, took him prisoner, and after bringing him a great way nearer to Omagh, cruelly murdered him. In this way, indeed, did they usually deal with all the prisoners who surrendered to them; on promise of quarter. In the meantime, the Governor of Enniskillen, with his party, marched within a mile and-a-half of Omagh.

On the next day he possessed himself of the whole town, except the fort, which he invested; his men being good marksmen, as the Protestants generally were, placed themselves in the houses about it, and fired with such precision upon the besieged that not a man of them came in view after one of them had been killed and others wounded. In a few hours, however, an express arrived from Enniskillen, followed by several other hasty communications, informing the Governor and officers with him, that Colonel Sarsfield, with five or six thousand men, had advanced to Ballyshannon and laid siege to it, and that at the same time Colonel Sutherland had appeared with another army before Belturbet. Each of these places being in different directions, twenty miles distant from Enniskillen, the danger of an attack from these armies appeared imminent, and a consultation was held, when it was resolved that it was their most immediate duty to return to the protection of their town, than to proceed according to their previous purpose to the relief of another. Some of the officers would have the town of Omagh burned, it being a great shelter and convenience to the Irish army on their marches through the country; but as it belonged to Captain Mervyn, a steady Protestant, it was saved for his sake; and on the next day the whole party returned to Enniskillen.

On the eleventh, two of the enemy's mortars threw no less than twenty-eight shells into the city of Londonderry.

"The Irish bombs cast many a fatal ball,
Which bursting, fly amongst us as they fall,
Terror around in each direction spread,
Knock down the living, and disturb the dead.
By these dread harbingers of sudden death,
The tender matron yields her struggling breath.
The hero lifeless on the pavement lies,
And the pale infant in his cradle dies."

At six o'clock in the evening of this day a fleet appeared in Lough-Foyle, which came up to the Three Trees, about an hour before midnight. A flattering communication was made to the besieged this evening by one Dobin, who came from the enemy's camp, and told them that the Irish army, terrified at the approach of the English fleet with troops on board, had resolved to decamp the next night. This information, however, soon proved to have been premature. The mortality in the city, from various causes, became at this time very great, and from the commencement of the siege to this time, thirty persons, on an average, were buried in it every day. The mortality in the Irish camp, as afterwards appeared, was scarcely less in proportion to the number of people which it contained, for the season was unusually cold and wet, and a dry bed for the sick or wounded was a luxury enjoyed by few.

On the fourteenth, the shells continued to fall in the city, but without doing any great mischief.

The Enniskilleners received intelligence on the fifteenth of this month, that Colonel Sutherland's force at Belturbet was daily increasing, as the Irish were flocking to him from all parts of the country, and that it was his intention to advance in a short time into the county of Fermanagh. Resolved to anticipate their attack, the Governor of Enniskillen ordered Colonel Lloyd to take the field with the greatest strength of foot and horse which he could collect, and to march against Sutherland. In two days afterwards, Lloyd, with his little army, which Irish rumours had again swelled to the imaginary number of fifteen thousand, came to Maguire's-bridge, half way between Enniskillen and Belturbet, from which a spy fled on his approach and informed Sutherland that all the forces of the Enniskilleners were in full march to attack him. This officer had with him at Belturbet only two regiments of foot, a regiment of dragoons, and a few troops of horse. He had brought with him from Dublin spare arms for two regiments of new raised men, that were every day coming to him, and he had provided some pieces of cannon and a great store of biscuit, wheat, flour, malt and other provisions for his army, intending to besiege Enniskillen. When the news of the approach of Lloyd was conveyed to him, he gave credit to the exaggerated account of the number of his opponents, and no longer considered it safe to remain in Belturbet. There was no place of strength there but the Church and the grave yard about it, the latter of which was but weakly fortified, and not large enough to contain the men he had with him. He therefore retreated towards Monaghan, intending, if pursued, to get under the shelter of the fort at Charlemont, and left a detachment of eighty dragoons, with about two hundred foot, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Edward Scott, and some other officers, to defend themselves

against the Enniskilleners in Belturbet. The next day happening to be remarkably wet, Lloyd's army could not march from their quarters, and so the retreat of Sutherland was effected without a pursuit, but on the succeeding day, which proved fair, the Enniskilleners appeared before Belturbet. Colonel Lloyd advancing at the head of his men against the town, ordered Captain Robert Vaughan and Captain Hugh Galbraith, with their troops of dragoons, on their forlorn hope. Within two miles of that town they were fired upon by a troop of dragoons, upon which they alighted from their horses and lined the ditches upon both sides of the road, which unusual manœuvre, together with the appearance of the main body of their army coming up at the moment, caused the Irish dragoons to retreat to Belturbet, where, with the rest of their party, they took post in and about the Church, and in the Archbishop of Dublin's house adjoining to it, and commanding them so from a range of windows in an upper story, that it appeared to be almost impossible for the assailants to stand within the range of their fire. But after two hours skirmishing, in which they proved themselves, as usual, but indifferent marksmen, and lost some of their numbers, they held out a white flag for a treaty, and surrendered upon conditions that their lives should be spared, but that the common soldiers should be stripped of their red coats, which was accordingly done. The officers were not included in this ignominious stipulation, and had all their money, under ten pounds each, left with them. The prisoners amounted in number to three hundred, including Colonel Scott and thirteen other officers. Two hundred of the meanest of these prisoners were discharged next morning, the victors being unwilling to take the trouble of maintaining them, and the rest, with their officers, were brought to Enniskillen, together with about seven hundred muskets, a barrel and an half of gun-powder, eighty dragoon horses, with all the accoutrements belonging to them, about twenty horse-loads of biscuit, above fifty barrels of flour, one hundred barrels of wheat, some malt and other provisions, and as many red coats as served two companies of men, who were in great want of such clothing. All this valuable plunder, except the horses, was conveyed by boats over Lough Erne to Enniskillen, where it was very acceptable, particularly the gunpowder, which was as much as the garrison had at that time remaining in their stores. This dispersion of an hostile force, with the seasonable supply of necessaries, was achieved without the loss of a man !!! The biscuit and flour yielded the garrison a supply of food which lasted till their harvest afforded them a new supply, and the arms were almost as necessary to the new raised companies, as the clothing had been.

Matters, however, wore a different aspect in Londonderry at this time, where a want of provisions began to be severely felt: it was in vain that the precaution had been taken of salting and barrelling the flesh of the horses killed in the second engagement at the Windmill hill, and that the garrison had for a considerable time before been put upon a short allowance of provisions; famine now stared them in the face, and many of them began to die of hunger. They were now reduced to such straits, that when they could find a horse grazing near the windmill, they

would kill and eat him ; and when they saw the fleet this day (the thirtieth,) remain below Culmore without an attempt to come up, it cast a cold damp on their too confident hopes. This fleet was under the command of Major-General Kirk, a man not likely to go much out of his way, for the purpose of diminishing the sum of human misery. It consisted of thirty sail, with a reinforcement of five thousand men, and a supply of provisions. The besieged made the usual demonstrations of joy on the appearance of relief, but they were not returned. The works erected on each side of the river deterred Kirk from endeavouring to bring the fleet to its destination. Signals of distress were in vain made from the steeple. Kirk, on seeing the enemy draw their cannon to the water side, sailed out of the mouth of the harbour, and left the men of Derry in despair. The consternation of the besieging army on the appearance of this fleet, formed a strong contrast with the feelings which prevailed among the besieged. The Irish were observed, on the first appearance of the fleet, to be in great agitation, pulling down their tents, changing their red coats for other clothing, and many of them actually running away ; but their terror subsided when they saw Kirk, disregarding the advantage of wind and tide, sail out of the river and withdraw the terrific vision from their sight. The boom, which was afterwards thrown across the river had not at this time been completed, and had this unfeeling man remained, even where he was for the night, the enemy's camp would, in all probability, have been deserted before morning, and six weeks of intense suffering might have been saved the defenders of the city.

He did not, however, abandon his purpose ; he turned round with his fleet into Lough Swilly, and fortified the Island of Inch, which was well situated for holding a correspondence both with Derry and Enniskillen. Immediately after the disappearance of Kirk's fleet, the Irish began to make a boom across the river from Charles fort to Brookhall, which was directly opposite to it. The first boom was made of oaken beams, bound together with iron chains and strong cables twisted about them. They were employed for an entire week in drawing timber and other materials, but when they thought they had their work completed, it was found as useless as Robinson Crusoe's dry-land boat, for although it was near enough the water to be launched, it would not float, and was soon broken by the spring tides. After this they made another of lighter material, which appeared to answer their purpose much better, till it was tried by the Mountjoy of Derry. It was fastened at one end through the arch of a bridge, at the other by a huge piece of timber, the larger end of which was sunk in the ground, and fortified by heavy stone work. The account of this boom, brought into the city, by prisoners, with the usual exaggerations, created great alarm and uneasiness there ; hope was rapidly disappearing, while abortive efforts were incessantly made by signs from the steeple to the ships, and back from them again, to communicate or acquire intelligence of what was to be expected at this trying crisis.

On Sunday, the sixteenth, the bells of the cathedral rung a peal of joy on the discovery of twenty sail of ships in the direction of Coleraine.

Three rounds of cannon were fired from the walls, and answered from the vessels at sea. At the same time Governor Walker very prudently proposed to the garrison to accept a ransom of five hundred pounds for the wounded and worthless body of Colonel Talbot, commonly called Wicked Will Talbot. A council was held to decide on this offer, in the bed-chamber of Governor Baker, who had taken his last sickness at this time, but the garrison had such a rooted hatred to Tyrconnel, that they used most violent threats against any one who should attempt to liberate his relative on any terms, and burned the bier which had been sent for the dying man, Baker's utmost efforts were scarcely able to restrain their fury on this occasion, and they treated Walker not only with disrespect, but menaces. They afterwards made no opposition to an offer made by the Governors to release this prisoner on condition that the enemy would permit a man to go to the ships with a message from them, and be allowed to return to the city, but this, which might probably have been accomplished for one-half of the sum which had been offered as a ransom for Talbot, was refused. Talbot's death, in a short time, proved that Walker's advice ought to have been taken.

On the morning after the refusal of the ransom for this prisoner, the rabble of the garrison, whose indiscretion seemed to increase as their dangers multiplied, assuming the Government of the city, in a freak, put Lord Netterville, Sir Garret Aylmer, Mr. Newcomen, John Buchanan, Bryan M'Laughlin, and all the prisoners except Talbot, into Newgate. They then went about the city, taking meal, and whatever they could get, without respect to persons or property.

"Iliacos peccatur muros inter et extra."

In the evening of the same day, this capricious mob released Sir Garret Aylmer and Mr. Newcomen, and the others on the next day.

About this time, fever dysentery, and other diseases became very general, and a great mortality existed among the garrison and inhabitants of the city; in one day no less than fifteen commissioned officers died.

Famine now approaching, Alexander Watson, Captain of the gunners, who, for the most part, had houses in the city, was ordered with his men to make a diligent search for provisions, which they did with good effect; for, digging up cellars and other places, they found a very considerable quantity of meal and other articles of food which had been buried by persons who had died or left the city. Many also, who had secret stores, came voluntarily with their stock of provisions to the public receptacle for them, by which means the garrison was furnished with bread nearly to the end of the siege, tho' the allowance was little. On the fifteenth of this month, the allowance to each company, consisting of sixty men, was half a barrel of barley and sixty pounds of meal.

The besieged now sent many a longing look towards the ships, and building an eight oared boat, sent it out well manned to attempt a passage down the harbour, with an account of their miserable state. The adventurers went off with the prayers and blessings of the anxious multitude, but finding it impossible to proceed to their destination, through the

a peal of
Coleraine.

shower of balls fired at them from each side of the water, they returned to their disappointed friends.

The iron bullets hitherto used by the defenders of the city being now almost spent, the want of them was first supplied by leaden bullets, in the heart of each of which were pieces of burned brick, and in a little time several balls were made of rounded stones.

On the eighteenth of June, James being in severe want of money, began to issue vast quantities of coin, made current by a proclamation at a rate utterly disproportioned to its intrinsic value. The metal of which it was made was the very worst kind of brass; old guns, and the refuse of the basest metals, were melted down to make it.—The braziers' shops were first ransacked, and then the kitchens of the metropolis were pilaged of their brass pots, skillets, and boilers.—All the brass that could be collected in the houses was brought to the Mint, and scarcely a single rapper was left upon a hall door in Dublin. The workmen rated this metal at three or four pence a pound, and when it was coined, three or four pence were metamorphosed into three pounds. In this way all the government payments were made, and the Protestants were compelled to take it in exchange for their goods, while they were obliged to make all their payments in gold or silver, by which they were defrauded of about sixty thousand pounds a month from this time to the victory at the Boyne. None of the brass money, however, was imposed upon the men of Londonderry or Enniskillen; the metal they received from their enemies, they repaid with interest in the same coin.

On the eighteenth day of this month, the Mareschal-General Conrad De Rosen arrived at the Irish camp, with a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men. He expressed his utter contempt for the city as soon as he looked at it, declared that he could make his men bring it to him stone by stone, and impiously swore by the belly of God, that he would demolish it and bury its defenders in the ruins. But this vapouring had as little weight here as this vain Frenchman's promises, of which he was remarkably profuse, and the first order issued after this accession of strength to the enemy was, that NO MAN, ON PAIN OF DEATH, SHOULD SPEAK OF SURRENDERING THE CITY.

Governor Baker grew so very ill at this time that he found it necessary to depute Colonel Mitchelburn to be joint Governor with the Rev. George Walker, during his sickness, that when one commanded in sallies, the other might take care of the city, and if one should fall, the place might not be kept without a Governor, and put to the hazard of being divided by an election. During the evening of the eighteenth, the mob of the city pulled down the remainder of the market-house, carrying off the timber for fuel, which had become scarce at this time; and during the night, Colonel Murray, with Captains Noble, Dunbar and Holmes, with two Lieutenants, one Wrake, and Alexander Poke, a gunner, went up the river in the new boat, on pretence of plundering the fish-houses on the Island, but with the real design to land two messengers in a wood, four miles from the city, to go to Enniskillen with an account of their distressed situation. When they had got some little distance towards their destination, the enemy fired upon them from both sides of the shore, and

when arrived at Donnelong wood, where they intended to land the messengers, the boys were so terrified that they would not venture ashore, and the design was frustrated. The morning, in the meantime began to dawn, when Murray and his party discovered two large boats behind them, manned with dragoons, advancing to cut off their retreat. A sharp conflict ensued, and after the ammunition on both sides was spent, one of the boats attempting to board the Derry men, "caught a tartar," as Mackenzie expresses it, for those whom they would have thus overpowered, rushed into their assailants' vessel, beat some of the crew into the water, killed three or four others, with two of their Lieutenants, upon which the remainder threw down their arms and begged for quarter. Thirteen prisoners were taken in this boat. The enemy in the other, seeing the fate of their companions, retreated with all the haste they could, while the victors carried their prisoners and some small plunder to the city. The enemy fired upon them from both sides of the river as they passed down, and yet such was the inaccuracy with which they and the dragoons in the boats levelled their pieces, that no other injury was done than the infliction of a slight contusion on Colonel Murray's head, and the wounding of one man. Encouraged by this success, the party in the Derry boat, after landing their prisoners near the city, and delivering them to the guards, returned to attack a detachment of the Irish in Tamneymore, who were at this time drawing off one of their cannon, but they fled on the approach of the boat, leaving the gun behind them, and were followed nearly to the top of the hill, when the pursuers, perceiving a strong party advancing to intercept them, turned back, and with difficulty got into their boat. Captain Ash's date of this transaction differs from that assigned to it, both by Walker and Mackenzie. This day, a regiment of the Irish horse came from Muff and drew up in a body near Rosdony. Three pieces of cannon were fired at them from the bulwark above Ferry-gate, which were supposed to have done some execution, and caused them to retreat by the road which they came.

Desertions from the city now became so frequent that the enemy received constant intelligence of what was passing in it, which gave great trouble to the Governors, as they were obliged, under such circumstances, to make frequent removals of their ammunition, and use other inconvenient expedients to render this kind of information uncertain. As a counterbalance to some of the many prevalent distresses at this period of the siege, the gunners had now, by experience, become so precise at levelling the guns upon the walls, that scarcely a single shot was fired without doing execution.

Immediately after the arrival of Rosen, he caused some batteries to be thrown up by night, and raised a line on the other side of the bog opposite to the windmill hill, preparatory to his laying and springing a mine, and he removed the besieging camp and trenches nearer to the town than they had been, for the purpose of cutting off the works and interrupting the relief of the guards. He also ran a line through the orchard opposite to Butcher's gate and within a few perches of it; ordering the mortar pieces to be taken from the orchard on the other side

of the river and to be placed on the hill above the bog, on the western side of the city. He also planted the battering guns, which threw balls of about twenty pounds each, at a convenient distance before the same gate. They plied the besieged closely with their bombs and battering pieces from this time to the twenty-first of July, when they entirely ceased, firing them at uncertain hours, some in the day time and some at night.

The Governors, availing themselves of the skill and industry of Captain Schomberg, son of the renown veteran Mareschal of that name, and regularly trained in the art of war, and being moreover instructed by the manœuvres of the enemy, which they closely watched, countermined the besiegers before Butcher's-gate, and contrived a blind to protect their engineers from the opposite battery, whose fire was returned with such vigour and precision from the walls, that few days passed without the loss of some choice and most forward men in the Irish army.

On the night of the twentieth, some of the enemy came upon the guards on the out-posts at the gallows, and wounded one of them, obliging the rest to retreat to the windmill, which alarmed the city, and a strong force went out, expecting an assault. They waited there all night on the alert, but no attack was made upon them.

Twenty bomb shells were thrown into the city on the twenty-first of June; two of them fell upon the Church, one of them passed over without injuring it, the other raised some sheets of lead, but it did not pass through, and some fragments of it were found by Mr. William Stewart, when taking off the materials of the old roof in the Autumn of 1822. The rest did little damage, except killing one man and wounding another. Two of the Derry men were killed this day near the lane next the meadows, from the new trench made by the enemy opposite the windmill, and about this time many were killed in attempting to bring water from St. Columb's well. A council was held this day at the Bishop's palace, where Governor Baker lay extremely ill, in which Mitchelburn was confirmed by his worthy predecessor, the Governor of the city, unless he should recover from his illness, which was still expected. Captain Ash mentions this circumstance as a proof that no malice burned in Baker's mind against Mitchelburn, although there had been a dispute between them of such a nature that they drew their swords upon each other.

On the twenty-third the remains of Colonel Talbot, who died two days before, were interred, and his wife, who had offered the ransom for him, was, after some deliberation, where there ought to have been none, permitted to go from the garrison. She went out in the evening attended by some officers. One of the Captains, named Stringer, deserted to the enemy this day, and also one of the drummers. The engineers of the Irish army prosecuted their works in the orchard this night, the besieged still firing at them from the wall; on the next day the trench through that orchard was finished, and six bombs were thrown into the city, of which only three exploded.

The garrison had now used all their endeavours to get intelligence from the ships, but in vain. The signs from the steeple, both by flags

and cannon shot, failed to elicit any intimation that Kirk was acquainted with the distressed situation of the city. Roche, afterwards a Captain in King William's army, arrived with a letter from the English General, assuring them, in the kindest manner, that everything in Scotland, England, and Ireland was prosperous, and that succours beyond their wishes were speedily to join them; he added, however, a chilling caution to husband their provisions, an admonition, says Dalrymple, more alarming to them than all the menaces of their enemies. A Scotchman, named James Cromie, had accompanied Roche from the fleet to the spot on the river side, where he hid his clothes and took the water, but being unable to swim, waited for a day or two concealed in bushes near that place, expecting a boat which his adventurous companion had promised to send for him in the course of the night. The Irish guards, however, discovered him, and by way of counterplot, obliged him, on penalty of death, to swear that he would give the besieged a discouraging account. They then hung out a signal for a parley, which being granted, and some men being sent over to speak with him, he repeated the account which he had sworn to give; yet when Colonel Blair asked him why his account differed from that of Roche, he replied, that he was in the enemy's camp, and the other messenger within the walls of Derry. Kirk's letter, which was directed to Walker, had been written on the preceding Sunday, and, in addition to the particulars above-mentioned, it stated that officers, ammunition, and arms had been sent from the fleet to the Enniskilleners, who, for their encouragement, it reported to have had a force of three thousand infantry and fifteen hundred horse, with a regiment of dragoons, all of which had promised to come to the relief of Derry. The writer said that he would, at the same time, make a diversion, by attacking the enemy with a force detached from the Island of Inch, and that he was in momentary expectation of a reinforcement of three thousand men from England, as they had been shipped there eight days before. He added, that from several of the enemy who had deserted to him, he had assurance that the besieging army could not stand long, and that he had heard from Enniskillen of the defeat of the Duke of Berwick. Charged with this letter, and accompanied by Cromie, Roche passed through the enemy's out-posts, camp, and guard, a distance of about eight miles, whence, as already mentioned, he proceeded alone, and swam into the city. He was not so fortunate in his return to the fleet; after resting but one day in Derry, he swam to the spot where he had left his clothes, a distance of three miles, and found they had been taken away. The Governors' letters were tied in a bladder to protect them from the water, and concealed in his hair. He ran in a state of nakedness for three miles, pursued by the enemy, and escaped from them only by taking shelter in a thick wood where horsemen could not follow him, but where his sufferings were intense from the laceration of his body by briars and thorns. Covered from head to foot with blood, he passed round through the woods to the water side, where he unfortunately met with a party of the Irish dragoons, one of whom broke his jaw-bone with a halbert, after which he plunged into the river, and though he was fired at several times, and wounded in the arm, breast and shoulder, he chose, as he

afterwards stated in his petition to the English House of Commons, to die in the water rather than betray the trust reposed in him. When force was found ineffectual to stop this intrepid messenger, his pursuers offered him a thousand pounds if he would deliver up the letters he carried, but this he refused to do, and not finding it practicable to proceed to the fleet, swam back to Derry, and by preconcerted signals, gave notice to General Kirk that he had delivered his letter, with an intimation of the length of time which the city might be expected to hold out. These signals were the taking down the flag for a short time, and the firing of a certain number of guns from the steeple of the Cathedral. Kirk had ineffectually offered three thousand guineas to any man who would undertake to deliver this letter, till Roche, at last, took charge of it. Walker's letters to Kirk, which had thus been prevented from going by the intended mode of conveyance, reached him however, and copies of it have been given in Nairna's collection of state papers. It mentioned the capitulation offered by General Hamilton, and the probability that the city would be compelled to accept of it, if not relieved before six days. He also represented the distress of the garrison and the facility of sending them provisions. A letter of the same date, signed by three of the citizens, was inclosed in Walker's. They informed the General that they had fed for some time upon horse flesh, which now began to fail them. They complained of sickness, mortality, and desertion, and prayed to be relieved by a supply of provisions, and to have a Governor appointed if the siege should not be raised. A third letter, of the same date, and signed by Walker, Baker, and five of the citizens, mentioned the effect which the appearance of the fleet in Lough-Foyle, and the delay of landing, after that time, had produced upon the enemy. It stated their fears of being undermined, their want of food for eight days, even of horse flesh, upon which they had subsisted for a considerable time before, and in the name of themselves and twenty thousand distressed Protestants, shut up in the city, on account of their loyalty and perseverance, prayed to be supplied with provisions; especially biscuit, cheese, and butter, as they had no fuel to dress their meat. They recapitulated their almost incredible victories over the enemy, and the names of the many officers of note they had killed or taken prisoners, concluding in these words:—"If you do not send us relief we must surrender the garrison within six or seven days. We understand that the boom is certainly broken, so that you may come up with ease." Kirk, in the meantime, heard their cries, and saw their signals of distress, without making the slightest effort to relieve them.

On the same day that the letter of the Governor and citizens of Derry had been written to the fleet, Colonel Gordon O'Neill, who had been an inhabitant of the city for some years before it was besieged, desired a conference with some of the officers of the garrison, and Colonel Lance and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell went out to him. They met on the strand near the gallows, and there, O'Neill informed them that King James had sent instructions to Marshal Rosen, that if the city would surrender, all those who chose to go to their respective dwellings should have liberty to do so, and that any losses they should sustain would be

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made up to them by reprisals; those who would enter his army should be treated there without distinction of religion, and those who wished to go to England or Scotland should have liberty to depart. To these proposals he required an answer on the ensuing day; and in the meantime the enemy continued to be busily employed in making their trenches, and coming still closer to the city. The countermining went on with equal perseverance on the part of the garrison, encouraged by the indefatigable pains and expenditure of Captain Michael Cunningham and Mr. William Macky, who not only paid the soldiers out of their own pockets for the work, but, what was at this time a much greater sacrifice to the general safety of the city, gave many of them food at their own houses. There was also a collection made by way of freewill offering among the inhabitants to carry on the work, by which the enemy was kept from getting to the near side of the bog, without which they could draw no mines. At this time one M'Gimpsey called upon Colonel Murray, and volunteered to swim down the Lough with intelligence to General Kirk. Murray, after consulting the Deputy-Governor, Mitchelburn, who seemed inclined to delay the messenger, promised him a reward, and dispatched him with a letter signed by himself, Colonel Cairnes, and Captain Gladstones, representing the great extremity to which they had been reduced, and most earnestly imploring a speedy relief. This letter was closely tied in a little bladder, in which two musket-balls were placed with it, that if the enemy should take the messenger, he might break the string and let it fall in the water. Whether this unfortunate man was taken alive by the enemy, or was killed as was reported, by being carried forcibly with the stream and tide against the boom, was not ascertained at the time, but the latter is more probable, on account of the letter reaching Mareschal de Rosen, who, in his despatch to James, of the twenty-seventh of this month, gives the following account of the transaction, and the contents of Mitchelburn's letter:—"We have fished this morning a drowned man, who floated on the river with bladders about his arms. When he was taken up we discovered that he had come out of Derry to swim to the fleet. We found in another bladder, fastened to his neck, the three letters inclosed, by which your Majesty may see in what state the town is now, and of what consequence it is to hinder the enemy from supplying it. I presume, under these circumstances, to take the liberty of representing to your Majesty, that you would have been master of the town long ago if my advice had been followed, which was, not to grant protections nor receive any person coming from the town, by which means they would the sooner consume their provisions, and be obliged to surrender themselves, with the halter about their necks."

On the same day that this letter was written, Colonels Lance and Campbell made such a reply to Gordon O'Neill, as appears to have exasperated the French General, for ten shells were, on that night, thrown into the city. One of them fell upon Joseph Gallagher's house, in Bishop street, where two barrels of gun-powder were lodged. It killed no less than fourteen persons, viz., six grenadiers belonging to the regiment in which Captain Ash served, four horsemen, and four women.

On the twenty-eighth the Irish army hung up the body of a man on a gallows, within view of the city, on the other side of the water, and called over to acquaint the garrison that it was the messenger whom they had sent towards the fleet. Colonels Fortescue and Blair went to the orchard where the camp lay to confer with Lord Louth, who, contrary to the position assigned to him in Neville's map of the city, as besieged at this time, commanded the troops on the Prehen side of the river, in conjunction with Sir Neill O'Neill, whose regiment of dragoons had quarters there. Their errand was to treat with these officers concerning Mr. James Cromie, who had, as already noticed, come there with Roche from the ships. Lord Louth and Sir Neill would not let him go or exchange him for any other prisoner, so he remained in the Irish camp. On this day and night, twenty shells were thrown into the city. They killed one man, two women and a child, and did severe execution upon the family of Alexander Poke, the undaunted gunner of Colonel Murray's boat in the action of the preceding Tuesday week; one of these fatal shells fell into his habitation, and killed his wife, his mother-in-law, and brother-in-law.

This day Lord Melfort received two letters from Lord Dundee, with an account of the state of his master's affairs in Scotland; in one of them is the following passage:—"I am glad to hear by your Lordship's letters that the King's affairs prosper so well, and that Derry will soon be ours; but I hear it was not on Monday last. I know not what the matter is, but I would think Mackay's going south and the troops drawing back from Kintyre towards Edinburgh, would import some alarm which they have got. I have so often written over all the country that Derry was ours, that now, say what I like, they hardly believe me, and when I talk of relief out of Ireland they laugh at it, though I believe ere long they will find it earnest, and then our enemies, confusion will be great."

On the same day the Earl of Clancarty arrived with his regiment in the Irish camp, and being buoyed up by the Pastorini of the day, with the ridiculous prophecy that the gates of Derry should fly open at the approach of MacCartymore, lost no more time in trying the experiment than was necessary to get himself intoxicated with liquor, and at ten o'clock in the night, while the enemy kept up a heavy cannonade of bomb-shells, he attacked the works at the Butchers' gate, and few of the garrison being out at the time, he soon possessed himself of them, although one of their shell, which had missed its aim, fell among his men, and some of them were so cowardly as to run close under the walls for shelter from the shots they expected to be fired at them. The noise of the exploding shell alarmed the garrison, and the light of the combustibles, ignited and thrown about by it, discovered the assailants just as Clancarty, drunk as he was, had entered some mines in a low cellar under the half-bastion, and a horseman at the Butchers' gate had called for fire to burn it.

Three captains, Nobles, Homes, and Dunbar, with several other gentlemen, to the number of sixty and upwards, now sallied out at Bishop's gate, and crossing along the wall till they came very near the enemy's guards, receiving their fire without stopping, advanced to a position

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which enabled them to fire with effect, and then thundered their shots against them. The case-shot from the bastion and small shot from the walls seconded the fire of the gallant Noble and his band of heroes so effectually, that Lord Clancarty, finding he had been misled by more false spirits than one, got sober enough to quit his post and hasten to the main body of his superstitious friends, leaving his miners and one hundred of his best men dead upon the spot. Several of his officers and private soldiers were wounded, as it was reported to the garrison, died of the injury they received, in a few days after this action. The officers killed were, a French Lieutenant-Colonel, whose name was not ascertained, Captains M'Carthy and O'Bryan, a French and English Captain, and an English Lieutenant; Corporal Macguire and a private soldier were taken prisoners. There was but one man killed and one wounded on the Derry side, in the sharp engagement of this night. It is only fair in this place to acknowledge, that the Irish army had no monopoly of superstition at this period, when death, raging in varied shapes, tended to paralyze, while it terrified the human mind. If the besiegers believed in the prophecy of the pyebald horse, and Clancarty's magical rap at the Butchers'-gate, the besieged, according to a credible tradition still preserved in the city, were fully assured that, at the hour of twelve o'clock every night, an Angel, mounted on a snow-white horse, and brandishing a sword of a bright colour, was seen to compass the city by land and water.

Nine bombs were thrown into the city upon the twenty-ninth of this month. One of them fell in the old Church, raised five bodies from their graves, and threw one of them over the wall. Their scattered remains were immediately re-interred, by a subscription from a few gentlemen. During a parley this day, one of the garrison was killed at the outside of Butchers'-gate, and another on the wall.

On the last day of June, Governor Henry Baker died; his death was a sensible loss to the besieged, as he was a valiant man, showing, says Walker, in all his actions the greatest honour, courage, and conduct. Mackenzie observes, he was a great loss to the garrison, by whom he was justly lamented, his prudent and resolute conduct having given him a great interest among them. Captain Ash represents him as a gentleman greatly beloved, and very well qualified for the government, being endued with great patience and moderation, free from envy or malice, as appeared in the affair between him and Mitchelburn, whom he recommended to be his successor. He was buried in one of the vaults under the Church, the pall being borne by the Governors, Walker and Mitchelburn, Colonels Lance and Campbell, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Monro. The Rev. Seth Whittel, Rector of Ballyscullen, preached his funeral sermon.

On this day, being Sunday, Rosen sent a declaration into Derry, that if the garrison would not surrender to him before six o'clock on the ensuing evening, he would drive the protected and unprotected Protestants from Enniskillen to Charlemont, under their walls, and that in case of their not then surrendering, he would make a general assault upon them, and put them to the sword without respect to age or sex. He threatened

also to burn and lay waste the country if there should appear the least probability of troops coming to their relief. He also wrote a letter to James this day, with a copy of his declaration against the Protestants of a considerable part of Ulster, and stated that he was induced to adopt this measure, from the little hopes he had of reducing the garrison in any other way. The trenches he said were so filled both by the tide and the continual rains, that the besieging army was in danger of being destroyed by sickness. The letter is evidently an intemperate one, and by an independent Prince would be construed as an affront. Anticipating a countermand of the cruel order he was about to issue, he threatened to resign the command of the army in case his project should not be approved; and it appears from Charles Leslie's reply to Archbishop King's account of this transaction, that the Irish General Hamilton had a serious difference of opinion with the French Commandant on this occasion, in which almost every other officer in the besieging army joined the former.

Rosen's proposal was received in Derry with contempt, not unmingled with indignation, which produced some heat and disorder in the irascible Mareschal, to which he gave immediate vent by a renewal of the bombardment on the next morning, when twenty shells were thrown into the city; one of these fell upon the steeple of the Cathedral, and rolled down among the bells, doing but little damage; another struck the turrets and broke the leads. Rosen now issued his barbarous order, dated July 1st, 1689, in which he was unmanly enough to order the officers under his command to wage war against women and children. "As I have certain information," he says, "that a considerable number of the wives and children of the rebels in Londonderry have retired to Belfast and the neighbouring places, and as the hardness of their husbands and fathers deserves the severest chastisement, I write this letter to acquaint you, that you are instantly to make an exact research in Belfast and its neighbourhood, after such subjects as are rebellious to the will of the King, whether men, *women, boys, or girls*, without exception, and whether they are protected or unprotected, to arrest them and collect them together, that they may be conducted by a detachment to this camp, and driven under the walls of Londonderry, where they shall be allowed to starve, in sight of the rebels within the town, unless they choose to open their ports to them," &c., &c. In another paragraph of the same order he desires that *infants* should be included, and that none of any age whatever should be suffered to escape.

On the second of this month, the Derry men replied, they had read the Mareschal's threatening letter in their families, and had taken great offence at its contents, by which they could understand that no articles or capitulation could be made with him; that his avowed intention of breaking the protections already granted proved that no performance of any new promises could be expected from him. They also observed, that the copy of the commission granted to Rosen was dated on the first day of the preceding month of May, after which time a Parliament had passed an Act in Dublin, by which their lives and properties had been declared to be forfeited, and that, therefore, they did not consider him

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duly authorised to treat with them, and desired he would procure another commission.

Upon receiving this answer, Rosen caused his orders to be put into execution, and beginning with the Protestants in the immediate neighbourhood, had them collected in all directions into churches and other public buildings, and some of them into dirty pounds and rotten houses, without fire or light, after having been plundered of their remaining substance and stripped of their clothes. Many old and tender people, some women with child, and feeble children, died by the cruel usage they experienced in these places of confinement, and on their way to Derry. The Irish officers employed in this melancholy service executed these orders with tears in their eyes, and many of them declared that the cries of these victims seemed to ring in their ears ever afterwards. General Hamilton was so shocked at the sight, that in defiance of Rosen, his commanding officer, he ordered meal and other provisions to be distributed among the wretched groupes as they passed through the Irish camp. When they first came in sight of the city, they were mistaken for a column of the besieging army advancing to storm it, and to add to their terrors, they were received by a volley of small shot from their friends on the walls, but providentially none were injured by any of the shots, which had no other effect than killing three of the soldiers who were driving them forward with their swords, and pushing on those who, from excessive weakness, were falling behind, or tottering on their emaciated limbs. The first division consisted of some thousands, and the compassion they excited in the garrison venting itself in a universal burst of rage, a gallows was immediately erected for the execution of all the prisoners in the city. In the meantime, the news of Rosen's barbarous proceeding flew to the metropolis, and Doctor Anthony Dopping, Bishop of Meath, went immediately to James to prevail on him to rescind the cruel order; the unfortunate Prince coldly replied, that he had heard of it before, and had sent orders to prevent its being executed, and apologizing for Rosen's foreign habits, observed, that this practice, though strange in Ireland, was common in other places, and he might have added, that this persecutor, whom he unwisely continued in his service after this act of barbarous folly, had been employed by the French King to dragoon the Protestants of Languedoc, whom he treated with unparalleled cruelty. General Maumont was his colleague in that anti-christian campaign. The letter countermanding the driving of the Protestants before Londonderry, was dated on the third of July, and while it required that they should be sent back to their respective habitations without injury, jesuitically approved of the pillaging and ravaging of the country in such a way, as to leave them no habitations to receive them, or means of subsistence to keep them from perishing by hunger. In the meantime the garrison sent a trumpet to the enemy, with notice that they would permit some Popish Priests to come into the city to prepare the prisoners in their own way for that death which inevitably awaited them, if the Protestant multitudes around the walls were not permitted to depart. No notice was taken of this message, and the unhappy prisoners, acknowledging the justice of the retaliation

of which they were to be the victims, wrote a moving letter to General Hamilton, imploring him to represent their sad condition to Lieutenant-General De Rosen, to whom they had made an application without receiving any answer. They stated their willingness to die like soldiers, with swords in their hands, but entreated that they should be spared the ignominious death of malefactors. The letter was subscribed by another person for Lord Netterville, who had lost some of the fingers of his right hand in the engagement in which he was taken prisoner. It was also signed by Sir Garret Aylmer, the Hon. Captain Buttler, Mr. Newcomen, and some others, in the name of the rest of the prisoners. Hamilton replied, by order of his commanding officer, that the Protestants driven under the walls of the city had to thank themselves for that misfortune; that they had conditions offered to them which they might have accepted; that if the Irish prisoners should suffer for this it could not be helped, but that their death would be revenged on many thousands. The writer here confounds those without the walls with their friends within; no terms had been offered to the former; but it is difficult to write an uncandid letter with precision. The garrison was this night reduced to the number of five thousand, seven hundred, and nine men.

On the second of this month, the prisoners taken in the Irish boat by Colonel Murray, on the eighteenth of June, were sent to bury those who had been killed at the windmill and the bog, nearly a month before. This delay in burying the dead must have contributed much to increase the sickness, which now began to prove dreadfully fatal both to the besieged and the besiegers. The prisoners, who were of Clancarty's regiment, performed this unpleasant duty, and returned to their place of confinement in the Newgate.

About this time Mr. Andrew Robinson left the city, but on account of some imprudent words he spoke among them, the enemy stripped him and sent him back again. Captain William Beatty, who, in all the encounters and skirmishes with the enemy, had ever behaved himself with great integrity and valour, was also obliged, by a violent dysentery, to accept of a protection from the enemy, and he retired to Moneymore. In this neighborhood he lived to rear twelve sons to manhood, one of whom was Mr. James Beatty, a merchant in Newry, and another Vincent, the father of the late Ross Beatty, of Clones, in the County of Monaghan, and of the late Mr. James Beatty, of the Waterside of Londonderry.

On the third day of this month one thousand was added to the number of the afflicted Protestants driven under the walls. Many of them were taken into the garrison by their friends, contrary to orders, and relieved with food and clothing. One of these delivered a message to the city from Kirk's fleet, desiring the garrison, if in great necessity, to make two fires upon the church, which was instantly done, and they were kept burning during the whole of the night, in the course of which and the day preceding it, thirty bomb-shells were thrown into the city. One of these fell into the chimney of the house in which Captain Ash was quartered; it broke open the hearth, threw down some partitions, windows and doors, but did no other injury. The besieged took the

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opportunity which presented itself this day to crowd five hundred of their useless people among the Protestants under the walls, and to supply their place, took in some young and able-bodied men. This stratagem succeeded, although the enemy suspected the design, and some of them pretended to distinguish the Derry men by that smell which proceeds from those who have been long in confinement, without the necessary change of garments.

About this time a numerous and well appointed army from the province of Munster, under the command of Justin M'Carty, lately created Lord Viscount Mountcashel, arrived at Belturbet, where it was joined by a body of northern Papists, commanded by Cohonaght More Maguire. This united force amounted in number to 7,000 men, who, according to a preconcerted plan, were to attack the Enniskillenners on the south, while Sarsfield, with another army, pressed on them from the west, and the Duke of Berwick, who lay encamped at Trillick, came upon them from the north. An account, however, came to the besieged on the third of the month, from General Kirk, which tended to revive their spirits at a time when their enemies had reason to suppose that, being encompassed as it were in a net, all possibility of escape was cut off from them. A ship had been sent round from Lough-Swilly to Ballyshannon, for the purpose of ascertaining the wants of the garrison at Enniskillen, and to offer them a supply of ammunition or any other necessaries. This was a most acceptable message, for although the soldiers there were tolerably well supplied with arms, from the stores which they had taken from Colonel Sutherland, yet they had but little gunpowder, an article indispensable to their safety at this time. Colonel Lloyd, Captain Francis Gore, and Hugh Montgomery, with the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, were sent on the fourth of July with some troops of horse and companies of foot, to guard what ammunition they should get, and to give Captain Hobson, the commander of the vessel, an account of the state and condition of their town, and the country about it. This day, in the absence of Mr. Hamilton, the Duke of Berwick came to his dwelling-house with two regiments of foot and as many regiments of dragoons ; they plundered and burned it to the ground, and then destroyed all the houses of his tenantry, expressing their regret at not having found himself, "to make meat of his flesh for their hawks," in revenge for the horses which had been taken from them at Omagh, some time before, as they alleged, by his contrivance. This was a surprise upon the Enniskillenners, in the absence of their gallant Lloyd and a considerable proportion of their force. The Governor came on the same night to Mr. Hamilton's ruined habitation, after the enemy had gone out of it, and his party not being strong enough to follow and attack them in their quarters, he returned to Enniskillen, ordering strong guards to be kept on all the roads from Trillick to that town.

In the meantime, a promiscuous crowd of unfortunate Protestants lay in a state of extreme misery round the walls of Londonderry, and whilst famine and disease preyed upon their vitals, such was the spirit which animated them, that they raised their faltering voices to their friends upon the walls, desiring them not to regard their sufferings, but to per-

mit them to perish rather than surrender themselves to the mercy of a perfidious foe.

Great animosities now arose in the Irish camp on account of this cruel treatment of the protected Protestants. The few of that persuasion in the army resented it highly, while almost all the Romish officers condemned it, as a base device of their French allies, whom they began to detest, in resentment for the contemptuous treatment they received from them. These circumstances, with James's letter, condemning the order, and; above all, the view of the gallows erected on the walls of the city for the execution of the Irish prisoners, obliged Rosen, on the fourth of July, to suffer the afflicted multitude, amounting to more than four thousand in number, to depart for their respective habitations. Several hundreds of them, however, died on the spot to which they had been driven, and among them many women with child, or lately delivered; several old distressed creatures, and a great number of children. Of those who were this day liberated from durance, many died on their way home, or were knocked on the head by the soldiers, and those who got back to their former place of dwelling, found their homes either burned or plundered by Rosen's soldiers or the Irish rapparees, so that a great porportion of them afterwards perished for want of the necessaries of life.

This violation of protection was not confined to the persons who had been thus driven under the walls of Londonderry; many of the inhabitants of the county of Down, though they had purchased protections, and lived inoffensively, were plundered of all their substance, and to complete their misery, the Irish soldiers violated several of their wives and daughters. On complaint being made of these brutal outrages, the answer they received was, that these robbers and ravishers had no authority for what they had done, and that any further attempt they should make might be opposed by force. Satisfied with this answer, the unhappy sufferers resolved to defend themselves as they had been permitted to do, but happening to kill some of their assailants, they were immediately denounced as rebels, and Major-General Buchan was sent against them with a body of troops. A massacre ensued, which lasted for several days, in the course of which five or six hundred of them were killed in cold blood. Many of the victims were poor, aged, and weakly people; some killed at their work, when suspecting no danger near them. A representation was made of this cruel proceeding to James at his court in Dublin, but so far from resenting it, or ordering the perpetrators of the massacre to be punished, he railed against the Protestants in general as false, perfidious rebels. They have been killed, he said, with my protections in their pockets; words inconsiderately spoken, for who could afterwards set any value upon these protections, or treat with him on the usual terms of civilized warfare?

As soon as the Protestants were removed by the besieging army from the neighbourhood of Londonderry, the garrison took down the gallows they had erected, and the prisoners in the city were sent back to their respective lodgings. At this time, Governor Walker got intimation from a friend in the enemy's camp, that some mischief was intended

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against him, and he soon afterwards discovered that the soldiers had been persuaded not only that he had secreted a considerable quantity of provisions, which ought to have been sent to the public store, but that he had pledged himself, on the promise of some great preferment, to betray the city to the enemy.

With respect to the first of these charges, he readily refuted it, by causing a strict search to be made in his house : and as to the second, he cast off the foul imputation, by arresting a Mr. Cole, who, in the preceding month of May, had obtained leave to pass from the enemy's camp into the city, by taking charge of a proposal from General Hamilton to Mr. Walker, which he never delivered, his object in bearing it being only to effect his escape. Cole had casually mentioned this circumstance in the garrison, and Walker's enemies magnified it into a plot for surrendering the city. They indicated their suspicions to the Governor by saluting him by high names and titles, whenever they met him, and would probably have kindled a dangerous mutiny in the garrison, had not Cole, on his public examination, unriddled the mystery, and restored the confidence of the men of Londonderry in their faithful Governor. In the meantime, the guards upon the out-works had several conferences with parties of the enemy, who frequently expressed their utter detestation of the French officers and soldiers, cursing the fellows who walked in trunks, as they called their jack boots, and got all the preferments which were disposed of in the army.

From the first of this month to the termination of the siege, the officers on duty in the city were appointed to assemble in four several parts of it, and remain there all night. The Colonels, Majors, and Captains, at Governor Mitchelburn's ; the Lieutenants at Mr. Buchanan's ; the Ensigns at the Bishop's ; and the Sergeants at Mr. Stewart's. They went their rounds by turns, and the soldiers of each company staid at their quarters, except such as were absent on out-guards, with their clothes and arms, standing in rank round the quarters, and a candle burning all night. The officers were allowed candles, tobacco, pipes, and Adam's ale, as Captain Ash calls the water they drank ; and at four o'clock every morning two great guns were fired against the enemy, serving at the same time as a signal, that the regulars who were on duty during the night might retire to rest, and that their places should be taken by the volunteers and unenlisted inhabitants, to remain on the wall till seven o'clock.

Nine shells were thrown into the city on the fifth of July, which injured some houses, and raised a few dead bodies from their graves. About the sixth or seventh, Governor Mitchelburn observing but few men about the camp of the besiegers, drew out a body of the garrison beyond the lines at the windmill, where they had some skirmishing with the enemy, in which action an Irish Colnel was mortally wounded, but night coming on, and the salliers having got into some confusion, from mistaking a word of command, they retired back to the city. A loud huzza was about this time heard in all the camps of the enemy round the city, and care was taken to inform the besieged that it was for joy on the taking of Enniskillen. This, however, was one of the many false reports circu-

lated by an enemy depending upon artifice and fraud, rather than valour and skill, for the attainment of their purposes ; the men of Enniskillen, so far from surrendering, were at this time strengthening themselves, by conveying to their stores thirty barrels of gunpowder, with some arms, from the ship *Bonaventure*, commanded by Captain Hobson, and sent to their relief by General Kirk. The arms they left in the garrison of Ballyshannon, and sent the Rev. Andrew Hamilton and Mr. John Rider, in the *Bonaventure*, to the English fleet for the purpose of obtaining more ammunition, together with some experienced officers, and a reinforcement of common soldiers.

Mareschal De Rosen wrote the following letter this day to the unfortunate Prince, his master, exhibiting a description of the wretchedness of the besieging army at this time:—

"Camp before Londonderry, 5th July, 1689.

"SIRE—I am grieved to see so little attention given to the execution of your Majesty's orders, at a time when matters are become troublesome and embarrassed. Kirk is always at his post, waiting the arrival of three regiments of cavalry and two of infantry, which are to join him under the command of Charles Count Schomberg. There is no doubt but this expectation has kept him from making any attempt to throw provisions into Derry, as he might easily have done by hazarding some vessels for that end ; yet your troops which have been lately sent have arrived in almost the same condition with the former, having been obliged to take such arms with them as were given them, the greater part of which are damaged and broken, and accordingly useless, *as you have not in all your army a single gunsmith to mend them!*

"The troops which are here with Hamilton, are in a still worse condition, and the regiments entirely lost and ruined ; the strongest battalion having but two hundred men, and more than two-thirds of them without swords, belts, or bandoliers. The cavalry and dragoons are not the better that they are more numerous, as the strongest company has not more than twelve or fourteen troopers able to serve. The river which divides your army, and prevents a communication, diminishes its strength considerably. The detachment under the Duke of Berwick's command, being more than thirty miles from this place, weakens it entirely, as he cannot leave the post which he has been obliged to take, without allowing the Enniskilleners to possess it and shut us up behind. All this, Sire, together with the embarrassment of the artillery and carriages which are here, with very little means of conveying them in a country where one is necessarily obliged to go by the one road, which is very bad, should now induce your Majesty to adopt a measure which is of the utmost consequence to the good of your service. It is only for this reason I humbly beseech you to consider this maturely, and to send me instantly your orders about what we should do, as I had already the honour to ask by my two last letters, to which I have yet received no answer.

"I cannot comprehend how the regiment of Walter Butler could be sent away from Dublin without swords and without powder and ball. I am still more surprised that Bengal's regiment has been employed to escort the treasure, without giving them a single shot, although, as the officers told me, they frequently asked, without being able to obtain any ; yet, Sire, they both of them marched two days quite close to the garrison of Enniskillen, in danger of falling a prey to them. The garrison of Belturbet is in the same situation, having had, as Sutherland told me, but little powder, and *not a single ball*. My heart bleeds, Sire, when I reflect on the continuance of this negligence, since it appears to me, that no one is in pain about the ruin of your affairs. I hope that the return of this express will bring me your Majesty's ultimate orders ; and I wish they may arrive in time enough for me to put them properly in execution ; having no other object but to show you my zeal and attachment for your service ; because I am, with a very profound respect, submission, and loyalty, your Majesty's, &c., &c.

"CONRAD DE ROSEN."

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AD DE ROSEN."

Six bombs were thrown on the next day into Londonderry; and they killed one man and wounded many others. On Sunday, the seventh, eighteen shells fell within the walls, and it was observed that until this time no shells were thrown upon the Sabbath, although the enemy, in other respects, according to their French and Irish habits, regarded it very little. On the eighth, they discharged fourteen bombs at the city, one of which broke an Ensign's leg at the Butchers'-gate. A ball weighing fourteen pounds, passing through the gate, killing a man in the street. In the course of this night the Governors ordered large pieces of timber to be reared against the outside of the gate, to secure it against the battering pieces. The garrison was now reduced to five thousand, five hundred and twenty men, having lost within the six preceding days no less than one hundred and eighty-nine men by death, or departure from the city. On the 9th, the battering guns played hotly against the Butchers'-gate, and shattered it very much. Some of the balls flew over the town and fell into the river. In the course of the night more timber was set up outside this gate, and all the officers who were there, assisted the soldiers and others in carrying sods to it from Ferryquay-gate. The allowance this day was a pound of tallow, dignified by the name of French butter, to every soldier in the garrison. They mixed it with meal, ginger, pepper, and aniseeds, and made excellent pan-cakes. "Charming meat," says Captain Ash, for during the preceding fortnight horse-flesh was eaten, and at this time the carcase of a dog was reckoned good meat. The pale and emaciated victims of hunger were every day seen collecting wild vegetables and weeds, and all kinds of sea-wreck, which they devoured greedily, to the total ruin of their health. The historical drama, already quoted, exhibits a scene in the distressed city at this time, calculated to make a deep and melancholy impression upon the mind, and characterizing the good humor with which some of the severest sufferings of human nature were borne by the heroic defenders of Londonderry.

A servant entering, sets down a table, and placing two or three dishes on it, brings chairs for the company, which consists of Mitchelburn, Walker, and four Amazons, who had distinguished themselves by many acts of heroism during the siege. Mitchelburn then addresses them in the following words:—

"Ladies and the gentlemen, this present coming so opportunely, I invite you to a bottle of wine sent to me by General Hamilton, together with such other entertainment for eating as our present circumstances will admit of. The first dish you see in slices, is the liver of one of the enemy's horses that was killed the other day; it is very good meat with pepper and salt, eaten cold. I have seven of these livers boiled, and after they are pickled they eat very well. The other is horse's blood fried with French butter, otherwise tallow, and thickened with oatmeal. The third dish is what we call in French ragout de chien, in English a ragout of the haunch of my dog; it does not eat so well boiled as roasted; it is something strong, but it eats best when baked. I have a horse's head in the oven, very well seasoned, but it will not be eatable until night. Give me a glass of wine, and I'll drink the ladies' health."—(*Amazon pulls half a biscuit out of her pocket.*)

Amazon—"Pray, Sir, accept of this; it was given to me this morning by our captive captain."

Mitchelburn—"By no means, madam ; I'll not rob you of so great a dainty."

Enter a servant with a letter from Lord Berkshire, which the Governor reads.

"SIR—Mareschal De Rosen and Lieutenant-General Hamilton highly approve of your conduct. They made choice of me, as an acquaintance of yours, to send you this letter, to let you know that they are very sensible of the ill circumstances you are in, and so unfortunate as to engage in a service which will prove your utter ruin. You have now a fair opportunity to retrieve your former mistakes, and prove loyal ; and Mareschal De Rosen and General Hamilton and myself will engage you shall have a suitable reward, and good preferment, which is to put Londonderry into our hands, it having retarded the great success of his Majesty's arms both in England and Scotland. Let this be speedily complied with, your proposals shall be readily granted, and sent back signed and sealed by both Generals, TEN THOUSAND POUNDS IN BILLS, TO BE PAID YOU EITHER IN ENGLAND OR IRELAND FOR THIS GREAT SERVICE.

"BERKSHIRE."

Governor—"I'll send an answer to this immediately."

Sits down and writes, and afterwards reads his answer.

"SIR—I perused your's, and am very much obliged to Mareschal De Rosen and General Hamilton, for their good opinion of my conduct ; if theirs had been as good they would have been masters of this town long since. It is our great happiness to meet with such an easy enemy. I very well know of what importance the place is to the Protestants of Ireland, and to my master, King William, whom I now serve ; he is capable of rewarding me, and those under my command, without paying 's in BRASS MONEY. As for the ten thousand pounds, I value them not a pin, and if your king would give me the church full of gold and silver, I will never betray my country's cause. I have engaged my honour for the performance, and my word of honour I will keep. Farewell.

"JOHN MITCHELBURN."

Enter a Servant—"Here, Sir, is a letter from General Kirk, on ship-board. All things go well in England, and for God's sake husband your provisions well, and you will be relieved in a short time."

Mitchelburn—"Campbell go and write as melancholy a letter as you can ; let the Major-General know we are starving and nothing left us but a few horses, which will not last above a week ; when they are eaten we shall be destroyed. Tell him, as he reveres his own honour and reputation, not to suffer us to be lost for a little bread."

Enter two soldiers, running across the stage, holding a spaniel dog by the two hind legs.

Mitchelburn—"What's that the soldiers have ?"

Town Major—"A dog, which they are going to eat."

Mitchelburn—"I took it to be a kid ; it made my teeth to water."

Enter another soldier with a cat—he runs across the stage, making her cry.

Walker—"These soldiers hunt up and down the town for dogs and cats, as cats do for mice."

Enter another soldier with Mitchelburn's mastiff-dog on his back, suspended by the two hind legs.

Mitchelburn—"Hold, brother soldier ; you should give me some share of that dog.—(The Governor whistles, the soldier drops the dog, and both run

away)—Sure the dogs must be very poor, for the people can get nothing to eat, and what must feed the dogs?"

Town Major—"The dogs go in the night, and tare up the graves; they feed on the dead bodies, which fatten them extremely, and as soon they are fat we eat them. We have an excellent way of dressing them, seasoned with pepper and salt, and baking the flesh with decayed wine, which we get in the merchants' cellars."

Mitchelburn—"Alas, that gold cannot procure us bread! These soldiers have eaten all the dogs and cats in the town, and if not immediately relieved, we must give up the prisoners to be devoured by them next. Better would it be for them to be eaten at once, than to lie languishing and starving in a dungeon. We have gold enough, but what does it signify, it would not afford us one morsel of bread.—(*He takes out his purse and puts a piece of gold in his mouth.*) There is no relish or comfort in it, more than in a stone; a piece of leather has more sustenance; yet this is what the world admires, and by which it is governed."

(*Takes out his purse and throws it against the wall.*)

This day, Bryan Macmahon and Hugh Macmahon were elected members of the pretended House of Commons, for the county of Monaghan. Fermanagh sent no members to it, and Sir Charles Conyngham, then resident on his estate at Mount-Charles, kept the Papists of the county of Donegal, in such order that no members were sent from any part of it except St. Johnstown, then garrisoned by Jame's army, Sir William Ellis and Lieut.-Colonel James Nugent, two gentlemen entirely unconnected with the county, were elected to represent that borough. Sir Albert Conyngham raised a regiment of dragoons at his own expense, which did good service in the course of the war, but was not engaged in the defence of Londonderry or Enniskillen.

On the morning of the tenth of July, ten shells were thrown into Londonderry; some of them fell into the old church and opened many of the graves. In one of them, which is now in the possession of William Marshall, Esq., Secretary to the North-West Society, there was no gunpowder: it contained several copies of the following address:—

"TO THE SOLDIERS AND INHABITANTS OF DERRY.

"The conditions offered by Lieutenant-General Hamilton are sincere. The power he hath of the King is real; be no longer imposed upon, by such as tell you the contrary; you cannot be ignorant of the King's clemency towards his subjects. Such of you as choose to serve his Majesty shall be treated, without distinction, in point of religion. If any choose to leave the kingdom they shall have passes. You shall be restored to your estates and livings, and have free liberty of religion, whatsoever it be. If you doubt the power given to General Hamilton by the King, twenty of you may come and see the patent, with freedom under the King's hand and seal. Be not obstinate against your natural Prince; expose yourselves no longer to the miseries you undergo, which will grow worse and worse if you continue to be obstinate; for it will be too late to accept of the offer now made, when your condition is so low, that you cannot resist the King's forces longer.—July 10th, 1689."

No reply was made to this proposal. This day Rosen wrote to the deluded Prince, informing him that he had received eighty waggons, five of which were loaded with swords without belts, and observing that the soldiers would be obliged to carry them constantly in their hands. The other waggons were loaded with powder, ball, &c., and twenty thousand pounds in silver. This convoy was sent from Dublin to Londonderry, escorted only by a quartermaster and twelve troopers, and it lay for three nights within sight of Enniskillen. On the same day a regiment of Irish infantry, with some Scottish officers, embarked at Carrickfergus in three frigates, commanded by Monsieur de Quesne, who in a few hours afterwards, meeting with two privateers, captured them, after an hour's hard fighting, with the loss of some of the Scotch officers, who were killed. De Quesne, putting some of his equipage on board one of them, sent it to Dublin, and proceeded on his course for Scotland, where he safely landed the men he had on board, and this reinforcement, small as it was, proved a great encouragement to Lord Dundee, in raising the Highlanders to make one great effort in the cause of the unfortunate James. The French officer who commanded the two prizes, sent by De Quesne to Dublin, captured another on his passage, which had been employed to carry letters from Marshal Schomberg to General Kirk, and other persons. By these letters, it appears that King William intended to send an army of twelve thousand men for the relief of Londonderry, upon which the following observation is made in the life of James II. :—

“Effectual order will be taken that this descent shall not find us unprovided ; for Derry is vigorously attacked, and Kirk, seeing that he could get no succour into the place, has landed at a little Island three miles distant from it, where he is intrenched in expectation of succour from England. In the meantime, the rebels of Enniskillen are straitened on all sides, and the Duke of Berwick, in a little encounter he had lately with them, has cut two companies of foot to pieces, and taken several prisoners.”

The latter part of this passage contains a specimen of the many falsehoods and exaggerations, conveyed to the ear of this deluded Prince, by the hordes of flatterers surrounding him ; this cutting of two companies to pieces, as already mentioned, was but the killing of five-and-twenty men, and the wounding of some others, with the loss of twenty-six prisoners, by the Enniskilleners, in what they termed the action of Corenegrade, on or about the seventh of July.

The besieging army demanding a parley with the defenders of Londonderry, on the eleventh of July, the latter thought it advisable to grant it, and treat for a surrender of the city. Most of the ships they expected to relieve them had disappeared, provisions were growing extremely scarce, and, therefore, it was an object to gain time by the negotiation. Six Commissioners were chosen on each side, and Saturday, the thirteenth, was appointed as the day of meeting for arranging the terms of the treaty. Colonel Hugh Hamill and Thomas Lance, Captains White and

Dobbin, Matthew Cocken, Esq., and Mr. John Mackenzie, were appointed Commissioners on the part of the city; Colonels Sheldon, Gordon O'Neill, and Sir Neill O'Neill, and Sir Edward Vaudry, Lieutenant-Colonel Skelton and Captain Francis Morrow, were nominated on the Irish side. While this matter was occupying the attention of the officers and chief men of the city, a ball came through one of the pieces of timber which barricaded the outside of Butcher's gate, and killed a man in the street. In the evening, the Governor drew five or six men out of each company, and sent them towards a trench near the gallows, which he lined with them, as those who had sallied from the city were approaching with colours flying; upon which Governor Mitchelburn commanded his men to retire within the trenches, but not before some of the enemy came over the ditches and fired a few shots at them. This detachment from the city did not behave with the spirit which characterized every other body of men that sallied from it during the siege. After a short pause, they dropped off one after another towards Bishop's-gate, nor would they or any of them return to the position they had left, notwithstanding the orders of the Governors or their officers, but stood pushing and thronging each other at the gate, which was kept shut for a long time, in order to force them to go back. All efforts to compel them to do so proved ineffectual, and they got into the city, in a most unsoldierlike manner. This night four shells fell in the city, but did no damage. In this and the two preceding days, the report of several pieces of cannon in Lough Swilly excited a strong sensation of hope in the distressed city.

Next day being the twelfth of July, the inside of Butcher's-gate was secured by heaps of sods and stones, to repel the balls from the heavy battery which almost constantly assailed it. An Ensign and thirteen Irish prisoners were humanely liberated this evening, who, while their guards were weak with hunger, had been in danger of losing their lives from the same dreadful cause. This day the Rev. Andrew Hamilton and Mr. John Rider arrived at the English fleet, and went on board Major-General Kirk's vessel. They spent two days with that officer, giving him an account of the state of affairs at Enniskillen, in which, at that time, were about seventeen troops of horse, thirty companies of foot, and some few troops of dragoons. The foot were tolerably well armed, which was not the case with the horse and dragoons. Kirk had but few arms fit for horsemen, but he gave these gentlemen, in addition to his former grant to the garrison, twenty additional barrels of gunpowder, six hundred firelocks, and a thousand muskets, together with bullets and match proportionable, eight small pieces of cannon, and a few hand grenades. He also gave them commissions for a regiment of horse, consisting of sixteen troops, to contain fifty private men in each troop, besides officers for a regiment of dragoons, consisting of twelve troops, with the same number of men in each; and for three regiments of foot, and an independent troop of horse, to be attached to each regiment; each regiment of foot to consist of eighteen companies, whereof two companies were to be grenadiers, and sixty private men in each company. Kirk had no private men to spare, but sent the Enniskilleners some very

good officers, viz., William Wolsely, Esq., to be Commander-in-Chief, and Colonel of their horse. Captain William Berry, to be Lieutenant-Colonel of horse, and Colonel James Wynne, a gentleman of Ireland, to command the dragoons.

Gustavus Hamilton, Governor of Enniskillen, was appointed Colonel of the first of the three regiments of foot; Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd and Major Tiffen, had the command of the other two. Captain Thomas Price, who had also a troop of horse, was appointed Major-General, and Captain Johnston, who had charge of a company of foot, was nominated Engineer. Kirk lay under heavy censure for his delay, respecting the relief of Londonderry, but Mr. Hamilton, one of the messengers on this important occasion, does him the justice to say, that as soon as he had been informed of the condition of the garrison of Enniskillen, of which he had been previously ignorant, he granted all that was asked from him, and no man could have shown more zeal than he did for the service of King William, and the preservation of the Protestants.

On the thirteenth, the Commissioners on the English and Irish side assembled near the outworks of Londonderry, for the purpose of negotiating a surrender of the city. They all dined together in a tent which had been pitched for the occasion, and debated till night. The besiegers, although they consented to all that was material in the articles proposed by the garrison, would grant no longer time for the surrender than till two o'clock on the next day but one, Monday the fifteenth. They required their hostages to be kept in the city, without being sent, as the besieged required, to the English fleet, and they would allow no arms to be kept, on marching out, except by the officers and gentlemen of the city. The Derry commissioners returned to the garrison late in the evening, after having, with great difficulty, obtained time till the next day, at twelve o'clock to return an answer. Immediately after they got back, Governor Walker received a letter, carried by a little boy from the fleet. It was written by Lieutenant David Mitchell, who stated that Major-General Kirk had formed an encampment on the Island of Inch. Walker, to encourage the garrison to hold out, transcribed the letter, and specified that this encampment consisted of four thousand horse and nine thousand foot. Mackenzie accuses him of acting with great inconsistency, by advising a surrender, after this manoeuvre to prevent one; but his apparent prejudice against that great man, and the silence of the gallant Captain Ash on the subject, render this accusation nugatory. Walker is not the only man who voted for a measure which he had resolved to frustrate.

Mitchelburn desired the usual signal should be made, and accordingly on the next morning, before the Council met, at eight o'clock, to decide upon the answer to be sent to the Irish army, seven guns were discharged from the steeple of the Cathedral. Three more were fired at twelve o'clock, and at night-fall, a lantern, with a strong light in it, was set upon the pole which bore the flag. After some debate, the Council returned their answer to the besiegers, that unless they should get time till Wednesday, the twenty-sixth of July, and that the hostages were in the meantime secured on board the English fleet, THEY WOULD NOT

SURRENDER ; as to the manner of their marching out, they left that to be debated by their Commissioners. The enemy refused at once to grant these terms, and so the treaty ended—the garrison having gained that time by it upon which they had calculated. So incensed were the Irish at this disappointment of their hopes, that they scarcely allowed the Commissioners to get within the Derry lines, when they vented their anger, by a heavy cannonade from their bombs and mortars ; but their fury, as usual, was greater than their precision, and on this day, though exceedingly loud, did very little mischief.

Next morning General Hamilton wrote to the Earl of Melfort, informing him that two packets from the Prince of Orange to General Kirk had been taken in a Whitehaven vessel, from which it appeared that a great force had been embarked at Liverpool and Chester, for the relief of Londonderry. Eight shells fell in the city to day, and in the evening about one thousand of the besiegers marched to the hill above the strand, which caused the Governors to suppose they would attempt to force the guard at the windmill. They therefore commanded a strong party to be marched against them, which they immediately reinforced by others, upon which the enemy halted and fired twelve of their bombs against the city, but without doing any execution whatever. One would suppose that the artillerymen in the Irish camp were secretly of the same creed with the Dublin gunsmiths, and as unwilling to practice their destructive art against “the Northern Heretics.” It is certain that there was at this time great disaffection and treachery to James in his army before Derry ; a new sun was rising to meridian glory in the political hemisphere, and the chilling shades of a long night were gathering fast around the old one.

The cannon from Tamnimore, on the opposite side of the river, however, killed one of Captain Gordon's men, between the windmill and the city ; after which the enemy retreated to their camp, from which the cannonade recommenced, after a short pause.

On the sixteenth, four bombs were discharged against the town, and there is no record of any damage having been done by them. A considerable quantity of timber, which had been outside the Butchers' and Ferryquay-gate, was brought in this day, and distributed among the soldiers, who were in great want of fuel ; and a small fort was made of casks, filled with clay and sods, near the outer side of the royal bastion, to prevent the enemy from working near the wall. At the hour of ten o'clock in the morning of this day, a small party of besiegers attacked the works opposite Butchers'-gate, and none of the garrison happening to be there, soon possessed themselves of them. They were, however, quickly repulsed from the walls, the besieged pelted them with stones taken from some ruined buildings near them. A few of the assailants were killed, and one of them was taken prisoner in this action. In the meantime, two regiments marched out of the Irish camp towards the works on the windmill hill, but seeing the Derry men advance cheerfully to meet them, they halted when they had got half-way down, and marched back to the other side of the park. The soldiers who had been encouraged to this movement by the gallant Mitchelburn, raised a huzza

from one end of the line to the other, waving their hats in vain, to invite the foe to come down to them. At the same time, Colonel Murray, with about twelve chosen men, went down to flank the enemy's trench before Butchers' gate, and continued firing at them until their ammunition was spent, and he was shot through both thighs, up near the body. The wound proved very dangerous to the life of this distinguished officer, who did not recover of it till the approach of the ensuing winter. One of his men, James Murray, was killed on this occasion ; and a few days afterwards he was disturbed in his bed-chamber by a sad accident which occurred there ; Lieutenant David Ross entered rudely into the room to search for some saddles, which had been lost by Sir Arthur Rawdon ; one of Murray's regiment, who happened to be there at the time, resented the intrusion, by some hasty expression ; Ross struck him several times across the head with his sword, upon which the dragoon, taking up his carbine, fired at him, and killed him on the spot. Six shells were thrown into the city this night, and the enemy took away their battering guns to Brookhall, where they planted them near the boom.

The sixteenth of July now proved as fatal to Jame's interests in Scotland, as the first and twelfth of the same month, in the two ensuing years, turned out in Ireland, although a signal victory was obtained for him on the former of these memorable days. Graham, of Claver-house, Viscount Dundee, having long waited with impatience for the succour promised to him from Ireland, and intercepted by the vigorous defence of Londonderry, gave up all hopes of speedy aid, as soon as he saw the few spiritless recruits which arrived to him from Carrickfergus, without arms, ammunition, or clothing. He therefore resolved to try the fate of a battle with the forces which he had himself collected ; and he was induced to make the attempt without delay, by the approach of General Mackay with King William's army towards the Castle of Blair, in Athole, where he had left a garrison to preserve a communication between the two divisions of the Highlands, in which the chief part of his adherents lay. On the morning of this day, he marched from Dunkeld to the mouth of the pass of Killierankie. The following description of this romantic spot is given by Dr. Whitaker, in his book—*De motu per Britanniam Civico*, page 38, London, 1809 :—" *Scilicet eo loci montana Scotiæ primum in juga clementiora, inde in planitiem satis amplam demissa, a meridie rursus in fauces angustissimas subito coarctantur, tanquam provido numinis consilio claustra ac repugia adversus barbaros futura. Interfluit tumellus amnis, infremens, spumosus. Per medium, ferme clivum pertinet callis vix singulis jam tum permeabilis, nunc militum opera egregie munitus. Infra usque ad alvum, torrentis descendunt rupes præruptæ, desuper ubique imminentibus saxi levi momento in zubeuntes prosolvendis. Ad hæc quacunque per cautes licuerit internatis arboribus, denso subolescunt arbusta, ut per otium intuentibus voluptatem simul et horrorem locus incutiat ; killierankie nomen est, gramio taodunensis, Viri fortissimi nece memorabili.*" Here Dundee rosted his men for two hours, after which, adopting the disposition by which Montrose's army carried the battle of Aldern, forty-three years before this time, he detached his clans to the right and left, on a mountain which commanded the pass, leaving his centre weak ; but concealing

the feebleness of it by showing a few men, bonnets, and spears, through the trees and bushes with which that part of the ground was covered. Half an hour before sun-set, he rushed down from this position, and impetuously began his attack by columns upon the wings of the enemy, drawn up at the mouth of the pass, after having used many efforts in vain to provoke him to battle in a regular but less advantageous manner.

His close columns rapidly penetrated through the weak files of the opposing flanks of Mackay's army, which soon yielded to an irresistible force suddenly brought into action against them. The contest immediately became a trial of speed, in which Dundee, pressing forward furiously towards the pass to cut off the retreat of the English troops, outstripped his men, and in the violence of his impatience at their delay, turned round suddenly, raising his right hand over his head, as a signal for their advancing, when a random shot from the enemy entered an opening of his armour, and mortally wounded him. Dalrymple says he died upon the spot, as soon as a satisfactory answer had been given to his enquiries respecting the extent of his victory. He lived, however, until the next day, and in the course of the night wrote a letter to Lord Melfort, desiring speedy assistance from Ireland for God's sake ; and saying that he had been told his wounds were not mortal. A letter was found in his pocket after his death, which afforded a melancholy proof of the infatuation which could cause a Protestant of high spirit and distinguished military character to sacrifice his life in the cause of a Popish tyrant. The letter was written to inform him that a declaration of indemnity for Protestant opponents, and TOLERATION of the reformed religion in Scotland, had been drawn up in such ambiguous terms, that James might break through it whenever he should deem it expedient to do so. Death must have been a welcome liberation to a gallant Protestant officer, from the degrading service of this bigot. Thus perished the cause of Popery in Scotland ; the Highlanders, on the loss of their chief-tain, suffered Mackay's army to escape while they were plundering the English baggage. It was to no purpose that two thousand of the latter had been killed, and five hundred taken prisoners. The express which had been sent to Edinburgh with an account of the defeat, was detained by some accident for four-and twenty hours on the way, and when King William heard of that circumstance, he observed, with his characteristic sagacity, that Dundee must have been dead or he would have been in the metropolis before the express, and that it was unnecessary to send any reinforcement to General Mackay. The Highlanders which composed Dundee's army were engaged in some skirmishes and drawn battles for a campaign or two, when they dispersed, and peace was concluded.

On the day of the battle of Killiecrankie, the English fleet, which had come round from Lough-Swilly to the harbour of Culmore, in Lough-Foyle, returned to their station off the island of Inch, again severely disappointing the hopes of relief which their appearance had kindled among the defenders of Londonderry. A very humiliating task was this day imposed upon the unfortunate James, by his master, Count D'Avaux, the French Ambassador ; it was the issuing of a declaration, signed by his Secretary, Lord Melfort, that the subjects of the King of

France should, as to commercial imposts and encouragements, be treated as Irishmen; that he never would refuse permission to transport wool into France, and had positively forbidden its being sent into England. He also mentioned his compliance with the demands of D'Avaux, relative to the sale of French wines without the payment of duty. This was a precious King for a free commercial country. This one act would warrant his exclusion from the throne, even if the entire of the population of the realm he forfeited had been members of the Church of Rome.

On the seventeenth of this month, the garrison of Londonderry was reduced in number to five thousand one hundred and fourteen men, having lost two hundred during that and the preceding days; each individual of the army was allowed half-a-pound of oatmeal, the same quantity of shelling, as much tallow, and three pounds of salted hides. According to a credible tradition, a trick was played about this time to deceive the enemy, by the belief that so considerable a quantity of concealed meal had been discovered in some cellars of the city, that no hope could be entertained of their surrendering for want of provisions. One barrel of meal was distributed upon the bottoms of some large empty vessels, turned upside down, and shown in pretended confidence to some messengers who had been sent in from the camp of the besiegers.

General Hamilton wrote this day to Lord Melfort, informing him that the whole of the English fleet which had sailed from Lough-Swilly towards England or Scotland, had returned from sea, and was anchored before Ennishowen Point. He also stated that about four hundred of the Protestants, being at Ramullen, the Duke of Berwick, then within ten miles of that place, intended to march thither in the middle of the night, and attack them before sun-rise. At the same time James wrote from Dublin to Mareschal De Rosen, informing him that he had received private intelligence that vessels for transporting cavalry had been made ready at Whitehaven, Chester, and Liverpool, that ladders and other implements for a siege had been put on board ships in the Thames, and that Count De Solmes was to command the expedition. He therefore observed, that it was necessary to execute his design upon Enniskillen without delay, and desired that the siege of Derry should be pressed closely, ordering him to mention a day on which he might expect it would be taken.

Twelve shells were thrown into Derry on the eighteenth of July, and the enemy's battering mortars broke the breast-work of the bastion below Butcher's-gate, which was repaired that night with barrels and soda. In the course of the day a letter arrived in the city, purporting to be from General Kirk, promising to be there very soon with relief. Some doubts which arose about its authenticity, were done away by Governor Mitchelburn's knowledge of the General's hand-writing, he having been promoted by him at Tangier. An answer to this letter was returned next day, sewed up in one of the messenger's buttons. A bill passed this day in James's pretended Parliament, vesting the goods of all absentees comprehended under the act of attainder, in the Crown. This unjust act was observed to lessen rather than increase the zeal of those employed to plunder the houses and lands of the absent Protestants,

because it indemnified them for only half the amount of their seizures, as scarcely even that proportion of persons whom they had robbed were included in the bill of attainder, which seemed to have chiefly aimed at the possessors of landed property. On the next day this Parliament was prorogued and never again assembled.

Two and twenty shells were thrown into Londonderry on the nineteenth of this month, and the battering mortars again broke down the breast-work of Butchers'-gate. In the meantime, a shot from the garrison killed Monsieur Masse, Engineer-general of the Irish army, shot off the left hand of Captain Bourke, and wounded a gunner and two soldiers who stood near Colonel Wauchope. A second discharge killed two private soldiers, and the wind of it passing across Major Geoghegan's face, nearly blinded him. General Hamilton now wrote to Tyrconnel, informing him the rebels in Derry were still three thousand strong, all good marksmen, and that the entire battalions in the besieging army did not exceed the number of five thousand men. He added, that if the Duke of Berwick should succeed against the Enniskilleners, and join him with the army under his command, he had little doubt of being able to deal with any succours that might arrive from England to the besieged city. On the next day, he corrected an error in the account he had given of the number of men in Derry, and stated it to have amounted to five thousand; observing, that as the garrison there had been diminished by sickness and mortality, the besiegers had grown weaker from similar causes. He acknowledged he had exaggerated in his former letter the number of his own army, which fell much short of his statement, and that the English fleet lay between the island of Inch and Ramullen, with the design of collecting as many men as possible, in addition to the troops on board, and then sending an army to join the Enniskillen men. He stated that Mareschal De Rosen was keeping his bed in a fit of ill-humour, resolved to meddle with nothing respecting the conduct of the siege, and announced that the besiegers would be shortly in severe want of provisions, as the country about Derry had been drained of all means of supporting an army.

A copy of the depositions of the general officers of the besieging army round Londonderry, on the 20th July, 1689, has been preserved among Nairne's papers; Chevalier Charles de Carney, rating the garrison at two thousand men and officers, did not think that the besieging army, reduced as it had been by sickness, was in a condition to force the city to surrender. Brigadier-General Dominick Sheldon was of the same opinion with Carney, but relied on the necessities of the city effecting what the Irish force was not competent to accomplish. General Buchan stated that the town could not be speedily taken on account of a want of cannon, and announced a great diminution of the besieging army from sickness and desertion. Monsieur Girardin judiciously recommended that a body of troops should be stationed on the Finn water to prevent a junction of Kirk's troops with the Enniskilleners; this officer apprehended fatal results from the scarcity of provisions. The Duke of Berwick declared his opinion that it was impossible to take Londonderry by storm, and that no hope of its surrender could be entertained except from their

want of provisions. General Hamilton stated that the most essential thing to be done was to prevent the junction of the Enniskillen men with the troops which had landed at Ramullen in the county of Donegal, from the English ships, and which were received a daily augmentation from the neighbouring country. He added, that the fleet having left Lough-Foyle, was then anchored between the island of Inch and the town of Ramullen, and that the army under the command of the Duke of Berwick could not be more advantageously posted than at Castlefin, where information respecting the movements of the enemy was most likely to be had, and where the most proper measures to oppose them might be adopted. He cautioned Lord Melfort against suffering the apprehended failure of provisions to ruin the army, and mentioned the danger of abandoning the town of Belturbet, in case the Irish force there under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Hamilton should advance towards Trillick.

At this time provisions being extremely scarce, Mr. James Cunningham, a merchant of Londonderry, discovered a method for supplying the garrison for six or seven of the severest days of want, not only with food, but most salutary medicine. He showed them where there was a considerable quantity of starch, which they mixed with tallow, and fried as pancakes. This food proved a providential remedy for the dysentery which prevailed in the city to an alarming degree, from excessive fatigue, mental anxiety, and unwholesome food. This day, the Rev Andrew Hamilton and his fellow messenger from Enniskillen, left the English fleet with the seasonable supply of arms, ammunition, officers, and commissions which they had obtained from the General on board, who having thus sent effectual aid to the Enniskilleners, proceeded himself in the *Swallow* frigate, accompanied by the *Mountjoy* and other store-ships, with the intention of throwing a relief into Londonderry. Oatmeal, which before the siege was to be had for four pence, was now sold at six shillings a peck; butter for five pence an ounce, and all other food that could be procured was proportionably dear. Captain Ash mentions a poor man whom hunger had, at this melancholy time, compelled to kill his dog and dress the flesh to satisfy the importunate cravings of the stomach. Just as he was about to feast upon this rarity, an inexorable creditor, equally hungry, came in to demand a debt, which he was unable to repay in any other way than by resigning the carcase of the dead dog to the unbidden guest, which he did with a languishing and rueful countenance. This was a transaction in which pomp might find physic, and an epicure be taught the value of plain food. A proclamation was issued in Dublin this day, by James himself, expressly forbidding Protestants to wear or keep any swords, under the penalty of being counted rebels, and used as such.

On the twenty-first, a considerable portion of the besieging army was seen from Derry marching towards the island of Inch, and almost all their tents at Enoch, on the eastern side of the Foyle, were taken away. Captain Ash calculated that from the twenty-fourth of April to this day, no less than five hundred and eighty shells were thrown into the city.

In this month, three additional companies of Popish soldiers were

raised for the defence of the town of Galway, and the following officers were appointed to command them, viz. :—Stephen Lynch Fitz Nicholas, Martin French Fitzpeter, Alexander French and Dominick Kirwan, Captains; Christopher Lynch Fitzpeter, James Lynch, Fitz Dominick, William Lynch Fitz Andrew, and Francis Lynch Fitz William, Lieutenants; William Vaughan, Francis Kirwan, Thomas Ryan, and Peter Heyne, Ensigns. The Protestant inhabitants were immediately afterwards removed by the Governor to the west suburbs, for the better security of the town.

On the twenty-second, the garrison of Londonderry was reduced to the number of four thousand, nine hundred and seventy-three, having lost one hundred and forty-one men in three days. Two of the enemy's battering pieces discharged above forty shots against the city. One of these sent in a nineteen and another a fourteen pound ball, which killed some persons who lay in garrets, and wounded many others. This day, a boy arrived with a verbal message from the island of Inch, stating that officers had been sent from that place to Enniskillen for the purpose of leading the Protestant army at that town to form a junction with the English forces, and then proceed to raise the siege of Derry. He said that the relief might be expected in a few days. The messenger who had been sent from Derry on the preceding Friday was presented with an Ensign's commission by General Kirk. The allowance to each soldier in the garrison on this day was half a pound of starch, with the same weight of tallow, one pound of anniseeds being divided among each company, consisting of sixty men.

A letter was this day written by James from his court in the Castle of Dublin, to Mareschal De Rosen, of which that officer sent a copy to General Hamilton, ordering the country round Londonderry to be laid waste, and sent such a reinforcement to the Duke of Berwick as would enable him to attack the Enniskilleners. In another letter of the same date, he commanded General Hamilton to raise the siege if he did not think a blockade would reduce it; he ordered one Burton, an engineer, to go to Charlemont, observing, that engineers appeared to be of small use against Derry, and charging his army in case the siege should be raised, to blow up the fort of Culmore, that it should not stand in his way at another time.

This day, Captain Chichester Fortescue, of Donaghmore, in the county of Down, reckoned one of the best swordsmen in Ireland, died in Derry of a dysentery. He had raised a troop of dragoons at his own expense, and brought them there, after he had been plundered of his chattels, and driven from his residence by the Irish rapparees. His wife and children had been separated from him in the month of March, at the breach of Dromore, from which place they fled into the Isle of Man, where they lived in great distress. He was the grandfather of Chichester Fortescue, of Dromiskin, in the county of Louth, Member of Parliament for the borough of Irvine, in 1747.

On the twenty-third, the Irish battering pieces killed two brothers, as they lay in a garret in Bishop street, and injured many houses. At the same time a plot was discovered for seizing the gunners, nailing up the

cannon, and surrendering the city. It was instantly frustrated, and two of the principal contrivers of it were cast into prison, on a charge of high treason. During this and the two preceding days, a court martial was held for punishing misdemeanours in the city. Captain Robert White was President, and the other members of it were Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, Majors J. Dobbins and Alexander Stuart, with Captains Crook, Godfrey, Johnston, Downing, Ash, Thompson, Cochran, and Dobbin. In this Court, the storekeeper, and those concerned with the Excise and the City Rent, were called to an account, and the money got from them was applied for the mending of the fire-arms, &c. One pound of wheat and the same quantity of grits were this day given to each of the officers of the garrison.

On the twenty-fourth, it was resolved by a council of war that five hundred men should sally out of the city at four o'clock next morning, and drive in some cattle that were grazing between the out-posts and Pennyburn-mill. All the officers were bound to secrecy until the business should be accomplished. The court martial ordered that all the black cattle in the garrison should be killed for the use of the soldiers. In the evening two ships came up to Culmore. "This day," says Captain Ash, "six shillings were offered for the flesh of a dog, and horses and cats were eaten"; in the course of the night, a sergeant and a private soldier deserted to the enemy, with their arms and clothes. The garrison was reduced to the number of four thousand, eight hundred and ninety-two, on the twenty-fifth of this month, having lost eighty-one men in three days. At three o'clock this morning, the pass-word agreed upon being ORANGE, two hundred of the garrison sallied from Shipquay-gate, and the same number from Butchers'-gate, while eleven hundred remained within the ravelin for a reserve. Some of the soldiers also sallied at the same time from Bishop's-gate, but the number of them has not been recorded. Those who went out from Shipquay-gate were commanded by Captain Francis Wilson, Lieutenant Moore, and Serjeant Neely; those who issued from Butchers'-gate were led by Captains A. Hamilton, Burly, and Ash. They promptly flanked the ditches which ran through the orchard at both ends, according to the orders they had previously received, upon which, the enemy got into disorder, and fled with confusion. So little did they expect so vigorous an attack from a body of men whom they supposed to have been perishing by hunger, fatigue and disease, that they were completely surprised, not having even one of their matches kindled. Three hundred of their men and officers were killed; and the execution would have been much greater had not the victors been so weakened from hunger, as to be unable to make the pursuit as vigorously as the attack had been. Many of them were so feeble as to fall in the attempt to make a blow. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Fitzgerald and some other Irish officers were killed, and Captain Nugent, Ensign M'Carty, and upwards of sixty of the besiegers were wounded. The party at Bishop's-gate did not come out till the others were in action, but they did good service, under the command of Captains Blair and Dixon, and Lieutenant Boyd.

The enemy, on the hill, seeing their men quit the trench, came hastily

down, and obliged the salliers, weak and wearied as they were, to retire within their trenches at Bishop's-gate. They missed the prey which had attracted them, for on the moment of their appearance, the Irish drove their cattle away; but they brought off a good store of arms and knapsacks, with what was more acceptable than either, had they been made of gold, namely, some bannocks of oaten bread, and pieces of mutton and other meat; they also got several spades, shovels, and pick axes. Some French and English pieces of gold, taken from Captain Nugent, were divided between Captain Wilson, who took him, and one Burrell, who conducted him into the city. An English sergeant got his sword; but his scarlet coat, with its large plate buttons, was returned to him. The Derrymen lost but one officer in this action, Lieutenant Fisher, and two privates.

While this business was going on, the sergeant and two privates who had deserted to the enemy on the preceding night were sent back to the city, their arms and clothes having been taken from them. The enemy now desired a parley from one of their positions near Windmill hill, and two men of the garrison who went out to speak with them, were treacherously murdered. In the course of the evening the besieged tried the cruel experiment of tying a cow to a stake and setting fire to her, in hopes of her drawing some of those belonging to the enemy near enough to her to be taken: but she frustrated the effort by breaking loose from the stake to which she had been tied, and would have ran into the Irish lines had she not been shot. A sad accident happened in one of the guard houses in the city this day, by the blowing up of half a barrel of gunpowder, into which a spark of fire had fallen from a tobacco-pipe. It wounded and greatly disfigured two of the Irish prisoners and two of the men who were guarding them.

On the twenty-sixth, the Rev. Andrew Hamilton and Mr. John Rider, the messenger between the Enniskilleners and General Kirk, arrived at Ballyshannon with the officers they had gone for, where they were received with great joy. These vessels which carried the arms and ammunition did not arrive at that place for two or three days afterwards. An oath was this day imposed upon the occupiers of houses and lodgings in Londonderry, for the purpose of obliging them to give a true account of the provisions in their possession. A competency for one weak was allowed to them, according to their families, and the rest was taken to the public stores. Ensign McCarty and two other prisoners, who had been much hurt on the preceding day by the blowing up of gunpowder, were released this evening.

The garrison was reduced, on the twenty-seventh of this month, to four thousand four hundred and fifty-six men. The following market prices, from Walker's Diary, testify the extent of their sufferings from famine, and the degree of heroism which animated them in their refusals to surrender:—

Horse flesh, each pound, one shilling and eight pence.

A quarter of a dog, fattened by eating dead bodies, five shillings and six pence.

A dog's head, two shillings and six pence.
 A cat, four shillings and six pence.
 A rat, (*fattened by eating human flesh,*) one shilling.
 A mouse, sixpence.
 A pound of grease, one shilling.
 A pound of tallow, four shillings.
 A pound of salted hides, one shilling.
 A quart of horse blood, one shilling.
 A horse pudding, sixpence.
 A handful of sea wreck, two pence.
 The same quantity of chickenweed, one penny.
 A quart of meal when found, one shilling.

A small fluke taken in the river could not be purchased for money, and was to be got only in exchange for meal.

Here it may be observed, that the intermission of the taking of salmon and other fish for this and the two succeeding summers, made the fisheries of Ulster much more valuable for many years afterwards than they otherwise would have been. One of the chief causes of the decay of the salmon fishery is the diminished and severe fishery of the rivers, by which means a sufficient number of mother-fish, as the breeders are called, cannot get up to the spawning places, and so there is not an adequate stock for the succeeding years. The fisheries being usually farmed, those who hold them are interested in over-fishing them.

So great a necessity now pressed the defenders of Londonderry, that Walker says they had no prospect of subsistence otherwise than by eating the bodies of the dead; and he mentions a fat gentleman of his acquaintance who hid himself for several days, because he imagined that some of the soldiers who were perishing by hunger looked at him with a greedy eye. In the height of this distress, the spirit and courage of the sufferers was so great, that they were frequently heard to contend with some warmth in debates, whether they would take the debentures they expected from King William, in Ireland or in France; when, as their Reverend Governor observes, in his Diary of the Siege, they could not promise themselves twelve hours' life. To support their spirits among so many discouragements, he preached a sermon to them at this time in the Cathedral Church; finding his own heart glow with confidence that God would not give them over to be a prey to their cruel and dastardly enemies, after so long and miraculous a preservation, he reminded them of several instances of the providential support they had experienced from the commencement of the siege. He dwelt upon the importance of their perseverance in the cause of the Protestant religion at that time, and with irresistible eloquence, assured them that they would soon be delivered from all their difficulties. Mackenzie says, however, that he preached a discouraging sermon at this time; but he is unsupported by any other authority in this improbable assertion, and the author of the Poem found at Armagh, who appears to have been disposed to do ample justice to all those whose ministerial labours were conspicuous at this time, has the following passage on the subject:—

"In Saint Columba's Church, now every day,
 The Church and Kirk did jointly preach and pray;
 There Doctor Walker, to their great content,
 Did preach against a Popish government.
 Master Mackenzie preach'd on the same theme,
 Teaching the love and fear of God's great name.
 Rowat, of Lifford, did confirm us still,
 He preach'd submission to God's holy will.
 When our deliverance pass'd all human belief,
 He prophesied, with truth, a quick relief.
 The same was taught us by the Reverend Crooks;
 And Hamilton, too, shew'd it from his books,
 The ruling Elder, Mills, declar'd the same,
 Foretelling aid six weeks before it came.
 While we against the Irish army fought,
 From morn till night these worthy Preachers taught:
 And He from whom all victories proceed,
 Bless'd their great labours in the time of need."

On the twenty-eight of July, a spy from the city informed the Irish army that the garrison had killed all their cows, horses, and dogs, and that their only hope was in the relief they expected from the fleet. It is stated in the life of James II., that on this day the sergeants and private soldiers of the city sent out a paper to General Buchan, offering to surrender the town to General Hamilton next day, if they could obtain some favourable conditions for themselves; this, however, was probably one of those false rumors which were spread abroad with great industry at this time.

This morning, Captain Charleton lost all the credit of his long suffering during the siege, by quitting the city and deserting to the enemy on the very last day that he could have the slightest temptation to do so.

While affairs were in this critical state at Londonderry, the Enniskilleners got notice of the arrival of the Irish General M'Carty, in Belturbet, with a considerable army, designed to besiege their town. On the twenty-eighth, the officers sent by General Kirk arrived to them by water from Belleek, where they had taken a boat on their way from Ballyshannon. They were received on the side of the town which they approached, by a guard of honour, the whole garrison firing three volleys to welcome them. All the inhabitants and sojourners in the town came in great crowds to the place where these officers landed, so that they could scarcely make their way to the castle; and nothing was heard but loud acclamations, welcoming them, and praising God that their English friends had not forgotten them. During this night an account came that M'Carty and his army had advanced from Belturbet to Crom, where they were raising a battery to play upon the castle. The Governor was at the time ill of a fever, and Colonel Wolseley, the new Commander-in-chief, received the express. On the next day, being the twenty-ninth, another express arrived from Crom, informing the Enniskilleners that M'Carty had begun to batter the castle at that place, and had made his approaches very near to it. The besieged killed a great number of the Irish army with their muskets, but being unfurnished with cannon, and fearing the result of a regular siege, they sent this express imploring relief. On the same day Colonel Wolseley sent them a favourable answer,

and for the purpose of their relief, recalled the troops from Ballyshannon, except a competent number to defend that town, in case Sarsfield, who had advanced with his army to Bundroose, within four miles of it, should attempt to take it.

Intelligence had been brought to Enniskillen on the twenty-ninth, that Lieutenant-General M'Carty intended to detach a portion of his army next day towards Lisnaskea, and to place a garrison in the castle there. In consequence of this, Lieutenant-Colonel Berry was sent next morning with seven or eight troops of horse, three companies of foot, and two troops of dragoons, to anticipate them, by taking possession of the castle of Lisnaskea. They had orders to place a garrison in it if it appeared tenable, if not, to burn it to the ground.

In the meantime, the sufferings of the defenders of Londonderry approached towards their termination, by the relief of that city on the twenty-eighth day of July. Immediately after Divine service, the ships in the Lough were seen to approach the distressed city, now in the last extremity to which famine and disease could reduce them. The impression made by their appearance on the besieging army is thus described in the historical Drama so often quoted in this work.

After a change of scene to the Irish camp, the Generals enter, and Hamilton thus addresses them :—

"Viewing our out guards near Ennishowen, and casting my eyes towards the harbour, I saw four ships under sail, and waiting for about an hour, distinguished their English colours, and saw them come to anchor at Quigley's Point. They are, no doubt, provision ships for the relief of the rebels."

General Sheldon—"They cannot well pass the fort of Culmore and our batteries ; and the worst of all will be the boom that lies across the river, and the batteries at both ends of the boom."

Hamilton—"It is impossible they can escape us. Nothing that is made of wood can pass there. Down they sink to the bottom."

Rosen—"Give orders that if these ships offer to weigh anchor, or hoist sail, the army be immediately alarmed, and drawn into their breast-works on each side of the river."

Wauchope—"We shall sink them if there were an hundred of them. The batteries on both sides of the river will dash them to the bottom in a moment."

Enter an officer.

Officer—"The ships have weighed anchor, and make all the sail they can. The wind and tide favour them."

Rosen—"Play the bombs, discharge the cannon, let every engine be at work. Now rebels prepare for the halter," &c., &c.

The defenders of the city, in the meantime, discharged eight pieces of cannon from the steeple of the cathedral, and slowly waved their crimson flag to signify the extremity of their distress. With a fair wind and a favourable tide to facilitate the approach of the relief before their eyes, NOW OR NEVER was the simultaneous cry of the feeble and emaciated

multitude on the walls. The ships approaching were the *Mountjoy*, of Londonderry, Captain Micah Browning, commander, and the *Phoenix*, of Coleraine, Captain Andrew Douglass, master. They were both laden with provisions, and were convoyed by the *Dartmouth* Frigate, commanded by Captain Leake. The enemy fired incessantly upon the ships from the fort of Culmore, and from both sides of the river as they sailed up, and the returns were made with the greatest bravery and effect. They passed the fort without sustaining any material injury, and the expectations of the besieged rose into transports of joy, which was almost instantaneously succeeded by despair, when the *Mountjoy*, repelled by the boom, was run aground, and the enemy, who had crowded in multitudes to the water side, raised a loud huzza. as they launched their boats to board her. The terror which prevailed the city at this moment is not to be described. The multitudes on the wall stood petrified in the silent agony of grief, too great for utterance : a faint and shrill cry, from a few women and children, alone broke the dreadful silence, as it added to the horrors of the scene. The pallid indication of fear suddenly disappearing, was succeeded by a darkness of colour like that which marks the countenance of men seen by the light of sulphureous flames. "All faces gathered blackness," and the general despondency was at its greatest height, when the *Mountjoy*, firing a broad-side at the enemy, rebounded from the shore, and the reaction of the vessel, aided by a sudden swell of the rising tide, floated her again into the deep water in the channel. Captain Douglass, of the *Phoenix*, was at this time warmly engaged as he passed up, on the breaking of the boom by the gallant Browning, who, while his vessel lay aground, was killed by a musket ball from the enemy, which struck him upon the head as he stood upon the deck with his sword drawn, encouraging his men to the contest. King William afterwards settled a pension upon the widow of this gallant man, and, in presence of the Court, placed a gold chain about her neck. A portrait of this lady in full dress, ornamented by the royal present, is in the possession of her descendant, George Hamilton, Esq., of Hollymount, near Londonderry. Four of Browning's gallant crew shared his fate just as the vessel got afloat ; and then the *Dartmouth* opening a heavy and well directed fire upon the enemy's batteries, diverted them so from both vessels, that amidst a desponding yell from the crowds on each side of the river, they sailed up slowly indeed, by reason of a failure in the wind after they had passed Culmore, but steadily and majestically, to the utter confusion of their baffled enemies. It was ten o'clock in the night, when they anchored at the Shipquay, upon which a general shout of acclamation was raised by the soldiers on the walls, and reiterated several times, while two guns were fired from the steeple, to give notice to the fleet of the safe arrival of the relief. Sir John Dalrymple, with his usual elegance of style, but want of accuracy, says that this supply of provisions was received in Londonderry with silent gratitude, as if it had been a gift from heaven ; not with the noisy rejoicings usual upon such occasions. Captain Ash, however, who was an eye witness, tells us the reverse ; and the record of the Armagh poem is, that in the overflow of joy, the bells of the cathedral chimed

their melodious notes, while bonfires were kindled thro' the city, and cannon thundered from the walls. With respect to the long and devout procession to the church, with which Dalrymple rounds his period, no mention of it is made either by Walker or Mackenzie, neither of whom would be unlikely to notice a circumstance so creditable to the religious feelings of their interesting congregations; and the fact is, that, at the hour of the night, while the town's-men were eagerly unloading the vessels, after forming a barricade by casks filled with earth against the heavy fire of the enemy, it would have been almost impossible to have accomplished so desirable an object as the collection of the garrison to a general thanksgiving.

The *Phoenix* contained from six to eight hundred bolls of meal, with which she had been laden in Scotland; and the *Mountjoy*, carrying one hundred and thirty-five tons burthen, brought from England her cargo of beef, pease, flour, biscuit, &c., all of the best kind. "This relief," says Walker, "arrived here to the inexpressible joy and transport of our distressed garrison, for we only reckoned upon two days life. We had only nine lean horses left, and one pint of meal to each man. Hunger and the fatigue of war had so prevailed among us, that of seven thousand, five hundred men regimented at the commencement of the siege, we had now alive but about four thousand, three hundred, of whom at least one-fourth part were rendered unserviceable."

The besieging army continued a heavy fire on the city from their trenches during a considerable part of this night and next day, when they were seen burning several houses in the neighbourhood. One of these, according to tradition, was Prehen-house; and another, as stated in the Armagh manuscript, was the mansion of Sir Matthew Bridge, at Brookhall. The castle of Raphoe was burned down at this time, and was not rebuilt for some years afterwards; Bishop Cairncross expended about a thousand pounds in re-edifying it.

In the course of this night the Irish army ran away from the position which they had occupied before Londonderry for one hundred and five days, having lost eight or nine thousand men, and one hundred of their best officers, in their abortive attempt to reduce the city. Most of these fell by the sword, the rest died of fevers and dysentery, and a venereal disease of the most inveterate kind, and which appeared in a very remarkable manner on the bodies of several of their dead officers and soldiers.

Early in the morning of the first of August, the garrison sent out detachments to see what was become of the enemy. They saw them on their march, and following them, took some of their grenadiers prisoners in the act of burning the Protestant houses six or seven miles from the city, near St. Johnstown, on one side of the river, and the old Abbey of Grange on the other. Some, however, were tempted to pursue the retreating enemy too far, so that a rear guard of cavalry turned upon them and killed seven of them. Those who fled on the Tyrone side burned the church of Leckpatrick; but a protection unexpectedly offered by an Irish officer to the Reverend John Sinclair, rector of that parish, saved his house at Holy-hill, just as the retreating rapparees were putting

fire to the roof of it. The messenger swam across the river with the protection, for which service he obtained a considerable reward. The adjoining village of Ballymagorry was consumed to ashes.

On the Donegal side, scarcely a Protestant house from Derry to Lifford escaped being burned, except that of Keys, of Cavanacor, to whom James had granted a protection on his return to Dublin. The want of cavalry in Derry, and the exhausted state of almost all the garrison, alone saved the Irish army from a prompt and destructive pursuit. On their arrival at Lifford and Strabane, they heard such accounts of the success of the Enniskillenners in Fermanagh, that they gave up their intention of forming encampments at these towns; broke four of their great guns in pieces, threw twelve cart loads of arms into the river; and, in their haste to get towards Charlemont, out of the reach of a triumphant enemy, marched off precipitately, leaving many of their sick and wounded men behind them.

On the termination of the siege, the Governors, Officers, Clergy, and other gentlemen in the city and garrison of Londonderry, sent the following Address to King William and Queen Mary, by the renowned Walker, who was received at Court with all the honour due to his eminent service:—

“We, the most dutiful and loyal subscribers of this Address, out of a deep sense of our late miserable state and condition, do hereby return our due acknowledgment to ALMIGHTY GOD, and to your sacred Majesty, and under you, to the indefatigable care of Major-General Kirk, for our unexpected relief by sea, in spite of all opposition of our industrious, but bloody and implacable enemies; which relief was not less wonderfully, than seasonably conveyed to us, and that, in the very nick of time, when we, who survived many thousands who died here of famine during the siege, were just ready to be cut off, and perish by the hand of barbarous, cruel, and inhuman wretches, who no sooner saw us delivered, and that they could not compass their wicked designs against this your Majesty's city, and our lives, for which they thirsted, than they immediately set the country around us on fire, after having plundered, robbed, and stripped all Protestants therein, as well those persons they themselves granted protection to, as others. We do therefore most sincerely rejoice with all our souls, and bless GOD for all his singular and repeated mercies and deliverances; and do for ever adore the Divine Providence for your Majesties rightful and peaceable accessions to the imperial crown of these Kingdoms, the proclaiming of which was justly celebrated in these parts with universal joy; and we do, with all humble submission, present to your sacred Majesties our unfeigned loyalty, the most valuable tribute we can give, or your Majesties receive from us. And since the same Providence has, through much difficulty, made us so happy as to be your subjects, we come in the like humility to lay ourselves at your Royal feet; and do most heartily and resolutely offer and engage our lives and fortunes in your service. And further, we do most unanimously join in a firm and unchangeable vow and resolution, of improving all occasions of becoming serviceable to your Majesties in what

station soever it shall please GOD and your Majesty to place us, and will expose ourselves to all hazards and extremities to serve your Majesty against the common enemy. From all which promises, vows and services, we, and everyone of us promise, without any exception or reserve, not to recede until our lives end.

"In testimony of all which, we have hereunto subscribed our names, at Londonderry, this twenty-ninth day of July, *Anno Domini*, 1689."

George Walker.
John Mitchelburn.
Richard Crofton.
Thomas Lance.
Hugh Hamill.
Charles Kinnaston.
William Campbell.
Gervais Squire.
William Grove.
John M'Clelland.
James Graham.
William Thompson.
James Young.
Richard Cormack.
Oliver Upton.
Alexander Knox.
Patrick Moore.
John Humes.
Robert Denniston.
Marm. Stewart.
James Fleming.
Andrew Grigson.
Christ. Jenny.
Thomas Smith.
Barth. Black.
John Campbell.
Robert Morgan.
Michael Clenaghan.
Richard Fane.
Stephen Godfrey.
Warren Godfrey.
John Cunningham.
Henry Lane.
George Walker.
—— Hamilton.
Andrew Bailly.
Edward Davys.
John Hamilton.
Thomas Ash.
Robert Boyd.
Ralph Fullerton.

Michael Cunningham.
Joseph Johnston.
Robert Bailly.
Daniel M'Custion.
John Bailly.
Robert Lindsay.
Francis Boyd.
William Hamilton.
Robert Rogers.
James Galtworth.
Richard Islen.
Arthur Hamilton.
Michael Rullack.
James Stiles.
James Cunningham.
Archibald M'Culloch.
Francis Obre.
Alexander Sanderson.
Archibald Sanderson.
Arthur Noble.
Philip Dunbar.
George White.
Thomas White.
James Gladstones.
John Maghlin.
Adam Murray.
Henry Murray.
Henry Campsie.
John Dobbin.
Alexander Stewart.
Thomas Guthredge.
Thomas Johnston.
Thomas Newcomen.
John Halshton.
Joseph Gordon.
James Hairs.
Andrew Hamilton.
James Carr.
William Montgomery.
James Moore.
Nicholas White.

John Fuller.
 Thomas Keys.
 Frederick Keys.
 Thomas Baker.
 John Hering.
 James Huston.
 Adam Downing.
 Abraham Hillhouse.
 John Mulholland.
 Robert Bennett.
 William Dobbin.
 George Garnett.
 James Barrington.
 Henry Pearse.
 Adam Alcock.
 Robert Wallace.
 George Church.
 Richard Fleming.
 Henry Cust.
 John Crofton.
 Benjamin Wilkins.
 Thomas Lane.
 James Blair.
 Dudley Philips.
 John Buchanan.
 Edward Curling.
 William Church.
 Dalway Clements.
 Albert Hall.
 Matthew Cocken.
 Thomas Burnett.
 William Stewart.

Francis Wilson.
 Matthew M'Clelland.
 George Crofton.
 William Babington.
 Robert King.
 John Logan.
 Alexander Rankin.
 Edmond Rice.
 Robert Walker.
 James M'Cormick.
 John Cochran.
 James M'Cartney.
 Alexander Ratcliffe.
 Thomas Adair.
 John Hamilton.
 Henry Eberett.
 Daniel Fisher.
 John Cross.
 William Cross.
 James Tracy.
 Bernard Mulholland.
 David Mulholland.
 Thomas Conlay.
 Robert Skinner.
 Richard Robinson.
 Robert Maghlin.
 Matthew Clark.
 John Clements.
 William Manson.
 Theophilus Manson.
 James Manson.

The Enniskilleners, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Berry, marched on the last day of July from Lisnaskea, towards the enemy, who lay about six miles from them. They had not proceeded more than two miles, when the scouts discovered, at Donough, a considerable body of horse and foot coming towards them, upon which they fell back to the main body, and all retreated towards the post they had moved from that morning, the enemy still advancing towards them. As they were double the number of the troops under Berry's command, he very judiciously continued his retreat till he got to more advantageous ground, having taken care to send off an express to Colonel Wolsely at Enniskillen, acquainting him of the situation of his army, and desiring prompt assistance.

Of two roads leading to Enniskillen from Lisnaskea, Berry took that which had a short time before been made through bogs and low grounds, nearer to Lough Erne than the old way, as being more secure and having several passes on it much easier to defend than the other. On this road

he retreated in good order, the enemy still following him at some distance, till he came to a narrow causeway across a bog, about a mile from Lisnaskea. Two horsemen could scarcely pass abreast at this part of the road, which was about a musket-shot in length, and here Berry resolved to halt and repel the enemy till the arrival of the expected aid from Enniskillen. He placed his infantry and dragoons in a thicket of underwood at the end of the causeway, drawing a body of horse a little further off as a reserve, with which he proposed to support the other, and he gave the word "OXFORD."

In a very short time Colonel Anthony Hamilton, second in command under M'Carty, came in view with a considerable body of men. Alighting from his horse, he ordered the dragoons with him to do the same, and very bravely advanced near the end of the causeway, his men firing briskly at the Enniskillenners. It pleased God, however, on this, as well as on many other occasions during this campaign, that after many volleys of shot from the Irish, not one of them took effect upon the Protestants, who, being better marksmen, killed twelve or fourteen of them on the causeway, and wounded Colonel Hamilton in the leg. On receiving the wound, he retreated a little, and mounting his horse, ordered another officer to lead on the men. Their second commander, with some of the private soldiers, fell dead in a few minutes from the shots of the ambuscade in the thicket, upon which the rest began to retreat, while their opponents, raising a shout and crying out that the rogues were running, took the bog on each side of the narrow road over which the horses passed back with rapidity, and quickly turned the retreat into a disorderly flight. The Enniskillen horse soon overtook the foot soldiers and dismounted dragoons, among whom they made a great slaughter, chasing them through Lisnaskea and nearly a mile beyond it. The loss on the Irish side would have been much greater had not Colonel Berry found it prudent to retreat in consequence of information that General M'Carty, with the main body of the Irish army, was advancing towards him. He therefore sounded a retreat, and brought back his men to the thicket at the end of the causeway where the engagement began, having killed about two hundred of the enemy, and made thirty prisoners, which he sent to Enniskillen, with several horse loads of arms, which he had also taken; all this was done before nine o'clock in the morning. At eleven, an express arrived to Berry that Colonel Wolseley, who had taken the old road, had come up to his relief, and ordered him to advance and form a junction with him at the moat above Lisnaskea. This was done immediately, and after some necessary consultation, the whole united body, consisting of sixteen troops of horse, three troops of dragoons, and twenty-one companies of foot, with some irregular troops, in all about two thousand men, advanced against the enemy, having given the word "NO POPERY." This gallant band had little or no provisions with them, but the victory obtained by Berry with a small body of them in the morning encouraged them so much, that they unanimously resolved to fight their way to the enemy's provision carts, rather than return to Enniskillen for their dinner.

Colonel Wolseley sent on the forlorn hope about half a mile before his

army. Colonel Tiffan led the first battalion of foot, consisting of about five or six companies, supported by a few troop of horse. Colonel Lloyd commanded the second battalion of infantry, consisting of nearly the same number, seconded in a similar manner by cavalry. The main body of foot was led on by Colonel Wolseley himself, followed by the rest of the horse, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Berry and Major Stone.

In this order they marched from Lisnaskea to Donough, through which they passed, and within half a mile of it got in view of the enemy's forlorn. About the same distance from Newtonbutler they discovered the Irish army posted very advantageously on a steep hill, commanding a long and narrow causeway through a bog, by which way only it could be approached from that side. The Enniskillen army, however, advanced against them with steadiness and vigour. Colonel Tiffan, with his battalion of foot, entered the bog on the right hand of the causeway, while Colonel Lloyd, with the body under his command, pushed on in the same direction on the other side. Colonel Wynn's dragoons, divided into two equal parts, supported Tiffan and Lloyd on foot. Lieutenant Colonel Berry advanced at the same time on the causeway with his horse, Colonel Wolseley bringing up the main body in the rear, to send reinforcements to those who went before, as occasion should require. In the meantime, the enemy very judiciously exhibited a proof that they thought their position untenable, by setting the town of Newtonbutler and the houses in its neighbourhood on fire. After a weak opposition the Enniskillenners gained the pass, and pursued them through Newtonbutler and near a mile beyond it. The retreating army fell back in good order, and again took a position similar to the last one they had occupied, securing the narrow causeway leading to it by a piece of cannon. The pursuing army making the same disposition as before, found the passage of their horse impeded by the fire of the cannon, till the foot advancing by degrees through the bog on each side, killed the cannon-eers, and rushed on towards the enemy on the hill, upon which the Irish horse took fright and fled towards Wattle-bridge, deserting their foot. The foremost in this disgraceful flight was Lord Clare's regiment of horse, called the Yellow Dragoons, from the colour of their facings. The tale of their dishonour is yet told in the barony of Moyarta, near the mouth of the Shannon, where they had been raised. It is told in the way of a dialogue, in which a person supposed to have witnessed the scene says, "Stop, stop Yellow Dragoons!" to which one of them replies, "Not till I get to the bridge of Clare!" another, "No, no, till we come to the ford of Moyarta!" Captain Martin Armstrong, with a troop of cavalry, did great execution on these fugitives. The Irish infantry, now abandoned by their horse, and closely pressed by the Enniskillenners, fled into a large bog towards Lough-erne on the right hand, throwing away their arms into the turf pits as they went. An open country lay upon their right through which they might easily have escaped, but with their usual want of presence of mind it did not occur to them to prefer it. They were followed by the Protestant foot through the bog into a wood near the Lough, where no

quarter being given to any but officers, five hundred of them took the water, and of these only one man escaped drowning; he got away safely by good swimming, though many shots were fired after him. During the whole of this night the pursuers were beating about the bushes for the Irish, and their officers were unable to recal them from the pursuit till next morning, by which time scarcely a man who had fled from them into the bog escaped death. There was a very remarkable stroke given by Captain William Smith in this battle; with one blow of his sword he cut off the upper part of a man's skull, just under the hat. As much of the skull as was within the hat, with all the brains it contained, was struck away from the under part of it, and not so much as a fibre of the skin remained to keep them together. General M'Carty, whom James had a short time before created Lord Mount-Cashel, remained with five or six officers, in a wood near the place of action, from which he rode out suddenly, and fired a pistol on those who were guarding the artillery. A shot from one of them immediately killed his horse under him, and a musket was clubbed to knock out his brains, when he received quarter from Captain Cooper. Being asked why he hazarded his life so rashly, when he might have gone off with his cavalry? he replied, that as he saw the kingdom was likely to be lost, with his own army; which, with the exception of that before Derry, then much broken, was the best in King James's service, he came upon the artillery guard with a design to lose his life, and was sorry he had missed his aim, being unwilling to outlive that day.

This was probably the greatest victory which had ever been obtained over the Irish. They amounted to six thousand men, and were thus routed by one-third of that number. In the morning and afternoon of the day, two thousand of them were killed, five hundred, as already mentioned, were drowned in Lough Erne, and their General, with a great many other officers, and four hundred prisoners, were sent to Enniskillen. The Irish confessed that three thousand of their men were wanting, when those who remained arrived in Dublin, but they would not own that so many had been killed as reported; in shame for having been defeated by an army so inferior in number, they alleged that the chief loss was by desertion on their retreat. They lost seven pieces of artillery, fourteen barrels of gunpowder, a great quantity of musket balls, all their drums, and every stand of colours which they possessed. The loss on the side of the Enniskilleners was only two officers, Captain Robert Corry, and Ensign William Bell, with about twenty private men, who were killed. The victors now have marched to Dublin, as the Irish apprehended, to their great terror and consternation, and in all probability have carried all before them, had they not discovered, by a letter found in General M'Carty's pocket, when he was taken, informing him that the Duke of Berwick, with an army from Derry, was to be at Enniskillen on a certain day, when Colonel Sarsfield, the writer of the letter, would invest it on the Connaught side with his army, then at Bundroose. The victorious army therefore returned with their prisoners and plunder to Enniskillen.

On the second of August, they went to meet Sarsfield on his way

from Bundroose, but before they had got half way, an express arrived to them from Captain Folliot, informing them that the Irish army at Bundroose had retreated to Sligo, and that the arms and ammunition intended for them by General Kirk had been landed at Ballyshannon. Three troops of horse, and as many companies of foot, were sent to besiege it, and the rest returned to Enniskillen, resolved to go in quest of the Duke of Berwick's army, in Donegal ; but on the fourth of the month they heard of the relief of Londonderry, and so contented themselves with sending Lieutenant William Charleton with a troop of detached horse, to hang upon the retreating enemy's rear, and watch their movements. He returned to Enniskillen in three days and reported that he had seen the rear of them pass by Castle Caulfield, within three miles of Dungannon, on their march to Charlemont. On the seventh, a solemn day of thanksgiving was observed in Enniskillen for the great victory which GOD had given them over their enemies, and for the peace which they enjoyed by it, after the doubts and terrors of a bloody campaign ; and after Divine Service, the following Address from the Governor, Officers, Clergy, and other inhabitants of the town, was drawn up and sent to King William and Queen Mary. The bearer of it was the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, Rector of Kelskerry, in the Diocese of Clogher, who, like his admirable cotemporary, George Walker, was the recorder of the actions of his fellow-soldiers, as well as their counsellor in the hour of doubt and suffering :—

" We, your Majesties most faithful and loyal subjects, do, in the first place, offer up unto ALMIGHTY GOD our most humble thanks for the deliverance vouchsafed us from our merciless and bloody enemies ; and next unto your most sacred Majesties, for your gracious care taken of us, in sending Major-General Kirk to the relief of the poor handful of your Majesty's Protestant subjects left in this place and Derry, whose miraculous holding out, under GOD, has been the preservation of the Protestant interest in this kingdom ; and for those worthy officers sent to this place by him, among which the Honourable Colonel William Wolseley, our Commander-in-chief, under whose great and happy conduct GOD has been pleased to bless us with the most signal and remarkable victory obtained over our enemy, in this or the former age. And as we were early in the demonstration of our loyalty, in proclaiming your most sacred Majesties on the eleventh of March last, so we shall persevere in the same dutiful allegiance to our lives end, ever imploring the Divine Majesty to continue your prosperous reign long over us ; most humbly begging your most sacred Majesties favourably to accept this Address of our most humble and sincere obedience, which we shall ever be ready to make good both with our hearts and hands."

Thomas Lloyd.
Thomas Hart.
Edward Dixy.
Daniel Hodson.
William Smith.

Morgan Hart.
Alexander Acheson.
Isaac Collyer.
George Dury,
Thomas White.

William Wiseheart.
 Robert Moore.
 Francis Folliot.
 John Dean.
 Francis Graham.
 William Irvine.
 James Graham.
 Thomas Roscrow.
 Matthew Webster.
 William Slack.
 Alan Cathcart.
 Andrew Hamilton.
 James Johnston.
 James Golden.
 Arnold Cosbye.
 Jo. Price.
 Robert Johnston.
 Francis Aldrich.
 William Parsons.
 Ambrose Bedell.
 H. Hughes.
 Jason Hazard.
 Thomas Hughes.
 Ichabod Skelson.
 Henry Howel.
 Robert Stevenson.
 William Birney.
 James King.
 Jo. Rider.
 Christopher Carleton.
 James Devitt.
 Charles MacFayden.
 Laurence Crow.
 Edward Ellis.
 William Blashford.
 Robert Clark.
 William Browning.
 James Johnston.
 James Browning.
 Roger Wilton.
 Edward Wood.
 F. King.
 Robert Drury.
 John Browning.
 Andrew Montgomery.
 Daniel French.
 Henry Smith.
 Richard Newstead.
 Robert Sterling.

Henry Johnston.
 Robert Wear.
 Malcolm Cathcart.
 Robert Robinson.
 James Matthews.
 Martin Armstrong.
 Claud Bealy.
 Nivian Scott.
 Thomas Armstrong.
 Jo. Frisell —
 Daniel Armstrong.
 Matthew Young.
 Marcus Buchanan.
 George Watson.
 Ro. MacConnell.
 James Robinson,
 Jo. Roberts.
 Robert Ward.
 Bar. Gibson.
 Joseph Crozier.
 Hugh Blair.
 Joseph King.
 Thomas Young.
 John Fulton.
 George Hart.
 James Matthews.
 Thomas Johnston.
 William Johnston.
 Thomas Osborne.
 Thomas Scott.
 John Lawder.
 William Kittle.
 James Lucy.
 Francis Ellis.
 Hercules, Ellis.
 John Corry.
 Joseph Neper.
 James Corry.
 John Sheriffe.
 George Corry.
 Samuel Forth.
 James Cathcart.
 Edward Cosbye.
 William MacCormick.
 William Campbell.
 Charles King.
 Hugh Montgomery.
 George Cooper.
 Hugh Cathcart.

Hugh Corry.
 Edward Davenport.
 Aubry Ellis.
 Joseph Woodward.
 William Gore.
 William Charleton.
 George Russel,
 Aylet Sammes.
 James Campbell.
 George Cashel.
 Povey Hooks.
 John Armstrong.
 Toby Molloy.
 Robert Vaughan.
 James Mitchell.
 Matthew Lindsay.
 Thomas Davenport.
 Allan Fulton.
 Paul Dean, *Provost*.

James Ewart.
 Joseph Ballard.
 Thomas Shore.
 Richard Taylor.
 Edward Gubbin.
 Thomas Leturvel.
 George Hammersly.
 William, Frith.
 Joseph Hall.
 Robert Johnston.
 Cornelius Donnellan.
 Theo. Bury.
 Hugh Galbraith.
 William Ross.
 John Galbraith.
 Matthew Young.
 James Delap.
 William Ball.
 Joseph Smith.

GUSTAVOS HAMILTON, Governor.

The seventeenth signature to this address was that of Cornet James Graham of Mullinahinch, in the County of Fermanagh, great grandfather of the author of this work. On the fourth of August, Captains White, Dobbin and Hamilton, with the Rev. Thomas Jenny, of Mullaghbrack, and the Rev. John Knox, of Glaslough, were sent by the Governor to congratulate Major-General Kirk on his arrival in the city, and to thank him for having sent relief to it. Colonel Crofton had waited on him at Inch, desiring permission to lead out two or three hundred men to preserve the Protestant houses in the neighbourhood from destruction, and to secure a great quantity of cattle, which were likely to be lost to their rightful owners. This proposal was unfortunately rejected, and the consequence was, that in a few days afterwards, some small parties of the Irish that remained after the retreating army, burned Newton-Limavady and several gentlemen's houses in the county of Londonderry.

On the arrival of the Major-General, Governor Walker presented him with the keys of the city, and wishing to return to his sacred profession, as soon as the dangers which had called him from it had passed over, offered a surrender of his military command: Kirk declined to accept of either, but allowed Walker to dispose of his regiment as he pleased, and it was given by him to Captain White, as a token of respect for that gentleman's known merit.

Walker then departed with the address to King William, of which the unmerited compliment to the unfeeling Major-General formed the only objectionable part. Kirk then issued several proclamations; one of these required that all persons not in arms should repair to their respective habitations; a command reasonable enough had troops been allowed to protect the country from rapparees, and if they had been

permitted to take their substance with them. A particular order, however, was necessary for the removal of their goods, by which means, many who were compelled to remove from the city, were obliged to leave their beds and other necessary clothes behind them, so that they returned to their plundered habitations but ill provided for the coming winter ; and a considerable number of them, whose cattle had escaped from the hands of the enemy, were now robbed of their stock, great droves of which were brought to the city. Mackenzie accuses Colonel Mitchelburn, to whom Kirk gave the government of the city, of selling those cattle at a high rate to butchers and other purchasers ; but this gallant officer, whose fair fame, like that of Walker, was assailed with great virulence at this time, was honourably acquitted of this and many other unfounded charges.

The men and officers were now drawn out to the field by regiments, and they went out the more cheerfully, because it had been reported that Kirk would have distributed two thousand pounds amongst them ; in this, however, they were disappointed, and many of the officers doomed to be discarded to make room for the General's favourites. The regiments of Mitchelburn and Crofton were united, and the latter officer reduced. The regiment of Hamill, of Lifford, was joined with Walker's, under the command of Captain White, to the severe injury of one of the most distinguished defenders of the city. Hamill went to London to remonstrate against this unjust act, and to solicit compensation for his losses, and remuneration for his acknowledged services. The tradition, in Lifford, records his disappointment ; his only reward, according to it, being a civil reception and the present of a gold-laced hat. But crowned heads cannot always afford to be generous, and too many just claimants inevitably cause a bankruptcy of gratitude. Walker, as already noticed, fared better, and the widow of Captain Browning was honoured with a gold chain and a pension.

The regiment of Monro was incorporated with that of Lance's and its commander reduced. An effort was made to add Murray's heroic cavalry to another regiment, but almost to a man they indignantly refused to submit to this arrangement, and went away to their different habitations, with their carbines and pistols. Kirk seized their saddles, and to consummate his villany, robbed Murray of his favourite horse, which had carried him victoriously through all his encounters with the enemy, and which he had preserved through every vicissitude of the siege. There is no record of this injured hero's receiving any satisfaction for this gross injury, much less a suitable reward for his distinguished services. The largest of the estates forfeited at this time would have been small enough to offer him ; and if he had a competitor in the number and importance of his services, it was Major Arthur Noble, of Lisnaskea, in the county of Fermanagh, who also went unrewarded in any other way than by an approving conscience and the enjoyment of liberty. Captain St. John was made colonel of the regiment which had belonged to Governor Baker, and to which Kirk wished to join Murray's. This being done, the General named new Captains to most of the companies, for the purpose of making provision for many dependents who had followed him from England ; these officers had the nomination of their own subalterns, so

that almost all the officers who had served during the siege, including many who had raised their companies, were, by this cruel proceeding, put out of the profession in which their services highly distinguished them. Of those who were allowed to retain their companies, which they had raised and armed at their own expense, many were compelled to give up fifteen of their men, to fill up the regiments whose new officers had not the means of recruiting them, and they were obliged to make up the deficiency on penalty of dismissal from the King's service. This was deeply resented in the garrison, and cast a shade over the general joy at their late happy deliverance from slavery. One of the Captains took the liberty of uttering a complaint, and instead of obtaining a redress, was threatened with a gallows, which Kirk had just ordered to be erected outside of the ravelin. Orders were also given to the sentries at the gates that no person should be allowed to pass out of them with any arms, and some who were passing out when the order came, were disarmed in consequence of it. This unexpected treatment seemed very harsh to the defenders of Londonderry, who could not conceive on what grounds they could be deprived of those arms which they had so lately used in a vigorous and successful defence of the civil and religious liberties of their country. The weak and sickly soldiers had no allowance from the public stores, which were shut up by Kirk's order immediately after his arrival from Inch, and his cruel policy in this respect obliged them to leave the city and beg their bread as well as their weakness would permit them to do so in an exhausted country, during one of the wettest seasons which had occurred for many years : the consequence of which was, that a great proportion of these deserving men perished by hunger and disease.

The new-modelled regiments which remained in the city were so straitened in their means of subsistence, that it was with difficulty they could maintain themselves. The following account of their means of subsistence may be deemed a curious statistical document : Colonels, daily pay, five shillings ; Lieutenant-Colonels, three shillings ; Majors, two and six-pence ; Captain, two shillings ; Lieutenants, twelve-pence ; Ensigns, eight-pence ; sergeants, corporals, drummers and private men, three-pence. The Enniskilleners were put upon the same scanty allowance ; their heavy horsemen were allowed but nine pence, and their dragoons only six-pence a day.

On the seventh of August, the garrison of Enniskillen, after a public thanksgiving for their great victory over General M'Carty, sent the Rev. Andrew Hamilton to Major-General Kirk, to congratulate him on his happy success on the relief of Londonderry. He was received very favourably by that officer, who sent him back on the ninth of the same month, with orders to Colonel Wolseley to send him five hundred horse and two hundred dragoons, with which, and the force which he had newly-modelled and incorporated with his own army, he marched in a few days afterwards to join Duke Schomberg in besieging Carrickfergus.

To pursue the narrative of the actions of the men of Londonderry and Enniskillen any further, at this time, would swell this volume to a size beyond the limits necessarily assigned to it, and it remains only

to transmit to succeeding generations a record of a celebration of the closing and opening of the gates of the maiden city, on the anniversaries of those memorable events, in 1788 and 1822, in proof that the spirit of the men of Derry has continued through the lapse of time as unchanged and unchangeable as the genius of that intolerant Church, which first called it into action, and still keeps it on the alert, notwithstanding all the miserable efforts of shallow politicians to extinguish it, and prostrate our Church and Constitution at the foot of an implacable foe :—

On the fifteenth of October, 1788, John Coningham, Mayor, David Ross and H. Mitchell, Sheriffs, and Stephen Bennet, Esq., issued a notice that the Mayor and Corporation of Londonderry, zealous to revive in the breasts of the Protestant generation, and transmit to posterity such principles as actuated their heroic ancestors, had resolved on a secular commemoration of the return of that memorable day, the seventh of December, 1688, when the gates of their city were closed against a bigotted tyrant—a day so honourably interwoven with that grand era of our Constitution, THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION, which, to our happy experience, has been terminated by extensive and elaborate provisions for the general liberty. On the fourth of November ensuing, being the eve of that memorable day which, under the sanction of the Act of the 17th and 18th of Charles II., commonly called the Act of uniformity of public prayers, a day of public commemoration of the deliverance of KING JAMES I., and the Protestants of England, from the most traitorous and bloody intended massacre by gunpowder, and also for the happy arrival of KING WILLIAM for the deliverance of our Church and Nation, has been appointed, and a form of prayer and thanksgiving for these blessings inserted in the Liturgy. A meeting was held in the Town Hall of Londonderry, when it was unanimously resolved, that the proposal of the Mayor and Corporation should be most cheerfully acceded to, and that a secular commemoration of the SHUTTING OF THE GATES should be held. It was also resolved, that a public monument should be erected, to commemorate that glorious event, and a committee of the Corporation, consisting of Messrs. Bateson, Acheson, Moore and Schoales, should be added to those appointed by the Corporation ; Mr. Bateson to be Treasurer, and Mr. Acheson, Secretary.

On Thursday, the seventh of December, (O.S.) 1788, the dawn was announced by the beating of drums, the ringing of bells, and a discharge of the cannon which had been used during the siege ; and a red flag, the emblem of a virgin city, was displayed on the Cathedral. If a magistrate or military officer had interfered to prevent the hoisting of this flag or the ringing of these bells on this occasion, he would have been sent to a lunatic asylum, and the mob of all denominations would have pelted him with stones on the way. The city was almost immediately in motion, each person seemed eager to bear his part in the rejoicings of the day, and the glow of honest enthusiasm was apparent in every countenance.

At half past ten o'clock the Procession was formed upon the Shipquay, and moved off in the following order :—

The Corporation and City Regalia.

The Clergy.

Officers of the Navy.

Forty-sixth Regiment.

Londonderry Associated Volunteer Corps.

Committee and Stewards.

Merchants and principal Citizens.

Merchants' Apprentices, preceded by Mr. Murray, the great grand-son of Colonel

Murray, carrying the sword with which his gallant ancestor slew

the French General Maumont.

Tradesmens' Apprentices.

The Young Gentlemen of the Free-School.

Masters of Ships, and Seamen.

It is scarcely possible to do justice to the beautiful and august appearance exhibited at this stage of the solemnity, nor was it easy to behold, without the most lively emotion, so respectable a body of free citizens, thus publicly commemorating the heroic achievements of their ancestors, on the very spot which was the scene in which they were performed, a spot which should be as dear to the inhabitants of the British Isles, as the plains of Marathon were to the ancient Grecians. But the show itself, distinct from the occasion, was extremely splendid; everything was suitable and becoming, nor was any circumstance omitted that could add dignity to the scene. The universal wearing of orange ribbons had a very happy effect, and the band of citizens, however otherwise respectable, received a vast edition to its interest from the elegant appearance of the Stewards who preceded them, and consisted of the following young gentlemen of the city, dressed in a handsome uniform of blue and orange, viz.: George Schoales, George Curry, Andrew Ferguson, George Knox, Roger Harrison, and William Armstrong, Esqrs.

The Cathedral could not possibly have admitted the multitude who composed the procession, had not every necessary precaution been used. The city never before witnessed so strong an assembly: the galleries, the aisles, and all the avenues of the church were crowded, and many hundreds returned unable to obtain entrance.

Divine Service being performed, an admirable sermon was delivered by the Very Reverend Dean Hume. His text was Joshua iv., 24. Nothing could be better adapted to the occasion, or more replete with just and elevated sentiments. After the sermon, a selection of Sacred Music was performed from the Oratorio of Judas Maccabæus, in which that fine air so well suited to the occasion, "*'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,*" seemed to give the highest satisfaction to the auditory.

From the Church the procession marched in the same order to the Meeting-house, where the Rev. Mr. Black delivered an oration, which evinced at once his knowledge of British History, and his ardent zeal for liberty.

On returning from the Meeting-house, a scene unexpectedly presented itself to the eye, as novel as it was agreeable to the beholders, his Majesty's ship, the *Porcupine*, commanded by Captain Brabazon, appeared in the harbour. She was completely dressed, or rather covered over with a variety of the most splendid colours, and formed a spectacle

equally majestic and beautiful : she came on purpose to do honour to the festival. On approaching the quay, she was saluted by a discharge of twenty-one guns from the ramparts, which she returned with an equal number. The *Sea-Flower*, a cutter belonging to his Majesty's Navy, accompanied her, and added to the grandeur of the show. So large a ship of war was never before seen in the harbour of Londonderry. The *Dartmouth*, by which the city was relieved in 1689, came nearest to her in size, and it is not unworthy of remark, that the point of time in which the *Porcupine* and *Sea-Flower* appeared, was the very same in which the *Dartmouth* and *Phoenix* were first discovered by the distressed garrison, viz., when the citizens were assembled at Divine Service in the Cathedral. Thus, by a happy coincidence, the approach of those vessels formed a most lively representation of that memorable event, **THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY**. The first procession had scarcely terminated, when another of a different kind commenced. Some of the lower class of citizens had provided an effigy representing the well-known Lundy, executed in a very humorous style, with a bundle of matches on its back ; with this they perambulated the streets, and having repeatedly exposed it to the insults of the zealous populace, they burned it in the Market-place, with every circumstance of ignominy. This piece of pageantry afforded no small entertainment to innumerable spectators, nor was it barren of instruction to an attentive mind, as it marked out in striking characters the unavoidable destiny of **TRAITORS**, who, having sacrificed to their own base interests the dearest rights of honour and conscience, are deservedly consigned over to perpetual infamy, and become everlasting objects of detestation, even to the meanest of the people.

At two o'clock, the forty-sixth Regiment and the Volunteer Corps paraded. The Apprentice Boys' company, commanded by Captain Bennet, went through the ceremony of shutting the Gates, supported by the Regulars and Volunteers in columns. They then returned to the Diamond, with King James's colours in triumph, where a *feu-de-joye* was fired, in concert with the batteries upon the ramparts, and the ships in the harbour.

At four o'clock, the Mayor and Corporation, the Clergy, the Officers of the Navy and Army, the Clergy of the Church of Rome, the Gentlemen from the Country, the Volunteers, Citizens, Scholars and Apprentices, &c., sat down to a plain but plentiful dinner in the Town-hall. The toasts were constitutional and well suited to the occasion ; no man was idiot enough to object to drink to **THE GLORIOUS MEMORY** of that great Prince who saved the Religion of the Protestant, and the liberty of all other professors of Christianity. The assembly was necessarily mixed, and extremely crowded, the guests, amounting nearly to a thousand persons, and yet, regularity, decorum, and complacency pervaded the whole company. Religious dissensions, in particular, seemed to be buried in oblivion, and Roman Catholics vied with Protestants in expressing, by every possible mark, their sense of the blessings secured to them by the event which they were commemorating, and the part which they took in the celebration of this joyful day was really cordial, standing on record in strong contrast with the brutal ignorance of the agitators of the

present day, who load the name of their deliverer with obloquy, and consider the honours paid to his memory as an insult to their religion.

Among the guests on this interesting occasion was a man who had been actually present at the siege; born a short time before the investment of the city, he was nursed in a cellar during the whole of that memorable time. The company were much struck with the singularity of the circumstance, and gazed with intense interest upon the venerable old man, who had breathed the same atmosphere with the immortal Walker, Mitchelburn, and Murray. A subscription was set on foot, for the purpose of raising the necessary means of protecting this veteran from the icy grasp of poverty in extreme old age.

In the afternoon, the soldiers were liberally entertained in their barracks; and several houses were opened for the accommodation of the sailors, where they were plentifully regaled with beef, punch, &c., &c.

The windows of the Town-hall were ornamented by splendidly illuminated paintings, designed and executed by the ingenious Mr. Black. The subjects and dispositions of them were as follow, viz. :—

FERRY-QUAY STREET.

The shutting of the Gates by the Apprentice Boys.

BISHOP-STREET.

The genius of Londonderry fixing the Imperial Crown upon the head of KING WILLIAM, and trampling on a figure representing despotism; at the top, was the date of a proclamation made in this city of the accession of that great Prince and his illustrious Consort to the throne.—March 20th, 1689.

BUTCHER-STREET.

A monument: upon the right of the basement, the REV. GEORGE WALKER, with a sword and Bible, and under it a trophy with the date of his appointment. On the left, Colonel MURRAY; at his feet, the body of the French General Maumont, and beneath, a trophy, with the date of the combat, April 21, 1689. In the centre of the basement was exhibited a view of Londonderry. On the centre of the pyramid, a figure of Fame, with a laurel, bearing a medallion, in which the genius of the Maiden City appeared in contest with a tiger. At the top, an urn.

SHIP-QUAY-STREET.

THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY, a view from the barrack rampart. The British ships appeared emerging from the smoke, after the breaking of the boom, the garrison rejoicing in different attitudes. At a distance, King James's army striking their tents, and retiring in confusion.

Besides these, many transparent pictures appeared in different parts of the town. The houses were splendidly illuminated, and a grand display of fire-works from Shipquay-gate concluded the entertainments of the evening.

On the following day, the festival was continued; and that every class of people might have some entertainment suited to their peculiar tastes,

the carcase of an ox, decorated with orange ribbons, was drawn at noon through the principal streets to the Diamond. It was afterwards cut into pieces, and distributed with bread and beer to the poor house-keepers.

In the evening, the festival was concluded with a ball and supper. The company was more numerous than had ever been seen on any former occasion, yet everything was conducted with propriety and regularity. The general decorum that was preserved, both at the ball and at the entertainment the preceding day, was owing in a great degree to the gentlemen who acted as stewards. The committee deserved much applause for this well-judged arrangement, and the gentlemen themselves were entitled to the thanks of the citizens, for their care in preserving good order, and in accommodating the company. During the continuance of the festival, the weather was peculiarly favourable; and we learn, with very great pleasure, that no disagreeable accident happened, although the contrary might have been feared, from the prodigious multitudes that thronged together, especially in the Cathedral and the Meeting-house, on Thursday. Throughout the whole of this business no sentiment was more universally observable than that of LOVE TO THE SOVEREIGN. The day had scarcely dawned when "GOD SAVE THE KING" sounded from the bells; with the same tune the PROCESSION was both received and dismissed at the Cathedral. It was the favourable song in the entertainment on Thursday, and it was sung in full chorus at the ball on Friday. In short, it was apparent, that although the joy natural to the occasion was strongly felt and universally diffused, it was deeply blended with an affectionate concern for our beloved and afflicted Monarch.

Thus terminated the festival. Judicious in its origin, respectable in its progress, and happy in its conclusion. The event and its commemoration, it may be said, were worthy of each other. No religious animosities, no illiberal reflections on past events poisoned the general joy and triumph. The genius of Ireland seemed to preside, repressing in the Protestants all irritating marks of exultation, and exciting in the Roman Catholics the feelings of thankfulness for the deliverance of their persons and properties from the shackles of a lawless and intolerable despotism.

1822.

Glorious First of August, O. S.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

(From the Londonderry Journal.)

"After the usual ceremonies of the day, a royal salute of twenty-one guns, fired from the ramparts, gave notice, at seven o'clock in the evening, that the usual festivities were to commence. In less than half an hour the tables in the great hall of the County Sessions-house were completely filled, and presented to the view nearly one thousand loyal citizens, devotedly and unalterably attached to the King and Constitution. At the upper end of the hall many of the most respectable of the citizens were assembled. Sir George Hill and Mr. Dawson, our esteemed Representatives, accompanied by several of our country gentlemen of the first respectability, and many strangers who came to attend the Race meeting, entered the hall about eight o'clock; they were received with loud and repeated cheers, and Sir George Hill was called to the chair.

In the course of the evening the following toasts were given. The first was announced by the Right Honourable Chairman, with happy allusion to the concurrence of the King's birth-day, the accession of the House of Brunswick, and the anniversary of his present Majesty's landing in Ireland:—

Our beloved King George IV. ; may he have a long and prosperous reign.—Four times four.

The Duke of York and the Army.—Three times three.

The Duke of Clarence and the Navy.—Three times three.

Our distinguished Chief Governor, the Marquis Wellesley, and prosperity to Ireland.—Three times three.

THE SEVENTH OF DECEMBER, 1688, the anniversary of the Shutting of the Gates of Londonderry.

SIR GEORGE HILL then said he was about to propose a toast, which he trusted would be drank in this loyal city with reverential respect and enthusiasm; it naturally followed the one which he had just given. On the seventh of December, 1688, our gallant ancestors, devotedly attached to the Crown, the laws, and the liberties of the Realm, determined, under the guidance of Providence, to close their gates against a rebel army of TWENTY THOUSAND MEN, led on and commanded by a foreigner and a Frenchman, the cruel and sanguinary Mareschal De

Rosen. To those who are acquainted with that eventful and interesting period of our local history, it was unnecessary to recapitulate the gallant deeds and unexampled sufferings of our unconquerable forefathers ; they form a distinguished feature in the page of history, and contributed in a main degree to the establishment of our matchless Constitution. During a protracted siege of six months, in which half the garrison fell by famine and the sword, and amidst sufferings which, if equalled in the annals of war, were never surpassed ; no threats, no promises, no fears had any effect upon them, and when they were reduced to the last stage of suffering, and sinking under famine and pestilence, it pleased THE ALMIGHTY to crown their patriotic efforts with a glorious victory. On the first of August, 1689, the memorable day on which, making allowance for the alteration in style, we, their descendants, have now met to commemorate, the gallant Captain Browning, in the *Dartmouth* frigate, burst the boom which had been thrown across the river, and brought a supply of provisions and ammunition to the city ; and on the night of that day the rebel army disappeared from before our walls. He would therefore give

"THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1689, and the gallant Apprentice Boys of Derry, who maintained this unexampled siege."

This toast was received with the loudest acclamation, and drank with repeated huzzas.

"THE GLORIOUS MEMORY OF THE GREAT AND GOOD KING WILLIAM."—Three times three.

ALDERMAN MURRAY then proposed

"THE CITY OF LONDONDERRY AND OUR RESPECTED CHAIRMAN, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR GEORGE HILL ; MAY HE LONG CONTINUE TO REPRESENT US."

This toast was drank, as it always is, with loud and repeated cheers.

Sir George Hill thanked the Meeting for the manner in which they had been pleased to drink his health, coupled as it was with this loyal and independent city. Proud, indeed, must any man feel at being the representative of such a body of men, devotedly attached, as they were, to their Sovereign and our happy Constitution. Any man might feel proud at being surrounded by such a phalanx as here presented itself, all animated by the same spirit of loyalty which has ever distinguished the citizens of Londonderry. He congratulated the meeting on the number and respectability of those assembled ; he described, in strong and pointed terms, how valuable the appearance and support of such characters were in encouraging the citizens of Derry to maintain and maintain the genuine principles which had actuated the founders of the Constitution, and which have remained unimpaired within these walls, to the present time. In an assemblage of so many hundreds, it was impossible for him to notice each individual, but he named, with great satisfaction, those immediately around him, THE SCHOALESSES, THE MURRAYS, THE SKIPTONS, THE CURRYS, THE CHAMBERSES, THE M'CLINTOCKS, THE DARCUSES, THE GAGES, THE KENNEDYS, THE BOYDS, THE STEWARTS,

THE HUNTERS, THE CROMPTONS, and though last, not least of his citizen friends, Mr. JAMES GREGG. He was also happy to direct the attention of the assembly to a number of distinguished strangers, who had come to witness the scene of loyalty, and begged leave to conclude by proposing the health of his distinguished friend, upon his right hand, GEORGE ROBERT DAWSON, ESQUIRE, one of our esteemed County Representatives, who has proved himself worthy of our confidence, by his steady advocacy of the interests of his Country, and who would thus have an opportunity of witnessing the enthusiastic and undiminished spirit of loyalty and zeal which animates the Citizens and Apprentice Boys of Londonderry. Sir George concluded by drinking their healths, and again repeated the names of Mr. Dawson, and the respectable Assemblage of persons near him. The toast was drank with loud cheering. As soon as silence was restored, Mr. Dawson thus addressed the Meeting:—

"GENTLEMEN,—As my friend, Sir George Hill, has placed me foremost on the list of those whom he has designated as friends of the cause for which you are assembled here to-day, I beg leave to return you thanks on their behalf, and on my own, for the honour which you have conferred upon us.

"For every reason, public and private, I rejoice that I have had an opportunity of attending the Celebration of this day in Derry; privately, because it has been the means of introducing me to many persons by whom I was unknown, and who were unknown to me before, and of whose acquaintance I shall be proud at any future period of my life; and publicly, because it is useful for a public man,—for your representative in Parliament, to witness the expression of public feeling by which he can regulate, if necessary, his own conduct, or at least be supported in proclaiming it in that place to which you send him, and where the existence of such a feeling, as that which animates the present company, is but little known, and I am sorry to say, too little appreciated.—(*Hear, hear.*) Gentlemen, I am sure you will believe me, when I say, that I never attended any entertainment with greater pleasure than I do the present one. It is an entertainment which no person, with the feelings of a man, can witness without those sentiments of respect and admiration, which the recollection of long sufferings and heroic deeds must invariably create; it is an entertainment which differs, in this respect, from every other which it has been my fate to attend. Other feasts may be more costly, but are composed of motley groups, of high and low, of rich and poor, clergy and laity, naval and military men, yet having no distinctive character; but here I can define my society in two words, words than which there can be none more honourable to the human heart, and bearing a character of which all may be justly proud; here I find myself surrounded by the descendants of heroes and of patriots, some rich and some poor, a distinction which must exist as long as the world shall last; but all honorable men, all the children and representatives of inflexible, undaunted, and uncompromising Patriots.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*) Gentlemen, I say, when I find myself surrounded by such a society, on the anniversary of such a day, when sufferings, if

not unparalleled, at least not exceeded in the history of the world, were terminated, I should be dead to the feelings of a man if I did not feel a kindred glow of that enthusiasm which animated your forefathers ; if I did not catch a spark of that fire, which has shed its pure, its hallowed, and I trust its unquenchable splendour around your city.—(*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, it has been said, by the most celebrated writer of this day, or indeed of any day, that he did not envy the man whose veins did not warm on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety did not glow amid the ruins of Iona ; I only ask the same permission for this day. Dr. Johnson claimed the admiration of posterity for these Grecian heroes who saved their country ; I claim from every brave and loyal spirit of the present age, the proper tribute of applause which is due to the descendants of the gallant men, who not only saved their country in their own day, but transmitted its CONSTITUTION pure and uncontaminated to their posterity.—(*Hear.*) Gentlemen, I own these are feelings which actuate me upon the present occasion.—(*Hear.*) I came here to celebrate the anniversary of a great and glorious event ; I have no party feelings to gratify, but I consider that by the courage and inflexible virtue of your forefathers, the cause of freedom was preserved, and the foundation laid for our Glorious Constitution in Church and State.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*) With these sentiments, I rejoice to have an opportunity of meeting the Freeman of Londonderry. I care not how my presence here may be misconstrued ; I care not for the seditious Press of the north of Ireland.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—nor for the radical Press of England or Scotland.—(*Hear, hear,*)—they have no terrors for me, the louder their cries against your meeting, the more I admire the spirit which induces you to assemble here, and proclaim to the world that the Freeman of Derry are as regardless of the Jacobins of the present day, as their forefathers were unterrified at the Jacobites of the former age.—(*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, I consider the cause of your meeting here as inseparable from the recollections of the citizens of Derry, as it was from the history of their city ; as well might you be asked to pluck the example of your ancestors from your minds, as the record of their deeds from the page of history ; there they must and will live as long as mankind shall feel delight in recording the exploits of heroism and courage ; and I trust you will never cease to recite these examples to your children, to serve them as they have served you, as beacons of loyalty, in times of danger and trouble.—(*Hear, hear.*) It is a glorious thing for any public man to find himself backed by such supporters in the present age. Your voices proclaim that we are all animated by the same spirit—(*Cheers.*)—and I should be unworthy of your cheers if I did not give you the most unequivocal assurance of standing forward as the defender of your privileges, and in raising my voice to the last moment of my life in the defence of our mutual principles.—(*Hear, hear.*) This is no vague pledge ; the Anniversary of this day is the test of the firmness and inflexibility of your characters, and the memory of your forefathers, shall be the oath by which I bind myself to support their principles.—(*Loud cheers.*) Gentlemen, these are the motives of my presence here to day, and I think no man, however fastidious, no man however opposed

to me in politics, can deny me this honest enjoyment, or attribute any other motive, than such as I have expressed.—(*Hear, hear.*) Gentlemen, if I may add a word of admonition, it is this: to avoid giving our enemies any handle against us. On our separation, let us all retire to our homes, as peaceably as we assembled here; let us close the day with the same forbearance and moderation which distinguished the proceedings of the morning.—(*Hear, hear.*) Let us maintain our character, unsullied, for superior intelligence and moderation, and let not our enemies have occasion to say, that we forgot for a moment the cause of our assembling here. Gentlemen, the times are come, when the affairs of Ireland form a grand topic of discussion in the Parliament of the Empire.—(*Hear, hear.*) The representatives of Ireland differ widely in their opinions as to the cause of its misery, but whatever their opinions upon general topics may be, one sentiment is unanimous: that it is the duty of every man to encourage brotherly love; to make no distinction of party, and to support the laws.—(*Hear, hear.*) Where those sentiments do not prevail, mark the consequences: the South of Ireland has been a prey to two of the most dreadful evils that can afflict a nation: Providence has inflicted famine upon the wretched inhabitants, and man has superadded rebellion. The same kind Providence has preserved you from the scourge of famine, and your own loyalty has saved you from the stain of rebellion. Persevere in this good course; you know the value of the laws, and let nothing induce you to violate them, either to your King or your neighbour.—(*Hear.*) How proudly I have raised my head during the discussions upon the state of Ireland, in the House of Commons, when the character of the country has been arraigned; when blood, and massacre, and rape, and rebellion, have been quoted in dreadful succession, as the characteristics of the country, how proudly have I felt, when I could say, we know them not in the North.—(*Hear,*)—we admire and support the laws.—(*Hear, hear.*)—and if blood has been shed, it is in the armies of our King.—(*Cheers.*) Such a contrast must make any man proud of representing you; and, I trust, that by a continued adherence to this high minded-loyalty to your King, forbearance to your opponents, if you have any, and good will to your neighbours, you will maintain the character which has distinguished you, and allow me the enjoyment of being the proudest Representative in Parliament.”—*Loud and continued cheering.*

As soon as Mr. Dawson concluded, the hall rang for several minutes. The manner in which his speech was received proved that his sentiments were in entire unison with those whom he addressed.

Mr. Chambers returned thanks for the honor they had done him in drinking his health. Some of his ancestors, he said, had held honorable situations in the Loyal Corporation of Londonderry, at the period they were now commemorating. His own principles were well known to them all, and he hoped they would continue to celebrate the event in spite of all their enemies, until time should be no more.

Sir George Hill next proposed the health of the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the Londonderry yeomanry, whose exem-

plary conduct, during the time they had charge of the garrison, in the course of last winter and spring, and whose appearance this day, and the regularity and precision with which they went through their different evolutions, not less than their forbearance from doing any act which could give the slightest cause of offence to any description of people, entitled them to their warmest thanks and approbation.

MR. GREGG, Captain of the rifle company, returned thanks for the compliment paid to the yeomanry in drinking their healths. He trusted they would always merit the confidence of their fellow citizens, and assured them that the spirit which animated the Apprentice Boys of 1688, remained unabated.

The Chairman next gave the health of a gentleman then present, with whom he regretted he had not before an opportunity of being acquainted,—a gentleman who had devotedly employed his valuable talents in supporting the principles of the Constitution, and whose poetical genius had contributed to the celebration of this day, he meant the Reverend John Graham.

The toast was received and drank with repeated cheers.

MR. GRAHAM then rose and returned thanks in the following words:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I beg leave to offer you my warmest thanks for the honour which you have conferred upon me, by associating my name and humble services with those of the distinguished friends of the Constitution assembled here on this occasion. To receive the meed of applause from such men, in such a place, from the descendents of the heroes who defended this maiden city, in 1689, and on this classic ground, the scene of their sufferings and their triumph, is to me a proud distinction, which more than compensates the labours of a life devoted to the maintenance of the Protestant religion.

"The events which you have so long been in the habit of thus celebrating, are intimately connected with the rights, liberties, and happiness of every subject in the British Empire. Had this renowned city been reduced by the armies of the abdicated king, had the death of the dearest relatives of the besieged, or their own suffering and dangers, induced them to retract their bold resolve, and consent to a surrender, such was the critical state of affairs at that time on the other side of St. George's Channel, that the effort to accomplish the Revolution must have failed; William would have shared the fate of Monmouth; the tyrant, flushed with success, irritated by the efforts which had been made to get rid of him, and armed with an accession of arbitrary power, which would have sent forth another Jeffries to renew his judicial massacres, and the surviving Protestants might have 'sat down by the waters of Babylon, hung their harps upon the willows, and wept at the remembrance of their Zion.' But while the vanquished should feel the lash of persecution, what would have been the condition of the instruments of their subjugation? They would have soon found out, that their principal achievement had been the prostration of their own civil and religious liberties; their success would have proved a subject of unavailing regret, and they

would have cursed the luckless day which gave them victory. Taxed without being represented, deprived of the liberty to renounce the fatal errors of the Church of Rome, which many of their descendants have done; trampled under foot by a combination of foreign and domestic despotism, they would have held their lives and properties on the frail tenure of a Minister's caprice or a Jesuit's favour. I allege, therefore, without fear of contradiction from any sound lawyer in the British Dominions, that THERE ARE NO LEGAL OR CONSTITUTIONAL GROUNDS OF OFFENCE IN THE OBSERVANCE OF THESE ANNIVERSARIES, and that it is a gross and dangerous error to suppose so. To the event which we are now celebrating, viewed in connection with its direct results, we, in common with every other denomination of his Majesty's subjects, are indebted for the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus Act, the Trial by Jury, the Freedom of the Press, and, above every other earthly consideration, the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. Gentlemen, in this view of our Constitution, within the memory of many here present, this anniversary was decidedly popular, not affording pretence for dissention, but opportunities of patriotic festivity. The Titular prelates and clergy, men who had travelled, and seen the world, often joined in the celebration of it, and not unfrequently toasted the memory of that great Prince, who was the favoured instrument of Heaven in saving our religion and their liberty. In this spirit, and in no other do we celebrate the memory of our wise and valiant ancestors, and we retire from these happy meetings 'fearing GOD, honouring the King, and intermeddling not with those who are given to change.'

Mr. Crompton begged to remind Sir George Hill that he had repeated the names, and drank the health of several gentlemen around him, but there was one not less distinguished than any of the rest, who sat near him, and whom he had totally omitted; a gentleman who possessed the respect, the esteem and regard of his fellow-citizens, in a not less eminent degree than any present at this meeting; a gentleman to whom the mercantile and shipping interests of Derry were deeply indebted, whose kindness, zeal, and exertions on every occasion where he could protect or advance, or facilitate the trade of this port, have been at all times most conspicuous. It was unnecessary for him to say more than to name Captain Hill, our respected Collector.

This eulogium on the character of Captain Hill, which was delivered with great energy, was received with the loudest acclamations, and his health drank with repeated cheers.

MR. HILL returned thanks for this unexpected compliment, and for the kind and warm feelings with which his health was received, by such a body of his fellow-citizens, and assured them it should ever be his duty to deserve and maintain their good opinion.

After this toast there was a general call for the health of MR. PEEL, which was immediately given, and received with loud acclamation.

About ten o'clock the whole company broke up, highly gratified with the spirit and unanimity that had prevailed during the evening, and determined to keep up a custom which is calculated to hand down unim-

paired to their posterity the principles that actuated their brave ancestors, and which are the best bulwarks of their LAWS, LIBERTIES AND RELIGION.

RESOLUTIONS AND ADDRESS
OF THE
FREEMEN AND FREEHOLDERS

OF THE CITY OF LONDONDERRY,

Against "THE CATHOLIC BOARD," on the 8th of February, 1814.

At a time when an assembly of turbulent demagogues, styling themselves THE CATHOLIC BOARD, sat in the metropolis of Ireland, and agitated the peace of the country in a most alarming manner, by inflammatory speeches and seditious practices, it appeared necessary to the inhabitants of the ancient and loyal City of Londonderry to remonstrate against that frightful anomaly in a civilized country, and the following documents, relative to their successful effort to put down that Association, may be re-published with great propriety at a time when the monster has again raised its portentous head, notwithstanding the mild and paternal efforts of a Government, which, in the vain attempt to conciliate those people whose claims to power it assumes to vindicate, has run no small risk of alienating the affections of thirteen millions of Protestants in the British Empire.

It is but just to record, that the Rev. George Hay, the respectable Presbyterian Minister of Londonderry, was very active on this important occasion. and the following Resolutions and Address were drawn up by him, in conjunction with Wm. Scott, Esq., of that City. It may also be added, that the late Titular Bishop of Derry, Dr. O'Donnell, whose liberality of sentiment was so conspicuous in the centenary celebration of the Seventh of December, 1788, that he wore an orange cross on his breast as he sat in the Corporation seat of the Cathedral during divine service, took a decided part in promoting this measure, which gave the tone to other counties, and eventually put down the "CATHOLIC BOARD."

TO THE
WORSHIPFUL MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

OF THE CITY OF LONDONDERRY.

WE, the undersigned Freemen and Freeholders of the City and County of Londonderry, request you will call a Meeting of the Freemen and Freeholders of said City and Liberties, on as early a day as may suit

your convenience, to take into consideration the present agitated and alarming state of this country ; to enquire into the causes which have led to it, and to adopt such measures as may appear necessary to restore our neighborhood to that feeling of confidence and security, for which, until very lately, it had been so distinguished.—Londonderry, February 2, 1814.

John Curry.
William Scott.
John Coningham.
John Dysart.
Archibald Boyd.
John Nicholson.
David Moore.
Leonard Horner.
Arthur Robinson.
George M'Connell.
P. B. Maxwell.
William Mackay.
John Ferguson.
Andrew Ferguson.
John Thompson.
Andrew Beatty.
James Davenport.
Robert M'Intire.
Thomas Lecky.
Humphry Babington.
Joseph Curry.
William Alexander.
Robert Corscaden.
Alexander M'Conn.
John Rea.
John A. Smyth.
Carey M'Clellan.
William Hamilton Ash.
Wm. Smyth, *Lisdillen*.
Robert Maginniss.
John Alexander.
James Wilson.
James Gilmour.
Richard M'Ilwaine.
James Dysart.
William Knox.
Roger Murray.
Chas. O'Donnell, D.D.
William Marshall.
Thomas Davenport.
John Gwynn.
William Cuthbert.
James Thompson.

John Brigham.
Ezekiel Graham.
John M'Clure.
James Henderson.
John B. Horner.
John Kelso.
William Doherty.
Richard Babington.
Thomas Shepherd.
H. Riddall.
Andrew A. Watt.
John Munn.
William Bond.
James Murray.
James Ellis.
T. W. Newburgh.
William L. Smyth.
Richard O'Doherty.
William Dysart.
Robert George.
George Smyth.
Samuel Alexander.
Timothy Foy.
William M'Corkell.
George Fuller.
William Ball.
M. Stewart.
George Hay.
James M'Crea.
David R. Curry.
James Gregg.
Samuel Lee.
W. Camack.
Samuel King.
George Brown.
James M'Illevy.
John Campbell.
James Crawford.
Alexander Brown.
John Simpson.
S. Peoples.
William Campbell.
Charles Gibson.

John Campbell.
H. Nesbitt.
Andrew Cochran.
George Cary.
Henry Brooke.
Thomas Ramsay.
William Kerr.
William Stirling.
William Huffington.

William Crawford.
Henry Delap.
Peter M'Donagh.
James Fleming.
D. Coningham.
William Gallagher.
Samuel Boyd.
George Haslett.

In compliance with the above requisition, we do hereby appoint a meeting of the Freemen and Freeholders of the City and Liberties of Londonderry, to be held in the Town-hall, on Tuesday, the 8th inst., at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon.

M. S. HILL, *Mayor*.
CONOLLY SKIPTON,
MARCUS M'CAUSLAND, } *Sheriffs*.

Londonderry, February 2nd, 1814.

At a meeting of the Freemen and Freeholders of the City and Liberties of Londonderry, held in the Town-hall of said city, on Tuesday, the 8th of February, 1814, pursuant to public notice, M. S. Hill, Esq., Mayor; Conolly Skipton and Marcus M'Causland, Esqrs., Sheriffs, in the chair. It having been proposed and seconded, that a committee of seven be appointed to prepare matter for the consideration of the meeting, the following gentlemen were proposed and approved, viz.:—James Murray, (*descendant of the renowned Adam Murray*), Archibald Boyd, Esqs.; Rev. George Hay, M.A.; William Scott, M.D.; William Marshall, John Dysart, and Thomas Davenport.

The said committee having retired, and on their return submitted the following resolutions to the consideration of the meeting, which, after having been considered twice, read, and put from the chair, were UNANIMOUSLY adopted:—

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY.—That we are unalterably attached to his Majesty's sacred Person and Government, and to those principles which placed the Illustrious House of Brunswick on the Throne.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY.—That we have lately beheld, with feelings of sincere regret, the peace and tranquility of this hitherto happy neighbourhood disturbed; the confidence which existed in all classes of the community almost destroyed, and illegal associations, of the most dangerous tendency, spreading terror and alarm amongst us.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY.—That to the operation and influence of a body of men, in Dublin, styling themselves "THE CATHOLIC BOARD," we can distinctly ascribe the evils of which we at present complain. That while we deprecate any idea of interfering with that privilege of the subjects of this realm, THE RIGHT OF PETITION, we wish, unequivocally, to mark our disapprobation of that body, as promoting, under this constitutional pretence, purposes destructive of our liberty and peace. That

this body have assumed to themselves THE RIGHT OF TAXATION on the Roman Catholic community; that by this means A FUND HAS BEEN CREATED, WHICH, IN THIS CITY, HAS SUPPORTED THE RIOTOUS AND SEDITIOUS, whom a Jury of their countrymen have found guilty. That in our city, too, by the emissaries of this body, the deluded populace were taught the monstrous and pernicious doctrine, that TRIAL BY JURY IS A CURSE. That characters the most upright, the most distinguished, have been dragged before their meetings and marked with their censure; that the verdicts of our juries have been stamped with their reprobation, and even the sentence of our judgment seat has been arraigned and condemned at their tribunal.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY.—That knowing these facts, and feeling, as we do, their baneful consequences in our society, an humble and dutiful Address be presented to His Royal Highness, to adopt such measures as may put an end to an assembly, whose proceedings and influence are so destructive to the tranquility and happiness of our country.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY.—That an Address be presented to his Excellency LORD VISCOUNT WHITEWORTH, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, expressing our confidence in his Excellency's administration, and requesting that his Excellency may be graciously pleased to forward our humble Address to the foot of the Throne.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY.—That it is our firm determination to support the Magistrates in the execution of the laws of the land, and by every means in our power to maintain the tranquility of the country.

It was then proposed and unanimously carried, that the thanks of the Meeting should be given to their Committee, for the pains and ability with which they had framed the Resolutions and Addresses, which so correctly and fully express the sentiments and objects of this Meeting.

ORDERED.—That these Resolutions and Addresses be published in the Londonderry and Belfast Newspapers, in the *Patriot*, *Correspondent*, and *Dublin Evening Post*, the *Caledonian Mercury*, the *London Courier*, and *Morning Chronicle*.

MARCUS S. HILL, *Mayor*,
CONOLLY SKIPTON,
MARCUS M'CAUSLAND, } *Sheriffs*.

The Mayor and Sheriffs having left the chair, and JOHN A. SMYTH, Esq., having been called thereto, it was unanimously resolved:—

That the thanks of the meeting should be given to the Mayor and Sheriffs for their prompt compliance with the wishes of the Freemen and Freeholders, in convening this meeting, and for proper and dignified conduct in the chair.

JOHN A. SMYTH.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES,

Regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

WE, THE FREEMEN AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE CITY AND LIBERTIES OF LONDONDERRY, assembled in the Town-hall of said City, on Tuesday, the 8th of February, 1814, pursuant to public notice, beg leave to approach your Royal Highness, and to express our unalterable attachment to his Majesty's sacred Person and Government.

Actuated by the same unshaken loyalty, which, above a century ago, baffled the efforts of a tyrant; which has since hailed with gratitude and joy, the succession of the Illustrious House of Brunswick, we are now impelled, with confidence, but with profound respect, to address the Throne.

For years we had lived in tranquility and peace; for years enjoyed every blessing which a Constitution, happily established and wisely administered, could impart. For years no political or religious distinctions were felt to have existence amongst us. In attachment to the same monarch, and piety to the same God, all minor feelings were forgotten or lost.

But these days of peaceful security appear, of late, to have passed away. The spirit of dissension has breathed upon us, the feelings of confidence and security have deserted our neighbourhood, and mischievous and illegal associations are spreading terror and alarm amongst us.

Unreservedly have we stated to your Royal Highness our situation and apprehensions, fearlessly shall we now declare to you the cause.

To a self-constituted Society in Dublin, styling itself "THE CATHOLIC BOARD," we beg leave to turn to your Royal Highness's attention, as the prolific source of much evil to our country. Far be it from us to interfere with the right of Petition. We deem it one of the glorious privileges of our Constitution, that the meanest subject of our Sovereign can lay his grievances before Parliament, or present them to the Throne.

But this Body, unknown to the Constitution, assuming with jesuitical humility the name of Petitioners, yet exercising the authority of Dictators, possess an influence incredible. In the height of their assumption, they have dared to exercise the right of taxation; the pittance of the poor has been forced to swell their exchequer, and the hard earnings of indigent industry have been made to contribute partly to the aggrandizement of self-elected demagogues, and partly been reserved for purposes WE KNOW NOT WHAT. (*Not so in 1823, when the Speaker of the Board dares to announce, that when the Irish army shall take the field, his head, his heart, and hand, will be conspicuous in it!!!*) By this FUND, (*namely, that arising from the ten-penny levy in the Mass-house,*) the stream of justice may be impeded in its course; actions at law, however unjustifiable, may be thus maintained, and oppressed individuals may be

obliged to shrink from seeking redress, being unable to contend against the coffers of "the Catholic Board."

Censures, the most unqualified, have been passed on characters the most respectable) even the sentence of the Judgment-seat has been arraigned and tried at their tribunal.

Knowing these facts, and acting under these impressions, we invoke the justice, we implore the mercy of your Royal Highness to dry up the source from whence these mischiefs flow ; and that you may take the most prompt and effectual measures which your Royal Highness's wisdom may point out, to silence and put down a Board, whose existence has sown discord, whose continuance must produce division and distraction in this hitherto tranquil country.

Signed in the name and on behalf of the Freemen and Freeholders of the City and Liberties of Londonderry.

M. S. HILL, *Mayor*.
CONOLLY SKIPTON, }
MARCUS M'CAUSLAND, } *Sheriffs*.

EXTRACT,

From an account of the Celebration of the 7th December, 1822, O. S., as published in the Londonderry Journal of that date.

William Black, Esq., of his Majesty's 74th regiment, addressed the Chair in these words :—

"I beg leave, sir, to propose the health of a gentleman, now seated on your right hand, whose unwearied and uncompromising advocacy of the Constitution has endeared his name to every friend of religion and social order in Ireland, I mean the REV. JOHN GRAHAM, of Lifford, the poet and historian of our illustrious ancestors."

The Chairman then gave the toast, observing that his friend near him, had only anticipated him in his intention to propose it at that moment. It was received with acclamations, and drank with three times three.—*Tune, Auld Lang Syne.*

Mr. Graham returned thanks, nearly in the following words :—

"GENTLEMEN,—I cannot find words to express my gratitude for this flattering tribute of your regard ; and when I combine with it the approbation of many distinguished friends of the Church and Crown in other parts of the Empire, it cannot fail to add to my contempt of the hostility of a licentious press, which honours me, in common with all that is venerable in the country, with a portion of its illiberal abuse. Here at least do we smile in disdain at the impotent efforts of half-educated ecclesiastics and blundering demagogues to maintain a church, to which the spirit of the age is averse ; men who commit their friends at every step they take,

whose blows recoil upon themselves, and accelerate the ruin of the cause which is cursed and blighted by their advocacy. We have only to maintain our strong position in the dignity of that steady and intrepid forbearance, which has always characterized the Protestants of Ireland, doing good for evil, feeding, clothing, and teaching those, whose idleness and ignorance bring poverty, famine, and disease upon themselves, while they are plotting the destruction of their benefactors. Our bond of union is an unalterable attachment to the religion and government of the realm. Ours are the true principles of the Constitution ; they will stand the test of time ; like Sir Roger De Coverly's old English coat, they remain unaltered, while the fashion of the day comes round to them. Many who, for years have sacrificed on the shrine of a deceitful popularity, are at this moment more alarmed about their personal safety than we are. The cool and dispassionate judgment of the Lord High Chancellor of England, and of all that is truly great and learned in the land is with us ; and we can already perceive in the rising generation a vivid image of the sentiments and feelings of our ancestors. As for me, I am happy to have been in the slightest degree instrumental in the propagation of such principles. My heart and soul are with you—

Where Bramhall rul'd, where great George Walker taught,
Where King presided, and where Murray fought.
On classic ground, in station low or high,
Here would I wish to live, and love to die ;
Here would I rest, among the wise and brave,
And find at last, near Derry's wall's, a grave."

HISTORICAL POETRY,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES,

BY THE

REV. JOHN GRAHAM, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE ANNALS OF IRELAND, "HISTORY OF THE
SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY, AND DEFENCE
OF ENNISKILLEN,"
ETC., ETC.

Minuentur atrox earmine curae.—HOR.

Toronto:
1869.

Dedication.

TO

THE DESCENDANTS

OF

THE HEROIC DEFENDERS

OF

LONDONDERRY AND ENNISKILLEN,

THIS HUMBLE EFFORT TO PRESERVE THE
NAMES AND MEMORY OF THEIR

ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTORS,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

JOHN GRAHAM.

Lifford, 5th November, 1822.

PREFACE.

From the earliest ages of the world, that union of poetry and music, called "a Song," has been the solace of man in his labours, and the most innocent amusement of his leisure hours—insomuch, that the Bard of Avon, whose intimate knowledge of human nature has been long and universally acknowledged, observes, that

"The man who hath not music in himself,
Who is not mov'd by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and wiles—
And ought not to be trusted."

All nations, even the most uncivilized and illiterate, have had their Songs. The Persians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans, had each of them a national music adapted to poetical compositions. The Hebrews had their melodies—many of them, particularly the inspired effusions of the Royal Psalmist, purely patriotic, and exquisitely beautiful. Our own Celtic ancestors were famous for their melodies, and genealogical songs, traces of which are yet discernible in the reliques of ancient poetry handed down to us by Scottish, Welsh, and Irish Bards. In later times, not to mention the Indian war songs, we find the Germans, Italians, Spaniards, French, and Swiss, warmly attached to their respective national strains; and it was an observation of the great Lord Chatham, that songs are more operative than statutes, and that it matters little who are the fabricators of the laws of a country, compared with the writers of its popular ballads.

The Notes annexed to these Songs cannot fail to prove interesting to the Descendants of all those whose names are recorded in them.

*"Fortes creantur fortibus ac bonis,
Est in Juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus, nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam."*

The Diary, which closes this work, is entirely new and original, founded upon English, Irish, and Scottish authorities: and the Author, in the whole course of his researches and compositions, may safely assure his readers that he has never lost sight of the old maxim,

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

LIFFORD, Nov. 5th, 1822.

THE
SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY,

AN HISTORICAL SONG.

Air—"THE BOYNE WATER."

*"Dignum laude virum,
Musa vetat Mori."*—HOR.

I.

IN sixteen hundred and eighty-eight,
On the seventh day of December,
The men of Derry clos'd their gate,
And the day we will ever remember ;
While all around, on rising ground,
The foe was fast collecting,
Their pomp and pride our Sires defied,
Kind Heaven their cause protecting.

II.

Lord Antrim's red-shanks led the van,
In bright array of battle,
But here they dare not leave a man,
While musket balls could rattle ;
Tho' some within, proclaim'd it sin,
And treason to reject them,
Our young men brave, their lives to save,
To fly did soon compel them.

III.

Lord Galmoy's horse, with Ramsay's pranc'd,
Around Ballougry mountain,
Nugent and Eustace bold advanc'd,
To Columbkil's fair fountain ;
Lord Gormanstown his magazine
High o'er them all defended,
And Lord Clare's yellow flag was seen
O'er a Danish Fort extended.

IV.

From Lucan issued Sarsfield's horse,
 Their drums and trumpets sounding,
 Down Tara-hill came Plunket's force,
 Their hearts for fame high bounding ;
 From Tredagh march'd Lord Dungan's band,
 All raised by royal bounty,
 Tyrconnel's from Fitzgerald's land,
 And Luttrell's from King's County.

V.

Young Talbot travell'd from Kildare,
 Purcell from Tipperary,
 Wauchope and Buchan both were there,
 From the wilds of Inverary ;
 Dublin's Mayor did there repair,
 The Butlers from the Barrow ;
 Roscommon sent Lord Dillon's heir,
 The Derry walls to harrow.

VI.

On steeds by all the army praised,
 Came Parker's troop from Navan,
 O'Reilly with the force he raised,
 From the hills and the vales of Cavan ;
 Clifford's troops advanc'd from Clare,
 To join the Irish party,
 Cottrell's dragoons came in for a share,
 Of the glory with great Clançarty.

VII.

From Cork's wide shore MacGartymore
 The besieging force augmented,
 Macmahon's men their standard bore,
 In Clones regimented ;
 Hagans were seen, from Glenwood green,
 To great O'Neill related,
 And Gallaghers tall, from fair Donegal,
 Were the last of the troops that retreated.

VIII.

Bellew left Duleek and his ancient hall,
 To see his monarch righted,
 Fagan of Filtrim with Fingal
 His cavalry united ;

'Twas part of the plan that Lord Strabane
Should give his neighbours warning,
But they pack'd him off with a shot and a scoff,
His hollow counsel scorning.

IX.

At the murmuring rill, near Pennyburn-mill,
Were Bagnall's forces posted,
Fitzgerald's on the Chapel-hill,
Of faith and fealty boasted ;
The batteries of Culmore fort
With sod-works were surrounded,
And loud their culverin's report
O'er hills and vales resounded.

X.

In the Sheriff's ground, near a new rais'd mound,
Lord Louth took a strong position,
And with Lord Slane did there remain,
Their troops in high condition ;
Bred on the flow'ry banks of Boyne,
Then unrenown'd in story,
They here the Irish ranks did join,
In vain pursuit of glory.

XI.

Clancarty's troops round fair Brookhall,
A dangerous post demanded,
O'Neill's dragoons, both stout and tall,
The other shore commanded ;
Kilkenny Butler chose the spot
From which the Boom extended,
Across the FOYLE, where bullets hot,
That fearful pass defended.

XII.

Cavenagh was seen, o'er Craggin burn,
His Wicklow warriors leading,
Whence few were fated to return,
Tho' now in pride parading ;
Ten thousand men round fair Prehen ;
In trenches deep protected,
On every hill display'd their skill,
And batteries erected.

XIII.

From Trough's green fields M'Kennas came,
 In number high amounting,
 And from the Bann's meandering stream
 Came Bradleys past the counting ;
 From Longford far to the field of war
 O'Farrell's forces wander'd,
 And did their best, in Walker's nest,
 To plant King James's standard.

XIV.

When Bryan O'Neill, of Balnascreen,
 An Alderman was chosen,
 And when Broughshane our Mayor was seen,
 Our hearts with fear were frozen ;
 O'Rourke too was down for an Alderman's gown,
 O'Sheills and MacConways elated,
 MacAnallies from Tyrone and Con Baccagh's son,
 On our magistrates bench were seated.

XV.

From Caher's old throne in Ennishow'n
 O'Doherty ran shouting,
 And on the plain stood brave O'Cane,
 A victory not doubting ;
 Lough Erne's shore, with many more,
 Sent forth Maguire boasting,
 Of times that were gone—"old forty-one,"
 In flowing bumpers toasting.

XVI.

What could the maiden city do,
 By all those troops invested ?
 She rais'd her standard of TRUE BLUE,
 By freedom's foes detested ;
 The goodly sign, like bow divine,
 O'er Ulster brightly beaming,
 Brought quickly forth the sons of the north,
 The post of honour claiming.

XVII.

At Lifford it was Hammel's care
 That the foe should be obstructed,
 And when at last the Finn they pass'd,
 His men he here conducted ;

But when he was away, before the dawn of day,
 Old Hansard was ill treated,
 For to their shame some cowards came,
 And his statue mutilated.

XVIII.

Soon to the town Squire Forward came,
 His bands from Burt preceding,
 And Stewart and Grove to the field of fame
 Lough Swilly's heroes leading ;
 On a meadow great, near Ballindrate,
 Brave Rawdon join'd Lord Blaney.
 Their trumpets' sound was echo'd round,
 From the Foyle to the southern Slaney.

XIX.

From Newtownstewart rode Lord Mountjoy,
 In youthful beauty blooming,
 Squire Moore o'er troops from Aughnacloy
 The high command assuming ;
 To aid the town, from warlike Down,
 Hill came and cross'd our ferry,
 Bearing a name that still holds claim,
 On the hearts of the men of Derry.

XX.

Great Skiffington from Massareen,
 In this good cause was serving,
 And the valiant Cross from Darton green,
 From Omagh Audley Mervyn ;
 From Killyleagh George Maxwell gay
 For gallant deeds was knighted,
 CAIRNES of Knockmany shar'd the glory of the day,
 When James's threats were slighted.

XXI.

Glasslough sent a regiment in armour bright,
 By Caledon's horsemen aided,
 Johnson commanded and led them to the fight,
 From the ground where they first paraded ;
 GRAHAM's gallant hand did the foe withstand,
 An Alderman wise and steady,
 His purse and his store were open evermore,
 For his towneman's service ready.

XXII.

BABINGTON was here, and among us did appear
 MITCHELBURN covered with glory,
 ADAM MURRAY rare and valiant Jamie Blair,
 And BAKER renown'd in story ;
 PONSONBY brave stood here the town to save,
 SINCLAIR and SAUNDERSON assisting,
 Horace Kennedy and Ash, and Vaughan bold and rash,
 The besiegers' troops resisting.

XXIII.

DAWSON and Campsie nobly fought,
 With Albert Hall and Barry,
 Crookshank and UPTON ever sought,
 The foes proud force to parry ;
 Gervais Squire led the way in ev'ry bloody fray,
 James Curry for ardour was noted,
 But Adams of Strabane, at our cannon was the man,
 To whom we the laurel voted.

XXIV.

Lenox and Lecky to Scotland went,
 For aid, a surrender loathing,
 But ere they went to the stores they sent
 A large supply of clothing ;
 Conyngham and Brooke great trouble took,
 Major Phillips was the town's protector,
 Captain Godfrey from Coleraine did our noble cause sustain,
 As did Jemmet our brave Collector.

XXV.

Parker join'd us from Coleraine,
 From Garvagh brave GEORGE CANNING,
 A noble soul without a stain,
 No wily mischief planning ;
 And well he might have felt some fright,
 As here in arms he hasted,
 For his father's town had been burn'd down,
 And his fair plantation wasted.

XXVI.

Alderman Tomking's promptly sent,
 To the camp from his castle of Tirkearing,
 A strong and gallant regiment,
 All our toils and our dangers sharing ;

And on a lucky day they met Murray on the way,
 And chose him their commander,
 On Frenchmen's heads they sharpen'd their blades,
 With the brave Mount Alexander.

XXVII.

From Charlemont came Caulfield's force,
 Chichester from Dungannon,
 With horse and foot that from Dromore,
 Escap'd the Irish cannon ;
 Colhoun from Letterkenny came,
 On angry foes proud frowning.
 From Dawson's bridge, his fair abode,
 Came gallant Adam Downing.

XXVIII.

Jackson and Beatty from Slievegallen came across
 Colonel Stuart, with Mulholland of Eden,
 Nisbitt, Cowan, Denniston, with Fleming, Clark and Ross,
 And KNOK, from Glenfin and Kilkeadon ;
 Cummins fir'd the foremost gun, ere the foe began to run,
 James Houston amaz'd each bystander,
 When fainting on the wall, and with famine like to fall,
 He brought down a proud French commander.

XXIX.

Sir TRISTRAM BERESFORD'S array,
 Coleraine some days defended,
 But here at last they found their way,
 And vigour recommended ;
 Sir John Magill was ready still,
 Both night and day for action,
 And CAREY sought and stoutly fought,
 To crush King James's faction.

XXX.

And last, not least, from Donaghmore,
 GEORGE WALKER came to guide us,
 To join our cause for evermore,
 Let weal or woe betide us ;
 When press'd with woe—in spirits low,
 We heard his words endearing.
 When he said go—we chas'd the foe,
 His voice our spirits cheering.

XXXI.

With hearts like these, what blood could freeze ;
 The dangers gather'd round us ;
 From morn till night we stood the fight,
 The foe could ne'er confound us ;
 No famine pale could aught avail,
 No feelings keen or tender,
 Make us relent or once consent
 To say the word—SURRENDER.

XXXII.

At last, by all our suff'rings mov'd,
 Kind Heaven its aid extended,
 The tyrant's arts abortive prov'd,
 And Derry's woe was ended ;
 In one dark night the foe took flight,
 Leck Patrick's old church burning,
 And ere 'twas day—all far away,
 They thought not of returning.

THE

SHUTTING OF THE GATES,

Written for the celebration of the 7th of December, 1821, (O. S.)

Air—"AULD LANG SYNE."

*"Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent."*—

HOB.

I.

Full many a long wild winter's night,
 And sultry summer's day,
 Are pass'd and gone since James took flight,
 From Derry walls away :
 Cold are the hands that clos'd that gate,
 Against the wily foe,
 But here to time's remotest date,
 Their spirit still shall glow.

CHORUS.

*Then here's a health to all good men,
 Now fearless friends are few,
 But when we close our gates again,
 We'll then be all true blue.*

II.

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
 With drums and trumpets gay,
 The 'Prentice boys just heard the noise,
 And then prepar'd for play :
 While some oppos'd, the gates they clos'd,
 And joining hand in hand,
 Before the wall resolv'd to fall,
 Or for their freedom stand.

*When honour calls to Derry's walls
 The noble and the brave,
 Oh he that in the battle falls,
 Must find a 'heroe's grave.*

III.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray,
 With many a mortal wound,
 While thousands in wild war's array,
 Stood marshall'd all around :
 Each hill and plain was strew'd with slain,
 The Foyle ran red with blood,
 But all was vain the town to gain,
 Here William's standard stood.

*Then here's to those that meet their foes,
 As men and heroes should,
 And let the slave steal to his grave,
 Who fears to shed his blood.*

IV.

The matchless deeds of those who here
 Defied the tyrant's frown,
 On history's bright rolls appear,
 Emblazon'd in renown :
 Here deathless WALKER's faithful word
 Sent hosts against the foe,
 And gallant MURRAY's bloody sword
 The gallic chief laid low.

*Then here's to those—heroic dead,
 Their GLORIOUS MEMORY;
 May we who stand here in their stead
 As wise and valiant be.*

V.

Oh sure a heart of stone would melt,
 The scenes once here to see,
 And witness all our fathers felt,
 To leave their country free :
 They saw the lovely matron's cheek,
 With want and terror pale,
 They heard their child's expiring shriek
 Float on the passing gale.

*Yet here they stood—in fire and blood,
 As battle rag'd around,
 Resolv'd to die—till victory,
 Their Purple Standard crown'd.*

VI.

The sacred rights these heroes gain'd,
 In many a hard fought day,
 Shall they by us be still maintain'd,
 Or basely cast away :
 Shall rebels vile rule o'er our Isle,
 And call it all their own,
 Oh surely no, the faithless foe,
 Must bend before the throne.

*Then here's a health to all good men,
 To all good men and true,
 And when we close our gates again,
 We'll all be then TRUE BLUE.*

THE RELIEF.

Written for the Celebration of that event, on the 1st of August, 1822 (O.S.)

"Grata supervenient quæ non sperabitur hora."—HOR.

Air—"MY AIN KIND DEARIE O."

I.

The gloomy hour of trial's o'er,
 No longer cannons rattle O,
 The tyrant's flag is seen no more,
 And James has lost the battle O ;

And here are we, renown'd and free,
 By maiden walls surrounded O,
 While all the knaves, who'd make us slaves,
 Are baffled and confounded O.

II.

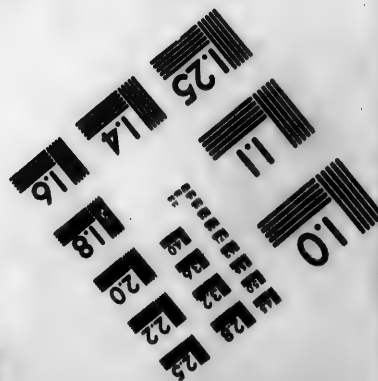
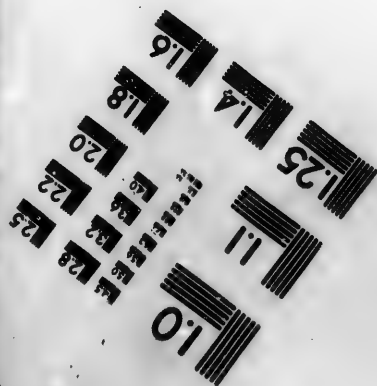
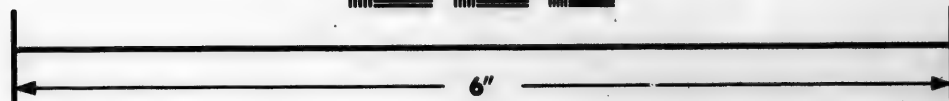
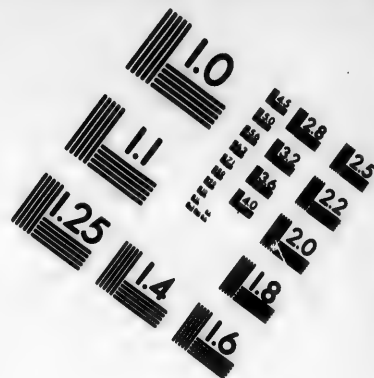
The *Dartmouth* spreads her snow white sail,
 Her purple pendant flying, O,
 While we the dauntless heroes hail,
 Who sav'd us all from dying, O ;
 Like Noah's dove, sent from above,
 While foes would starve and grieve us, O,
 Thro' floods and flame, an angel came,
 To comfort and relieve us, O.

III.

Oh when the vessel struck the boom,
 And pitch'd and reel'd and stranded, O,
 With shouts the foe denounc'd our doom,
 And open gates demanded, O ;
 And shrill and high arose the cry,
 Of anguish, grief, and pity, O,
 While black with care, and deep despair,
 We mourn'd our falling city, O.

IV.

But Heav'n her guide, with one broadside,
 The laden bark rebounded, O,
 A fav'ring gale, soon fill'd the sail,
 While hills and vales resounded, O,
 The joy-bells ring—long live our King,
 Adieu to grief and sadness, O,
 To Heav'n we raise our voice of praise,
 In heartfelt joy and gladness, O.



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A SONG.

FOR

THE NORTH-WEST SOCIETY.

*Written for their Annual Meeting, at Londonderry, Thursday,**10th October, 1822.*

*"Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amen sylvasque inglorius."*—VIRG.

How happy is this festive scene,
Where worth and wealth combining,
In patriotic bands are seen,
All common cares resigning :
With love for all, both great and small,
Our country's good devising,
Each prudent course and rich resource
In wisdom calm revising.

Pursuits like these must surely please
The heart that can feel pleasure ;
When time takes wing they leave no sting,
But comfort without measure :
Each happy day that rolls away,
While man his brother blesses,
Produces joy without alloy,
And this the heart confesses.

Then here's to Erin's lovely fields,
Her sons and daughters dainty,
Her matchless soil, that freely yields
Of choicest gifts a plenty :
For many a year may we meet here,
To prove we dearly love her,
May those who roam come quickly home,
To cherish and improve her.

O ! who to swell vain France's pride,
 That land of friendship hollow;
 Would leave the Foyle's bright smiling side,
 The fickle crowd to follow :
 When happy here, we pass the year,
 With faithful friends around us,
 While on each hand, for our own land,
 Heart-cheering views surround us.

Lough Erne's wave the Foyle shall join,
 And both shall meet the Shannon,
 Old Galway's lakes shall swell the Boyne,
 No more disturb'd by cannon :
 The south'rn Lee shall join Lough Ree,
 The Bann, the Liffey narrow,
 The Slaney bright, with these unite,
 And mingle with the Barrow.

Our mountains high, that meet the sky,
 With hidden treasure teeming,
 Their steel and gold shall soon unfold
 The land from want redeeming :
 The silver mine once more shall shine,
 Our Leitrim coal shall warm us,
 While bogs reclaimed, and meadows named,
 With clover green shall charm us.

Our coast, producing shoals of fish,
 Neglected long and wasted,
 Once more shall furnish many a dish,
 Or foreign tables tasted :
 The stormy main shall prove our gain,
 The Dutchman's fame outstripping,
 Our harbours deep, shall safely keep,
 Ten thousand sail of shipping.

Oh ! then no more shall want or guilt,
 All comfort from us sever,
 No more shall blood be madly spilt,
 The land shall rest for ever :
 This beautiful Isle was form'd to smile,
 Renown'd in future story,
 Our sons shall see that she will be
 " Broad Europe's" pride and glory.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, authoress of "*The Siege of Derry*," &c.

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign :
A holy temple crowned her,
And commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her,
The river at her feet ;
And here she sate alone, boys,
And, looking from the hill,
Vow'd the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,
In famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover
Came to the Ferry-Gate :
She summon'd to defend her
Our sires—a beardless race—*
They shouted NO SURRENDER !
And slamm'd it in his face.
Then, in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 'twas their will
That the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came,
(The royal banner o'er him,
Blushed crimson deep for shame ;)
He show'd the Pope's commission,
Nor dream'd to be refused,
She pitied his condition,
But begg'd to stand excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the Maiden on the throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
'Twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.

* The famous Apprentice Boys.

That hallow'd grave-yard yonder,
 Swells with the slaughtered dead—
 Oh, brothers ! pause and ponder,
 It was for *us* they bled ;
 And while their gifts we own, boys—
 The fane that tops our hill,
 For the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Shall be a Maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
 Nor tyrant arm affright,
 We'll look to One above us
 Who ne'er forsook the right ;
 Who will, may crouch and tender
 The birthright of the free,
 But, brothers, No SURRENDER !
 No compromise for me !
 We want no barrier stone, boys,
 No gates to guard the hill,
 Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Shall be a Maiden still.

INTRODUCTION TO THE NOTES.

THERE cannot be a more appropriate sequel to the foregoing songs, or a better preface to the notes which are to be annexed to them, than the following speech of PROVOST ANDREWS, on presenting a petition from this city to the House of Commons, on the 23rd of November, 1763. Sir JAMES CALDWELL, of Castle Caldwell, in the county of Fermanagh, took it down from memory, on leaving the House, immediately after he heard it, and it is a strong proof of the strength of his recollective powers that he was known not to have taken a single note during the delivery of it. It appeared in a work long since out of print, and is now drawn from the oblivion into which it had unmeritedly fallen. The preservation of such documents should be considered as a matter of public duty in every community. Twice or thrice in a century they should be collected and published, not only to provide materials for the general historian, but to mark the progressive or retrograde state of intelligence and prosperity, and stimulate the rising generations to imitate the worth, and avoid the errors of their ancestors.

With respect to this fine specimen of native eloquence—its strong and direct bearing upon the circumstances of the present day will warrant its having a distinguished place in a publication of historical documents relative to the City of Londonderry. The arguments which prevailed over the Legislature of Ireland, sixty years ago, in favour of this interesting city, will not be thrown away at a time when the very best feelings respecting this Island prevail in the other parts of the Empire, and when very large sums of British capital have been devoted to the improvement of districts which possess fewer claims upon the gratitude of the public than the north-west of Ulster.

In 1688, the nobility and gentry of the north-east division of this Province, entered into an association for the preservation of the civil and religious liberties of the land they lived in. Under the most adverse circumstances it proved successful. In 1821, the higher and middle orders in the north-west district associated for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of our people, by the improvement of agriculture and stock, the encouragement of manufactures and trade, the right of management of our rich fisheries, the discovery of mines, and under more promising auspices than those of any former period, will be at least equally successful with their distinguished ancestors, and that one of the earliest bequests of the North-West Society of Ireland to posterity will be THE WELLESLEY CANAL, between Londonderry and Enniskillen.

The living hero loves the place whose name
 Reminds him of an ancient hero's fame ;
 The Macedonian monarch, when a boy,
 Felt his heart bound when'er he heard of Troy ;
 Cæsar, who forc'd a wond'ring world to yield,
 Glow'd at the thought of Marathon's proud field,
 And conquering Hannibal oft wished to tread
 The ground where great Leonidas had bled ;
 So Derry, fam'd till time shall have an end,
 And glorious Enniskillen may depend,
 On having still a WELLESLEY for their friend.

"MR. SPEAKER,—I have in my hand a petition, signed by the Mayor, Corporation, and principal inhabitants of the City of Londonderry. It has always been held, Sir, that the rewarding eminent merit, in particular, is a general benefit, by stimulating others to emulation, and exciting them to the same dessert, by hopes of the same advantage. I therefore flatter myself that I shall not be thought unnecessarily to take up your time by saying a few words in favour of your present petitioners.

"If this nation had been so happy as to have its history written by any author of abilities equal to the work, the actions of the citizens of Derry would have furnished its most shining passages—passages which would have embellished the most illustrious historian, and highly honored the most heroic nation. The want of such historians is, indeed, the less to be regretted, as we have the most authentic records of such loyalty, magnanimity, and public spirit, in that ancient Protestant, and unconquered city, as would shake the credit of any historian, however eminent, for impartiality and truth, if they depended merely upon his testimony. The records I mean, Sir, are the Journals of this House, and of the Commons in England ; you there find the citizens of Derry supporting the laws, the religion, and the liberty of their country, in defiance of all the miseries that the cruelties of war, aggravated by the sanguinary rage of bigotry and superstition, could bring upon them. To say that they gave their lives a ransom for the blessings which their posterity enjoy, is to wrong them of half their praise, if we do not consider the manner in which it was paid. The pomp of war, and the sound of the trumpet, awake in almost every mind a sudden and tumultuous courage, which rather overlooks danger than defied it, and rather suspends our attention to life, than reconciles us to the loss of it. The soldier rushes forward with impetuosity, and when he hears the thunder of the battle, can glory in the elation of his mind : but when death approaches with a slow and silent pace, when it is seen at leisure, and contemplated, in all its terrors, the spirit shrinks back to the heart—the love of fame, and even the hope of heaven, is chilled within us, and fear at once prevails, not over the hero only, but the saint.

"Of the few that in this hour of horror have surmounted the sense of their own condition, who is he that has looked with the same equanimity upon the partner of his fortune, and the pledges of his love ? When a wife or child has been a hostage, and the tyrant's dagger has been lifted to their breast, how has the hero and the patriot melted in the husband and the father ?

"By what name then shall we distinguish the virtue of the citizens of Derry, who did not rush upon death, for their country, in the momentary ardour of sudden contest—in the pomp and tumult of the field of battle, but waited its deliberate, though irresistible approach, shut up within their own walls, in the gloomy recesses of sickness and famine; and who, while they felt the pangs of hunger undermining life in themselves, beheld also its destructive influence in those whose lives were still dearer than their own: who heard the faltering voice of helpless infancy complain, till the sounds at last died upon the tongue; and who saw the languid eye of fainting beauty express what no language could utter, till it was closed in death. In this trial to stand firm—in this conflict to be more than conquerors—was it not also to be more than men. To have been the birth-place, or the residence of one such hero, would have fired a thousand cities with envy, and have rendered the meanest hamlet illustrious for ever.

"What then is Derry, whose whole inhabitants were animated by this virtue, like a common soul? Nor is it strange that their posterity should still be distinguished by the same spirit; for, how is it possible they should hear the recital of these wonders, and enjoy the benefits they procured, without glowing at once with gratitude and emulation. Their virtue, from whatever cause, has long been hereditary. In the civil wars of 1641, Derry was the impregnable city, which baffled all the forces of the rebels, to the encouragement and support of the whole north of Ireland. In the glorious Revolution of 1688, a crisis, perhaps the most important that ever happened in any age, or any country, Derry stood forth the bulwark of the laws, religion, and liberty of this nation. To Derry we all owe, in a great measure, the ample and peaceable possession of them, in which we are happy at this day; and how Derry behaved during the late insurrections we need not to be told; a series of acknowledgments and thanks recorded in the Journals of this House, from its first institution to the present time, are at once the most authentic testimony of the distinguished merits of this city, and its most glorious and permanent reward. But, though all private encomium may be precluded, as an honour to Derry, it may perhaps be indulged as a pleasure to me, and let me add, to those before whom I speak; for I am confident, that among all who hear me, there is not one who would not from the same motive, and with the same pleasure, have spoken of her citizens as I have done, except where my language has been inadequate to my ideas, and there I am confident they would have supplied the defect.

"As to the allegation and the prayer of the petition, though as I observed, it is a general benefit to reward merit; yet I must do my constituents this farther justice to say, that if what they solicit had not, exclusive of this principle, been a national advantage, they would not have made it the object of their solicitations: that modesty and moderation, which are the inseparable concomitants of merit; and that uprightness and generosity of mind, which would disdain to request the application of any part of the public treasure to a private use, would have prevented them.

"The trade of the city of Derry, Sir, is within these few years greatly increased, with respect to imports and exports; the single article of the linen manufacture amounts to no less than £200,000 per annum. There are, belonging to this port, four-and-twenty ships, from two hundred to three hundred tons burthen, and, I believe, there are few other ports in the kingdom which employ as many; but the water is too shallow, even at high tide, to float these vessels to the quay. The river also is so narrow, as to render the navigation very inconvenient; so that the merchants of Derry are obliged to pay eight pence a ton for lighterage of all goods, both in and out, and are considerable sufferers by risk, damage, and delay.

"To render this part of the river more commodious, and to deepen the channel, will require about £1,600, by the best computation that can be made; the sum is comparatively very small, and the advantage will be great, not only to Derry, but to the nation in general; for every encouragement given to trade, is like an addition of vital strength to the heart, which is immediately diffused to the remotest parts of the body. I therefore pray that this petition may be read."

The petition was read accordingly, to the purport as set forth above, and it was ordered to be referred to a committee, upon which a committee was appointed accordingly.

NOTES.

STANZA I.—"*L:Derry.*"

THIS city is thus ingeniously described in the homely verse of a mutilated manuscript, said to be found in the library of a gentleman at Armagh, about 30 years ago, and published by Mr. DOUGLASS, with WALKER's and M'KENZIE's Diaries, &c., in 1794. To this curious document, I must once for all make my acknowledgments, not only for several lines in the first of the preceding Songs, but for some information not to be found in any other accounts of the Siege:—

"Derry, whose proud and stately walls disdain,
By any foreign en'my to be ta'en,
Betwixt surrounding hills which it commands,
On an ascending brow does snugly stand.
Against those hills the walls rise equally,
And on strong bastions planted cannon lye.
The curtains likewise have an equal power
T'annoy the foes, and the town to secure;
A river deep and swift with flowing tide,
Surrounds the East and South, and guards that side.

A higher wall and bastions to defend
 The West and North from the foes cruel end.
 There's a great Church, from whose high steeple goes
 Thunder and lightning to annoy the foes.
 Near it's a sally-port, from whence they may
 Safely spring out to meet the enemy, }
 From whose high bulwark sev'ral cannon play. }
 The town's near oval, with four stately gates ;
 The wholesome air an appetite creates !
 The Shipquay gate receives the merchants' store,
 There ride such ships as sail up from Culmore,
 To whose proud flag all ships must strike their sails,
 If not, the fort to sink them never fails.
 From that to Derry it's a league and more,
 The swiftest river and the finest shore :
 For near this place the noble salmon play,
 Till the wise fisher makes of them a prey.
 The cunning angler likewise with his fly,
 Entraps the noble salmon as they play :
 Panting for breath he hauls them on the sand,
 And takes the noble booty in his hand.
 Upon its banks some noble buildings stand,
 Fit to divert the nobles of the land.
 Ships of the greatest burthen safely go
 Above the city to careen, or so.
 Near the South-gate the Ferry-quay doth stand,
 Where they waft o'er the natives of the land.
 On t'other side some noble buildings be,
 Fit for the end of pride and luxury.
 On each side pleasant gardens to the eye,
 Which do abound with fruit exceedingly.
 Near Bishop's-gate the fatal wind mills lye,
 Where cattle feed and criminals do dye.
 This is the ready passage to Raphoe
 And Donegal, from whence their traffics flow.
 Upon the North, the Butcher's-gate doth lye,
 This side some moorish grounds do fortify ;
 But yet it leads to St. Columba's well,
 To Innishowen, to Burt, and Pennyburn-mill.
 Here's a plain path to Brookhall and Culmore,
 A fertile country, and a pleasant shore.
 A Mayor the town, a Dean the Church demands,
 A Governor the garrison commands.
 In the town's centre stands the Common-hall
 On stately pillars, the main-guard and all.
 There's a parade for near ten thousand men
 In the four main-streets and the diamond.
 In this great hall the magistrates do meet
 To take good counsel, and do what's fit."

STANZA I.—LINE 3.—"*The men of Derry.*"

The Prentice Boys, who shut the gates of Derry, on this memorable occasion, were HENRY CAMPSIE, WILLIAM CROOKSHANKS, ROBERT SHERRARD, DANIEL SHERRARD, ALEXANDER IRWIN, JAMES STEWART, ROBERT MORRISON, ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, SAMUEL HUNT, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, SAMUEL HUNT, JAMES SPIKE, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, WILLIAM CAIRNS, SAMUEL HARVEY, and some others, whose names have not been recorded.

STANZA II.—LINE 1.—“*Lord Antrim's Redshanks.*”

The Earl of Antrim's regiment is thus designated in a manuscript, found at Armagh:—

“The Earl of Antrim's redshanks next went on,
To join the army in battalion,
The same from Antrim and Dunluce he drew,
Who to the camp in noble courage flew.”

This regiment was the sixth in King James's infantry, and having a great proportion of it Highlanders, dressed in their own costume, obtained the nick-name of Redshanks. The commander of this regiment was Alexander M'Donnell, third Earl of Antrim, who, with the exception of the preceding Earl, his brother, was, perhaps, the man of all others, most likely to excite suspicion in the minds of the Protestants at this time. He had taken part with the Irish rebels in the year 1641, for which he was attainted of treason, but was restored to his estate by the act of explanation, 1662; in 1685, he was sworn of the Privy Council of King James II., who gave him the command of this regiment, for which he was attained; but he was afterwards adjudged to be comprised within the articles of Limerick.

STANZA III.—LINE I.—“*Lord Galway.*”

I find no mention of Lord Galway in Archbishop King's list of James's officers, which is generally deemed to be correct; and in Neville's map of Derry, as besieged in 1689, this position is given to Lord Galmoy.

LINE 2.—“*Ballougry.*”

A mountainous hill near the city, on the river, near the seat of Robert Bateson, Esq. There are several Danish forts and remains of entrenchments on and about it; in one of them a piece of gold, which appeared to be the head of a spear or a standard, was lately found by a labourer, who sold it for five pounds.

LINE 3.—“*Nugent.*”

James Nugent was Lieutenant-Colonel of Hamilton's regiment of foot, the second in the besieging army. Edward Nugent, was Colonel in Lord Fitz-James's regiment; and Thomas Nugent Lieutenant-Colonel of the Earl of Tyrone's infantry; Richard Nugent commanded the 8th regiment of foot. Thomas Nugent was afterwards promoted from Tyrone's regiment to succeed Colonel Francis, in a higher command, for which he was outlawed on the 11th of May, 1691; but being in Limerick, when that city was besieged by King WILLIAM's forces, and one of the hostages exchanged for the observance of the articles of surrender, his outlawry was reversed, and he was restored to his honours and estates, to both of which he succeeded in 1714—when his elder brother Richard, third Earl of Westmeath, who had become one of the order of the Capuchin friars,

died in France. The Nugents of Coolamber, in the county of Longford, father and son, held commissions in the army employed on this occasion.

"In Westmeath, Nugent rais'd his regiment,
Which to the camp in gallant order went.—*Armagh MS.*"

"Eustace."

Sir Maurice Eustace, Colonel of the 19th regiment of foot, son of Sir Maurice Eustace, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and grandson of William Fitz-John Eustace, of Castlemartin, in the county of Kildare, Esq.

"Into the camp Sir Maurice Eustace sent,
From Naas and Kilcullen, a regiment."—*Armagh MSS.*

LINE 5—"Columbkil's fair fountain."

Columbkil was one of the early reformers of the people of this island from heathenism. His name is identified with the history of Derry, from having founded a monastery there, in the year 545, at a time when the purity of the religion professed by the people of Ireland, and the rich fruits of love to God and love to man, which it produced, had obtained for this country throughout Europe, the appellation of the Island of Saints. The cathedral of Derry is, according to Sir James Ware, of much later date than the monastery, which latter was situated near where the Cassino now stands, where may be seen the long tower belonging to it, of which a print is to be found in the 216th page of the memoir of the Rev. George Vaughan Sampson's map of the county of Londonderry. On Columbkil's quitting Derry for Scotland, he composed the following verse, as translated by Dr. Coyle, late Titular Bishop of Raphoe, in his *Collectanea Sacra* :—

"My fragrant bank and fruitful trees farewell,
Where pensive mortals mix'd with angels dwell,
Here angels shall enjoy my sacred cell,
My sloe, my nut, mine apple, and my well."

This renowned ecclesiastic was born at Gartin, in the county of Donegal, in the year 521, where may be yet seen the ruins of the chapel, in which he taught the pure principles of Christianity with so much success, to the pagan natives. It is beautifully situated on the borders of a romantic lake. See Archbishop Usher's treatise of the religion of St. Patrick and the ancient Irish.

In 597, the seat of the see of Derry was translated from Ardstraw to Maghera.

In 783, the abbey and town of Derry were destroyed by an accidental fire.

In 812 the Danes were driven from Derry, with incredible slaughter, by Neil Calne, monarch of Ireland, the royal ancestor of Earl O'Neill. In this memorable exploit, the King of Ulster was aided by Alurchad, Prince of Aileagh, the ruins of whose castle are yet visible between Derry and Fahan. It was one of the three great royal palaces of this

provinces, famed for its councils and convocations—it is noted in the book of Howth, and in Dr. Coyle's *Collectanea* from the former of which Mr. Sampson made the following curious extract: "Five of the greatest towns that were in ancient times in Ireland, that is to say—Armagh, Deri Columbkille, Drumcloo, Kells, in Meath, and Foylemore."

In 1158 the episcopal seat was removed from Maghera to Derry.

LINE 5—"Lord Gormanstown."

Janico Preston, premier, Viscount of Ireland, Colonel of the 9th regiment of King James's infantry. He was descended from Sir R. De Preston, of Lancashire, who was knighted on the field of battle by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, 1365.

LINE 7—"Lord Clare."

Daniel O'Brien, of Carrigaholt, in the barony of Moyarta, and county of Clare. This nobleman was one of the most able and active supporters of King James II., of whose privy council he was sworn on the 28th of February, 1684. He was one of the Lords who sat in the Parliament held in Dublin, on the 7th of May, 1689. He was also Lord Lieutenant of the County of Clare, and colonel of a regiment of horse which he raised at Carrigaholt, and which from the facing of their uniform, were called *the dragoon buoys* (yellow dragoons.) John Macnamara was the first Lieutenant-Colonel of this regiment, James Phillips the second, and Francis Browne, Major.

In 1688, Lord Clare's dragoons were considered the flower of the Irish army; and when they were sent into Ulster this year, the command of them was given to Sir James Cotter. They are thus noticed in the Armagh manuscript, sec. 13:—

"The swift dragoons came next unto the ground,
And plac'd their standards as they storage found;
My Lord O'Bryan his dragoons did raise,
Upon the banks of Shannon, to whose praise,
Let future ages their great actions tell,
For they the Danes from Ireland did expel."

On the 26th of July, in this year, Lord Clare's dragoons were encountered near Lisnaskea, in the county of Fermanagh, by Captain Armstrong, with two troops of horse and two companies of foot, who, making a feint to attack with his horse, retired as if in disorder, till he drew the enemy into the ambuscade of his foot, which, by an unexpected volley, caused a great slaughter; the horse, at the same time facing about, fell on with incredible force, and cut the greater part of this brave regiment to pieces, very few escaping by flight, the terror and swiftness of which, gave rise to the following irony, to this day used among the Munster Irish, in their legendary dialogues, "*Coss, coss, a dragoon buoy.*" (that is—stop, stop, yellow dragoon,) to which one dragoon replies—"not till we come to the bridge of Clare"—and another—"not till we ride to the ford of Moyarta." On the 11th of May, 1691, Lord

Clare was outlawed ; and dying soon afterwards, his son Daniel, the fourth Viscount, went into France with the unfortunate Monarch, and died there. The second son of the third Viscount Clare married Anne, daughter of Henry Buckley, Esq., Master of the Household to King James II., and fighting at the battle of Ramillies, on the 11th of May, 1706, received nine wounds, whereof he died, leaving several children, the eldest of whom was Colonel of one of the Irish regiments in the French service ; bore the title of Lord Clare, and died on the 20th of May, 1742, at Prague, in Bohemia.

STANZA IV.—LINE 1—" *Sarsfield.*"

Patrick Sarsfield, a General in King Jame's army, whose military skill and address made King William raise the siege of Limerick, and grant the celebrated articles of that city. He was one of the six persons to whom the unfortunate Prince granted peerages after his abdication. His title was Baron of Lucan, which, with the others, was disallowed ; but his brother William married Mary, natural daughter of Charles II. and sister of James Duke of Monmouth, by whom he left an only daughter, who married Agmondesham Vesey, Esq. of Lucan. by whom she had a daughter, Anne, who marrying Sir John Bingham, of Castlebar, had issue by him, Charles, first Earl of Lucan, and ancestor of the present Earl, who is collaterally descended from the hero of Limerick. The family had been before enobled under the title of Sarsfield Kilmallock, and Sir Dominick Sarsfield, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was the first Baronet created in Ireland—date of his creation, September 29, 1619.

"Of all the gallant troops that crowded there,
None did so brave as Sarsfield's horse appear ;
These he had rais'd upon the swift Liffy,
And out of Connaught, where his friends they be."

Armagh MSS.—Sec. 12.—Line 9, &c.

STANZA IV.—LINE 3—" *Plunkett.*"

This family had long flourished in Ireland, but suffered heavily for its attachment to the Roman Catholic religion.

In 1464, Edward Plunkett was attainted of high treason, with the Earls of Desmond and Kildare. In 1641, Plunkett, Earl of Fingal, and Lord Killeen, and Plunkett Lord Louth, forfeited their titles for having been concerned in the rebellion. Oliver Plunkett, Titular Archbishop of Armagh, was hanged at Tyburn, on the 1st of July, 1681 : he was taken down before he was dead, and according to the sentence, his bowels were cut out and burned, his head cut off, and his body quartered. Lodge, in the first volume of his Peerage, rashly asserts, that this unfortunate Prelate had been deeply engaged in a popish plot in Ireland, in 1678 and 1679 ; but Bishop Burnett and other Protestant historians agree in acknowledging his innocence ; and Dr. Leland says, that he was condemned and executed for a plot, which he explicitly denied at his death, with the most solemn disavowal of all equivocation, and which, if he had

confessed, no man acquainted with the circumstances of Ireland, could have credited his dying confession. He defended himself with great ability at his trial, and his speech on the scaffold, preserved in the state trials, vol. iii. page 315, is one of the finest and most affecting specimens of eloquence in the English language.

Several of the witnesses against him were Franciscan Friars. Adverting to them, he thus spoke towards the conclusion of his dying speech: "I have endeavoured, by preaching and teaching, and by statutes according to my calling, to bring the clergy of which I had care to a due comportment, according to their calling; yet some who would not amend, had a prejudice against me, and especially my accusers, to whom I endeavoured to do good, I mean the clergymen who swore against me; but you see how I am requited, and how by false oaths they have brought me to this untimely death, which wicked act, being a defect of persons, ought not to reflect upon the order of St. Francis, or upon the Roman Catholic clergy, it being well known there was a Judas among the twelve Apostles, and a wicked man called Nicholas among the seven Deacons; and even as one of the said Deacons, to wit, holy Stephen, did pray for those who stoned him to death, so do I for those who, with perjuries, spill my innocent blood, saying, as he did,—'O Lord, lay not this sin to them.'" Oliver Plunkett was highly connected in England and Ireland, but all did not avail him now; he fell a victim to the angry temper of the times, and the profligacy of two or three nefarious priests, whose wicked lives he had censured. He was grand nephew of the first Earl of Roscommon, and great-grandson of John, Lord Culpepper, of Thorway, in England.

STANZA IV.—LINE 5.—"*Tredagh*."—"Lord Dungan."

Tredagh was the old name of Drogheda. My authority here is the Armagh Manuscript, sec. xiii., line 7.

"In County Louth Lord Dungan rais'd his men,
And from Tredagh, and County Dublin."

Lord Dungan, Colonel of James's 1st regiment of dragoons, was a descendant of John Dungan, Esq., second Remembrancer of the Exchequer in the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Walter Dungan, of Castleton Kildrought, Bart., married a daughter of Robert Rochfort, of Kilbride, Esq., who brought four archers on horseback to the general hosting at Tara Hill, in 1593, for the barony of Navan. Sir Walter Dungan, of Castletown, in the County of Kildare, in 1633, gave his eldest daughter in marriage to Thomas Barnewall, of Robertstown, in the County of Meath, who died on the 25th December, 1683. There is no record of the extinction or forfeiture of this title in Debrett's Peerage.

STANZA IV.—LINE 7.—"*Tyrconnel*."—"Fitzgerald's Land."

The Duke of Tyrconnel was Colonel of the first regiment of horse in

this army. The celebrated Sheldon was Lieutenant-Colonel of it, which is thus noticed in the Armagh MSS. :—

“Next to those Tyrconnel's royal regiment came,
Who from Maynooth obtain'd a mighty name,
Tho' they were of another corps of old,
But in Kildare great Talbot's praise is told.”

STANZA IV.—LINE 8.—“*Luttrell.*”

The Luttrells have been long settled in Ireland ; Sir Gregory Luttrell obtained a grant from King John to the castle and estate of Luttrellstown, in the County of Dublin. The other proprietors of the soil in this county, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, were, according to the rare and curious map of Ortelius Taylor, St. Laurence, Talbot, White Sarsfield, Allen, Rice, Hussey, Rochfort, Dease, Harold, and Wolverston. There were two officers of this name at the siege of Derry, viz. :—Henry, Colonel of the 6th regiment of horse ; and Simon, Colonel of the 4th regiment of dragoons. Simon was Governor of Dublin, and by him was the celebrated proclamation issued on the 18th of June, 1690, forbidding more than five Protestants to meet in any place, upon pain of death.

One of these officers fell under heavy imputations from his own party at the siege of Limerick, where, to this day, a treacherous man is called “*a Luttrell.*”

“In King and Queen's County, brave Luttrell rais'd
His regiment, which was for valour prais'd.”

Armagh MSS.

STANZA V.—LINE 1.—“*Young Talbot travelled.*”

Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot, brother of the Earl of Tyrconnel, was taken prisoner at the Windmill, on the 6th of May, 1689.

STANZA V.—LINE 2.—“*Purcell.*”

Sir Nicholas Purcell, Colonel of the 8th regiment of horse. His family is of great antiquity and respectability in the South of Ireland. Sir Hugh Purcell, Knight, married Beatrix, daughter of Theobald Butler, who attended King Henry II. into France, and died in the year 1206. James Purcell was titular Baron of Loughmore, in 1670, and grand nephew of James, first Duke of Ormond.

“In Tipperary Purcell rais'd his men,
Who in brave order rode into the plain.”

STANZA V.—LINE 3.—“*Wauchope and Buchan.*”

Francis Wauchope was a Scottish gentleman, to whom Tyrconnel gave a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission in Lord Ireagh's regiment of foot, in which Brian Magennis was first Lieutenant-Colonel.

James Earl of Buchan was a nobleman much in favour with King Charles II., to whom he was Gentleman of the Bedchamber. He was one of those noblemen who accompanied James into Ireland, and who, we are told by Archbishop King, deeply regretted their having done so.

STANZA V.—LINE 5.—“*Dublin's Mayor.*”

Sir Michael Creagh, Lord Mayor of Dublin, Paymaster-General of the army, and Colonel of the 33rd regiment of foot. John Power was his Lieutenant-Colonel, and Theobald Burke, Major.

“Sir Michael Creagh did the Boom command,
To stop all succours from the neighb'ring land.
The Boom was made of great long oaken beams,
Together join'd with iron o'er the streams,
On top of which a mighty cable ran
Across the lough, thro' staples of iron.
The Boom on either side was fastened
With a cross beam, in a rock mortised.
In breadth, the river half a mile or more.
This floating boom did reach from shore to shore.”

Armagh MSS., Sec. 13, line 7, &c.

STANZA V—LINE 6.—“*Lord Galmoy.*”

Pierce Butler, Lord Galmoy, some of whose perfidy and cruelty will be detailed in the Diary. Oldmixon said of him, in his memoirs of Ireland, that he was an infamous wretch, whom no titles could honour. He commanded the second regiment of horse—Laurence Dempsey being his first, and Charles Carrol his second Lieutenant-Colonel, and Robert Arthur, Major.

STANZA V—LINE 7.—“*Lord Dillon's Heir.*”

Henry Dillon, Colonel of the 10th regiment of foot ; his Lieutenant-Colonel was Walter Bourke ; his Major, John Morgan.

“Roscommon's youths brave Dillon's regiment made,
Who march'd with noble courage, &c. &c.”

Armagh MSS.

Sir Robert Dillon, of Newtown, near Trim, was Attorney-General to King Henry VIII., who granted him Ardnecraney and other estates in Westmeath ; on the 18th of February, 1553, Queen Mary appointed the aforesaid Sir Robert Dillon second Justice of the Queen's Bench, and one of her Privy Council. Queen Elizabeth continued him in his office ; on the 9th of January, 1553, she appointed him to be Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and on the 2nd of May, 1569, in reward of his eminent services, granted him the monastery of Abbeyshrule, and other lands in the county of Longford. He is the ancestor of Lord Viscount Dillon's family, and of the Dillons of Ballymulvey, Ballymahon, and Walterstown. One of his daughters was married to Sir Thomas Dillon of Drum-

raney, and his eldest son, Sir Lucas Dillon, a Privy Counsellor and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was the father of Sir James Dillon, first Earl of Roscommon, and the maternal grand-father of the unfortunate Oliver Plunkett already mentioned. On the 22nd July, 1642, Sir James Dillon, of Ballymulvey, in the county of Longford, was expelled from the House of Commons, for being concerned in the rebellion of the preceding year, and his lands, including the castle, town, and estate of Ballymahon, became forfeited to the Crown. Lord Dillon's branch of this ancient family escaped forfeiture. Date of the creation, 1621. Dillon's regiment went to France after the surrender of Limerick, and formed part of the Irish Brigade.

STANZA VI—LINE 1—"Parker."

John Parker, Colonel of the 7th regiment of horse.

"Next him came valiant Parker with his men,
On stately geldings, prancing o'er the plain;
Those he at Kells and Cavan quickly rais'd,
Then Tara, County Meath, him greatly prais'd."

Armagh MSS.

John Parker, Master of the Rolls, was appointed with Sir Thomas Nugent, and others, an Ecclesiastical Commissioner for the reformation of religion, within the county of Westmeath, on the 23rd of May, 1561.

STANZA VI—LINE 3.—"O'Reilly."

Edmund Reilly was Colonel of the 42d regiment of foot, and Philip Reilly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 28th regiment of foot, commanded by Colonel Arthur M'Mahon. Hugh Magennis was Major of this regiment. The proprietors of land in the county of Cavan, in 1599, were Hamilton, O'Reilly, O'Currie, O'Brady, Mackiernan, Plunkett, and O'Sheridan. The latter was the ancestor of the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan, M.P.

STANZA VI—LINE 5.—"Clifford."

Robert Clifford, Colonel of the 5th regiment of dragoons.

"The County Clare Lord Clifford's troops advance,
And to the camp in noble manner prance."

Armagh MSS.—Sec. 13—Line 9.

In 1596, Sir Coniers Clifford, Governor of Connaught, joined his forces to those of O'Connor, Sligo, and O'Maley, and they expelled O'Donnell, of Tyrconnel, and his predatory forces, from that province.

STANZA VI—LINE 8.—"Cottrell,"

"The last dragoons that came into the plain,
Were Colonel Cottrell's, all brave lusty men."

Armagh MSS.

STANZA VI.—LINE 8.—“ *Clancarty.*”

Donough, Earl of Clancarty, Colonel of the 4th regiment of foot.

“ Near Cork, Clancarty raised his regiment,
Who skip'd and danced all the way they went ;
In ancient times their ancestors were kings.
O'er all the country, which his praises rings.”

On King James's arrival at Kinsale, he was received and entertained by the Earl of Clancarty, whom he made one of the Lords of his Bedchamber. This nobleman's regiment was, on the same occasion, made a Royal one, and embodied with the Guards. He was the descendant and representative of MacCarty more, who had surrendered his estate to Queen Elizabeth, and had it regranted to him as a tenure under the Crown. Hooper says—(History of Ireland, p. 114,) that O'Neill was greatly dissatisfied at the ennobling of MacCarty, and said, that although Queen Elizabeth was his Sovereign Lady, that he never made peace with her but at her own desire ; that she made a wise Earl of MacCarty more, but that he kept a servant who was as good a man as he ; that for his own part, he did not regard so mean a title as that of an Earl ; that his blood and power were better than those of the best, and, therefore, he would give place to none of them ; that his ancestors were kings of Ulster, and that, as they had won it by the sword, they would keep it by the sword. In 1567, MacCarty more, being encouraged by O'Neill's rebellion in the North, despised his new title of Earl of Clancarty, and assumed that of King of Munster, and broke into rebellion with O'Sullivan more, MacSwiney, and others.

Donough MacCarty more, Earl of Clancarty, and Viscount Valentia, forfeited these titles in 1691. The proprietors of the county of Cork, in 1599, were MacCarty, O'Mahown, O'Sullivan more, O'Sullivan bear, O'Donovan, Barry, O'Mahony, O'Driscoll, MacCarty reagh, Ohea, O'Kearny, De Courey, Galway, Boyle, O'Dally, O'Riordan, O'Crowly, O'Leary, Barry, Waters, Sarsfield, Archdeacon, Stackpole, Skiddy, Fitzgerald, Gold, Carew, O'Lyons, Nagle, O'Callaghan, O'Hely, O'Hennessy, Barret, Coppinger, and O'Falvey.

STANZA VII.—LINE 3.—“ *MacMahon.*”

Arthur MacMahon, Colonel of King James's 28th regiment of foot. Hugh MacMahon was Colonel of the 46th regiment of foot in this army ; Owen MacMahon, Lieutenant-Colonel ; and Christopher Plunkett, Major. In 1599, the whole of the county of Monaghan was the property of the MacMahons, under the denominations of Monaghan, Orgial, and Dartry, but among the inquisitions preserved in the Rolls Office, many are to be found respecting the Mackennas in that county, between 1624 and 1641.

Lord Dacre, a descendant of the nobleman mentioned in King Edward Vith's Journal, as Lord Warden of the English Marches, 1550, obtained a grant of the Clones division of the MacMahons' lands in the county of Monaghan, where, and in the neighbouring parts of Fermanagh, a strong

border colony was settled, consisting of families of the name of Noble, Armstrong, Forster, and Graham.

STANZA VII.—LINE 5.—“*Hagans.*”

“From Antrim the Macdonnell’s num’rous race,
From Glenwood the O’Hagans came apace.”

The proprietors of soil in the county of Londonderry, at the close of the sixteenth century, were O’Cahan, O’Connor, O’Donal, O’Neill, Hamilton, O’Murray, O’Hagan. Hugh O’Hagan was one of the Burgesses of the Corporation of Londonderry, according to King James’s appointment.

STANZA VII.—LINE 7.—“*Gallaghers.*”

This was an ancient and numerous sept in Tyrconnel or Donegal, the proprietors of which county, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, were O’Dogherty, MacSweeney-Fanad, M’Sweeney-Natua, MacWard, MacConney, O’Gallagher, and O’Clery. They were all, of course, at this time, on the tip-toe of expectation to have the Acts of Settlement and Explanation repealed, by which, and the Act of Attainder, which passed in the Parliament held in Dublin, on the 7th of May, in this year, they would have been restored to their estates, had James been victorious. They would, however, have lost as much in liberty, as they could have gained in land; and many of the descendants of those who had forfeited their estates, had even then re-acquired property under Protestant titles.

STANZA VIII.—LINE 1.—“*Bellew left Duleek.*”

Walter, second Lord Bellew, Colonel of the 12th regiment of foot.

“About Dundalk, Lord Bellew rais’d another,
And led them to the camp in gallant order.”

Armagh MSS.

His son Richard, third Lord Bellew, being a Captain in the Earl of Limerick’s dragoons, was outlawed and attainted for his service to King James II., but being comprehended within the articles of Limerick, and conforming to the true religion established amongst us, his outlawry, and that of his father, were reversed, and he took his seat in the House of Peers, on the 7th of July, 1707. His sister was the wife of Denis Kelly, of Aghran, in the county of Galway, Esq., who was long a state prisoner in the tower of London. This is a very ancient family, of Norman extraction, and has been settled at Duleek since the reign of King Edward III.

When the Earl of Tyrconnel came into Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, being desirous to have more of the Irish advanced to titles of honour than formerly had been, he consulted with Lord Bellew, among others, what persons in the county of Louth were fit to be created Knights or Baronets, when his lordship named Sir Patrick Bellew, as a person whom he thought proper to be made a Baronet; and intending about that time

to go to England, Tyrconnel wrote by him to the Secretary of State, to make out a warrant for that honour, which bears date at Whitehall, 25th April, 1687.

STANZA VIII.—LINES 3 AND 5.—*"Fagan of Filtrim with Fingal.—Lord Strabane."*

"Next unto them my Lord Strabane did prance,
Fagan of Filtrim did his horse advance,
His father's friends had him forsaken all,
Then for assistance he fled to Fingal."

Armagh MSS.

Richard Fagan, eldest son of Christopher Fagan, of Filtrim, in the county of Dublin, Esq., was brother of Elizabeth, wife of George Hamilton, fourth Lord Strabane, brother, and next successor of James Hamilton, the third Lord Strabane, whose short, but sad history, may not be deemed irrelevant to the purpose of these notes. He was seized in fee of the manor of Strabane, the middle proportion of Shean, and of many other lands in the county of Tyrone, as appears by inquisitions preserved in the Record Tower of Dublin Castle: all these he forfeited by entering into rebellion against the English at Charlemont, in the county of Armagh, on the 20th of July, 1650, where he joined with his unfortunate stepfather, Sir Phelim O'Neill, who then held that fort against Sir Charles Coote, Commander-in-Chief of the Parliamentary forces in Ulster. On the repulse of the Irish there, Lord Strabane fled to the woods and bogs of Munterlony, where he was taken prisoner on the 6th of August, by a party of the Commonwealth's army. On the 13th of the same month, he took a protection from Sir Charles Coote, which he forfeited on the 30th of December ensuing, by joining again with Sir Phelim O'Neill, in the island of Drumurragh, and on the 1st of July, 1649, he accepted a commission to raise a troop of horse in behalf of the Irish, with whom he afterwards acted in concert—frequently joined counsels with them, and died a Roman Catholic recusant, on the 16th of June, 1655, at Ballyfatten, near Strabane. One would think that this unhappy nobleman had but little inducement to join with Sir Phelim O'Neill, from the usage his lordship's mother (daughter of George, first Marquis of Huntley) had received from this ferocious chieftain. This lady was the widow of Claud Hamilton, Lord Strabane, who died on the 14th of June, 1638, and was buried in the church of Leckpatrick, in the county of Tyrone. On the death of her lord, she expended above a thousand pounds in building the castle, court-yard, and garden walls about the castle of Strabane, premises now occupied by Messrs. Graham, Hughes, Brodie, &c. On the breaking out of the rebellion, the greater part of these buildings were demolished, the furniture in the castle destroyed, and the town of Strabane burned to the ground. In the same month of that year, this lady was taken prisoner by Sir Phelim O'Neill, who was then paying his addresses to her ladyship, very warmly, it must be acknowledged. He carried her away from the ruins of Strabane, to his own house at Kinard, where he kept her two or three days, and then sent her to Sir George Hamilton, telling

her that he would never leave off the work he had begun, until mass should be sung or said in every church in Ireland, and that a Protestant should not live in it, be he of what nation he would. Thus disgraced and insulted by him, she could do no better than become his wife, and was reduced to so indigent and deplorable a condition, that, in 1656, she was glad to accept of five pounds from the government towards her relief from starvation: happy had it been for her to have been buried in Leekpatrick with her noble husband, eighteen years before that consummation of her misery.

Sir William Stewart, of Fort-Stewart, near Ramelton, in the county of Donegal, routed Sir Phelim O'Neill near Strabane, when he was going to burn the town of Raphoe; and again upon the mountains of Barnesmore, on the sixteenth of June, 1642, defeated him and his numerous forces, with the slaughter of 500 men, a great number of the Irish being wounded and taken prisoners on the field.

Claude Hamilton, the fifth Lord Strabane, and fourth Earl of Abercorn, attended King James II. from France into Ireland, where he was made a Privy Counsellor on his arrival in Dublin, and appointed to the command of the 5th regiment of horse. He attended the king into the north, in order to reduce Londonderry, and when near that city, was sent with a party from the army, to persuade the citizens to surrender the place, which they utterly refused; and making a sally, some time after, his lordship's horse was killed under him, and he very narrowly escaped, leaving his cloak and furniture behind him. See Lodge's Peerage, vol. iii. page 151, for these and many other particulars respecting the noble family of Hamilton.

The sally port was in the south side of the town-wall, and from it to the communion-table in the cathedral there was a direct passage, (a covered way leading under the wall to the church-yard), so that the self-devoted christian heroes, often rushed out upon the enemy, immediately after they received the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This is one of the ways in which their undaunted courage and heroic achievements may be accounted for. After the defeat at the Boyne, the Earl of Abercorn embarked for France, but was killed on his passage; he was outlawed, and forfeited his estate and title of Strabane, but the Earldom of Abercorn devolving on his brother Charles, the outlawry and attainder were both reversed. Richard Hamilton, Brigadier-General in King James's army, and Colonel of a regiment of horse, with the pay of £597 per annum, acted for the king in the north of Ireland, and afterwards fled with him into France, where he died; and his brother John, a Colonel in the same army, was killed at the battle of Aughrim. These gentlemen were younger brothers of Sir George Hamilton, of Donnelong, in the county of Tryone, Knight, and were the sons of Sir George Hamilton, a gallant officer, who performed good service in Ireland for King Charles I., being a captain of horse, colonel of foot, and governor of the town and castle of Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary. His lady, who was the mother of the officers in King James's army, was Mary, third sister of the first Duke of Ormonde, by whom he had six sons and three daughters. On the 7th of February, 1631, Sir George Hamilton obtain-

ed a patent from government, to hold a Thursday market and a yearly fair on the 25th of April, at Clogher, and a fair on the 21st of October, at Ballymagarry, now called Ballymagory, in the county of Tyrone. On the 23rd of July, 1639, he had a grant upon the Commission of Grace, of the manor of Strabane; and on the 25th of June, in that year, another patent of the great proportion of Donnelong; and in the Act of Settlement it was provided, that nothing therein contained should forfeit or vest in the king any honours, manors, or estates whatsoever, belonging to him on the 23rd of October, 1641.

STANZA IX—LINE 2.—“*Bagnell's forces.*”

Dudley Bagnell, or Bagnall, Colonel of the 30th regiment of foot, of which Richard James Power was Lieutenant-Colonel. By a literal error in the substitution of a “w” for an “n” in Sampson’s copy of Neville’s map of the Siege of Londonderry, the honour of this command has been transferred to a distinguished Protestant family, and in the same map, Lord Galway occupies the position of Lord Galmoy. These are, however, the blunders of a printer’s devil—such as have rendered the beautiful play of the Battle of Aughrim nearly unintelligible; but they demonstrate the use of such efforts as this humble one, to preserve the history of our country from confusion and error.

STANZA IX—LINE 3.—“*Fitzgerald's on the Chapel Hill.*”

Nicholas Fitzgerald, first Lieutenant-Colonel of Lord Bellew’s regiment of foot.

STANZA IX—LINE 5.—“*The batteries of Culmore Fort.*”

Culmore was surrendered to King James, by deputies sent to him for that purpose to Strabane, on the 20th of April, 1689. In Captain Neville’s map of the siege, the land side of the fort is represented as having been protected by sod works.

STANZA X—LINE 2.—“*Lord Louth.*”

Mathew Plunket, seventh Lord Louth, Colonel of the 21st regiment of foot. He was outlawed in 1689, and died in that year,

STANZA X—LINE 3.—“*Lord Slane.*”

Fleming, Lord Slane, Colonel of the 14th regiment of horse, of which Maurice O’Connel was Lieutenant-Colonel.

STANZA XI—LINE 1.—“*Clancarty—Brookhall.*”

See the note on Stanza 7, Line 1. Brookhall, now the delightful residence of the Right Honourable Sir G. F. Hill, Baronet, &c., &c.

STANZA XI—LINE 3.—“*O'Neill's dragoons.*”

Sir Neil O’Neill was Colonel of the 2nd regiment of dragoons. Gordon O’Neill, Colonel of the 31st regiment of foot, and son of Sir Phelim

O'Neill, was also serving in the Irish army at this siege. He had been an inhabitant of Derry, where his wife, Mildred, who was a member of the Established Church, died, and was buried on the 19th of December, 1686. He was one of the burgesses which Tyrconnel had elected for the borough of Strabane, of which there is the following angry note in Mr. Douglas's list of the members of that corporation in 1689: "Gordon O'Neill, son of Sir Phelim O'Neill, the great rebel who was hanged: he burned Strabane in 1641."

"Gordon O'Neill came next with heart and hand,
To fight for James against his native land;
Most of his foot he raised in Tyrone,
O'Case, his nephew, join'd some of his own.
Gordon O'Neill is that dire traitor's son,
Who rais'd the great rebellion in Tyrone."

Armagh MSS.

STANZA XI—LINE 5.—"*Kilkenny Butler.*"

Edward Butler, Colonel of the 27th regiment of foot, whose station at the boom, on the west side of the Foyle, near Charles fort, is marked on Captain Neville's map of the siege.

Capt. Richard Butler, fifth Viscount Mountgarret, an officer in the French service, led the forlorn hope against the city of Londonderry, on the 4th of July, 1689, when he was taken prisoner; he was a captain of horse. On the 28th of October, 1692. this nobleman laid claim to his seat in parliament, and took the oath of allegiance, but being required to take the oath of supremacy, and make and subscribe the declaration according to Act of Parliament, he refused to do so, declaring that it was not agreeable to his conscience; whereupon the Lord Chancellor acquainted him, that he knew the consequence of his refusal was, that he could not sit in that House; and on the 19th of October, in the same year, the Lords came to a resolution, that those Lords whose ancestors stood outlawed, should not sit in their House, nor their names be continued in the roll, in right of such ancestors; and that such Lords as stood outlawed, should not have privilege to sit in that House, but should be struck off the roll. This order was rigidly enforced, and Lord Mountgarret was excluded from the House of Peers on account of his religion. The next successor, who married the daughter of Mr. Buchanan, of Londonderry, was also excluded; but Richard Butler, seventh Viscount Mountgarret, conformed to the Established Church, and took his seat in Parliament on the 7th of October, 1735. Edward the ninth Viscount, also conformed to the Protestant Church, and on the 7th of November, 1746, between which period and 1778, multitudes of all ranks and conditions in Ireland forsook the communion of the Church of Rome.

STANZA XII—LINE 1.—"*Cavenagh.*"

Charles Cavenagh, Colonel of the 16th regiment of horse, which James Lacy was Lieutenant-Colonel, and Gros Pordevarande, Major. Neville stations this regiment at the small brook called Craggin. They were

raised in that part of Wicklow called the Land of the Byrnes, Tooles, and Cavenaghs. The other proprietors of that county, in 1599, were Walsh, Eustace, Gavan, Cook, Brown, and Bagnal.

"Great Cavanagh rais'd a noble regiment,
With which from Cary to the camp he went."

Armagh MSS.

STANZA XII—LINE 5.—"*Fair Prehen.*"

Now the seat of Colonel Knox, on the south side of the Foyle.

STANZA XIII—LINE 1.—"*Trough.*"

A barony in the county of Monaghan, in which the seat of M'Kenna still exists, and where that family was once very numerous and powerful. Among the inquisitions preserved in the Rolls Office, are the following:—

Three inquisitions held for Patrick M'Kenna, June 10th, 1025, in Monaghan.

For Art. M'Kenna, October 25th, 1627.

For Phelimenes MacGilleduff M'Manus M'Kenna, April 17th, 1629.

For Neal MacTwoll M'Kenna Buoy, Oct. 2nd, 1629, &c., &c., &c.

A strong colony of these M'Kennas settled at a very remote period in and about the Braeface, near Maghera, in the county of Derry, where their descendants are now very numerous.

STANZA XIII—LINE 4.—"*Bradleys.*"

This was the original sept of the barony of Loughinshollen, in the county of Londonderry. Maghera na Brallaghan was, on this account, the name of the principal town in it, when the see of Derry was removed from Ardstraw to that place. The cathedral was dedicated to St. Laurochus, and his festival kept on the 14th of Feb.; this, with the greatest part of the 187 holidays kept by the Irish, in the days of Sir William Petty, has been wisely given up; for, with 52 Sundays, they would leave only 126 working days in the year, a portion of time much too small for agricultural purposes. The principal well at Maghera is called Tubber Loury, in honour of St. Laurochus, and at the present day is brewed into the best beer to be found in the province of Ulster.

STANZA XIII—LINE 5.—"*From Longford far to the field of war O'Farrel's forces wander'd.*"

Roger and Robert O'Farrel, Esqrs., were members in King James's Parliament, for the county of Longford, where, after escaping, by their loyalty in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, all manner of forfeiture, they lost their possessions in the tract of fine lands called Anally, for having been concerned in the rebellion and massacre of 1641; they were divided into two great clans, distinguished by their complexion, which are still hereditary among their numerous descendants. The O'Farrel Ban is of a very fair

complexion—the O'Farrel Buoy nearly as dark in his countenance as a mulatto. Of one of these ancient families was the late Gerald O'Farrel, Esq. Assistant Barrister for his native county, a gentleman long known and highly respected on the North-West Circuit of Ulster. He once humourously applied to be admitted as a member of that most select and highly honourable Society, called THE PRENTICE BOYS OF DERRY, which celebrates the Shutting of the Gates of that city, in 1688, by an annual dinner in Dublin, on the 7th of December, (O.S.) A fundamental rule of the Society is, that every candidate for admission must prove himself to be a descendant of a defender of the Maiden City; this being observed to Mr. O'Farrel, he replied, that it was not reasonable to exclude him from the Society upon that disqualification, for his gallant ancestor, though not in Derry on that occasion, was very near it, and had done his best to gain admission.

The Rev. Andrew Hamilton, in his narrative of the actions of the Enniskillen men, relates an instance of the superstitious and cruel conduct of a part of the Irish before Derry, which he witnessed, on Thursday, the 25th of April, 1689, in company with Lieutenant-Colonel Farrel, and two of the Nugents of Coolamber, in the county of Longford:—From the adherence of the Abercorn family to James, the Hamiltons, though many of them were of the opposite party, were a kind of privileged persons, with respect to both, and this tended very much to soften the horrors of this war, and protect many Protestant families from utter ruin. Archdeacon Hamilton, who had married an heiress of the Cunninghams, of Manor-Cunningham, resided at that time in Mongevelin Castle, (*erroneously spelled Mount Gravelin, in one of the Diaries of the Siege*), on the Donegal side of the river, near St. Johnstown; the unfortunate Monarch was his guest for two or three nights, and tradition says, that he used his influence for the most benevolent purposes. Mr. Hamilton, accompanied by Mr. Anthony Dobbin, a Justice of the Peace, resident near Derry, went to the Irish camp, near Ballougry, at the hour of nine o'clock in the morning of that day, at which time a considerable party of the men of Derry were skirmishing with some part of the Irish. Lieutenant-General Hamilton went with the men to encourage them in person, and in the meantime, his name-sake waited for him, expecting his return, to give him a pass to return to his own house, at Kils Kerry, in the county of Fermanagh. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Dobbin went as near the place where the fight was as the circumstances they were in would warrant, and coming among some of the tents, they met Lieutenant-Colonel Farrel, Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent, and his father, Mr. Nugent, of Coolamber, with several others, who being of the county of Longford, where Mr. Hamilton had an estate; these gentlemen, who were old acquaintances, went to him, and civilly offered to do him any service they could in that place. Whilst they were together, they heard several shots going off within a little way of them, and seeing a soldier coming from the place, Lieutenant-Colonel Farrel enquired of him what the reason of it was? The man answered, that there was great sport there, for the soldiers had got an English or Scotch witch, who had come there to bewitch their horses, and for that purpose had been gathering

their horse dung ; but that the soldiers had fired about twenty shots at her, and could not get her killed. Mr. Hamilton then entreated these gentlemen to go with him to the place, and to save the unfortunate woman, until the matter could be investigated. They went with him and many others, and as they came within twenty or thirty yards of the place, they saw a poor old woman, at least seventy years of age, sitting with her breast laid bare. One of the soldiers immediately came up to her, and holding the muzzle of his musket to her breast, shot her dead upon the spot. It seems they had been bad marksmen, and shooting at her at a distance, none of their former shots were mortal, though she was wounded in several places.

The woman was an inhabitant of that neighbourhood, who being robbed of all she had by the Irish army, and hearing that the camp was full of provisions, having got all the meal of that county, and that they were very civil to all people that came among them, she came there that morning to beg a little meal among the tents, and a man passing her with a load of it, some of the meal falling upon horse dung, the poor starving woman came and was gathering it up. An Irish soldier observing her, called out that there was a witch gathering their horse-dung, to bewitch their horses, that the men of Derry might get the better of them, upon which the soldiers gathered round her, and brought her to that tragical end. So closely connected are superstition and cruelty together in all parts and ages of the world.

STANZA XIV—LINE 1.—“*Bryan O'Neill of Ballynascreen, Broughshane, O'Rourke,*” &c.

This was an humble branch of the noble house of O'Neill. It had fallen so low, from the consequence of rebellion in a former reign, that the Armagh poet mentions them in the following disrespectful manner, on their being brought into the Corporation of Londonderry, after Tyrconnel had broken its charter :—

“In this great hall the City records be,
 'Mongst which of Common Council a decree,
 That no Papist shall dwell within the walls,
 This statute to the Irish fury falls.
 For Talbot had their ancient charter broke,
 And all the English Customs did revoke.
 The learned Rochfort, Recorder of the town,
 Opposed the same, to his great renown ;
 Yet in spite of reason and the English laws,
 Talbot the charter from the city draws ;
 Turn'd out all the English corporation,
 And chose all Popish members of his own,
 Cormick O'Neal, of Broughshanes, chosen Mayor,
 For Aldermen some of the following are :
 Bryan O'Neal, of Ballynascreen, is chose,
 Whose fathers did the English troops oppose
 In Queen Eliza's reign, most barbarously,
 And Rore O'Cane, the Lord of Canes's country.
 The great O'Rourke is made an Alderman,
 Who afterwards a Colonel's place did gain.

Then Shane O'Neal, Con Baccagh's eldest son, }
 M'Conways and MacAnallies from Tyrone, }
 And the O'Dougherties from Innishow'n. }
 For burgesses and freemen they had chose
 Brogue-makers, butchers, raps, and such as those.
 In all the corporation not a man
 Of British parents, except Buchanan."

Armagh MSS.

There was good reason for Buchanan being put into the Corporation, or retained in it, when it was new-modelled by Tyrconnel. This man was a confederate with Lundy, and pleaded strongly for the admission of the Earl of Antrim's regiment. This circumstance, with the spirited replies of Gervais Squire and Lieutenant Campsie, has escaped oblivion, by means of the Armagh bard, who thus records them, (sec. iv.) :—

"At the great hall the Protestants convene,
 And freely speak their minds as may be seen.
 Alderman Tomkins was the first that spoke,
 And thus declaim'd against the Irish yoke :—
 Dear friends—Tyrconnel seeks us to enslave,
 And this strong city in his power have,
 But if your minds shall all with mine agree,
 We'll trust to England for our liberty.
 Up starts Buchanan, and thus boldly spoke—
 Take heart, good Sir, ne'er fear the Irish yoke.
 Receive Earl of Antrim's regiment,
 In peace and plenty rest yourself content.
 Alderman Gervais Squire gave this reply—
 Sir, you're a traitor to our liberty,
 And to the English Crown, from whence we draw
 Our right and title, charter and our law.
 While they debated thus, another came
 With weeping eyes, and thus accosted them—
 Dear friends, a war upon yourselves you'll bring,
 Talbot's deputed by a lawful King :—
 They that resist his pow'r do *God* withstand,
 You'll draw a potent army to this land,
 Who will these goodly buildings soon deface,
 Ravish your wives and daughters to your face,
 And all your wealth and substance soon devour—
 Submit yourselves unto the present power.
 'Gainst whom Lieutenant Campsie boldly stood,
 To save the city with his dearest blood,
 And for an answer to the regiment,
 In greatest haste a cannon ball he sent.
 But the Lieutenant was shot in the arm,
 As they the sentinel at the store disarm."

Armagh MSS.

This John Buchanan was an Alderman, and the same rank was held by Peter Manby, who had been Dean of Derry, but in 1686 renounced the Protestant religion. He had solicited the Primate for a Bishopric, and being disappointed, resolved to rise by the Popish interest—"Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo." He then published an apology, entitled, "The considerations which obliged him to embrace the Catholic religion." This book, though written without method or connexion, and though every page in it showed that the author was not acquainted with close thinking or reasoning, yet was much boasted of by the Popish

party, as an extraordinary performance. The Rev. William King, then Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and afterwards successively Bishop of Derry and Archbishop of Dublin, took Manby's book to pieces, in a reply to it, which he published in London, in which he gave such solid answers to every argument, as were not to be confuted. Walter Harris, in his Biography of the Irish Bishops, says:—"It is a treatise written with great spirit and force of reasoning, and at a time when Popery was in power, the Protestant religion in danger, and the defenders of it not safe from persecution." The members of the Corporation of Londonderry, according to King James's appointment, were:—

Cormick O'Neill, Mayor. Horace Kennedy and Edward Brookes, Sheriffs. Cabaragh M'Guire, Gordon O'Neill, then resident in Derry; Constantine O'Neill, Constance O'Neill, Manus O'Donnel, Peter Manby, Peter Dobbin, Anthony Dobbin, John Campsie, Dan O'Dougherty, William Hamilton, Roger O'Cahan, Daniel O'Donnel, Nicholas Burnside, Daniel O'Sheill, Roger O'Dougherty, Bryan O'Neill, and John Buchanan, Aldermen. Francis O'Cahan, Robert Butler, Cornelius O'Callaghan, Thomas Moncrief, Hugh O'Hagan, John M'Kinney, John Campsie, Henry Campsie, James Lenox, John O'Hagan, William Stanley, James Conner, Hugh Eady, John Donough, Alexander Gordon, John Crookshanks, Phelim M'Shaglin, John O'Lynaghan, Art. O'Hagan, Charles O'Sheill, Johnlius O'Mullan, John Sheridan, James Sheridan, Con. O'Rourke, Dominick Buoy M'Laughlin, John Nugent, William O'Boy, John O'Boy, William O'Sullivan, Dionysius M'Laughlin, Manus O'Cahan, Hugh M'Laughlin, Hugh More O'Dogherty, Ulick O'Hogurty, Henry Ash, Thomas Broome, Peter M'Peke, Henry Dougherty, Robert Shenan, Cornelius M'Grath, and Art. O'Hagan, Burgesses.

THE CORPORATION OF STRABANE consisted of—John O'Neill, commonly called Shane MacCon Baccagh O'Neill, Sovereign or Provost. Gordon O'Neill, son of Sir Phelem O'Neill, John O'Neill, commonly called Shane M'Neill, Rammer O'Neill, William Roe Hamilton, James Cunningham, Robert Adams, Claud Hamilton, Bryan O'Neill, commonly called M'Bryan M'Cormick M'Rory Grana O'Neill, John Brown, Robert Canble, Patrick Bellew, James M'Ghee, Art. O'Neill, commonly called Art. MacO'Neill, Rammer O'Neill, John Donnelly, commonly called Shane Faddha O'Donnelly, James M'Anally, John M'Rory, commonly called Shane Grom M'Phillip M'Crory, Terence Donelly, called Turlough O'Donnelly, Henry O'Neill, commonly called Henry M'Phelmay Duff M'Arthur M'Rory O'Neill, Roger MacConway, commonly called Roger M'Bryan M'Con Modura M'Conway, Dominick M'Hugh, commonly called Dominick M'Rory Ballagh M'Hugh, Charles O'Cahan, commonly called Cormick MacManus Keogh O'Cahan, Charles MacConway, Cormuck M'Owen Oge Modura MacConway.

It may be observed of the Corporation of Strabane, as well as that of Derry, that there were several Protestants left by Tyrconnel in it, and among the latter, Claud, ancestor of the late Claud Hamilton, Esq., and Robert Gamble, from whom are descended the present Gambles of Strabane. James M'Ghee, another of this Corporation, was a Protestant

gentleman, the proprietor of an estate at Strabane, now the property of Conolly Skipton, Esq., in right of his wife, the niece and heiress of the late Miss Harold of that town. He was the son of John M'Ghee Esq., who died on the 26th of February, 1671, whose tombstone was lately dug up from the floor of the old Church of Leekpatrick.

Having had occasion in this and another note, to mention many members of the ancient and illustrious house of O'Neill, who had ruined themselves, and retarded the prosperity of their native soil, by an unavailing opposition to the cause of genuine Christianity in Ireland, it would be injustice not to notice the happy results of time and wise deliberation on that noble house, in common with that of O'Bryen, and upwards of twenty other families of the best blood in Ireland, who have long since exchanged the Italian Creed for that of the Apostles. Of all the representatives of these families, not one stands higher in the confidence of the great body of the associated Protestants of Ireland than Earl O'Neill, whose noble father died of the wounds he received in defence of the King and Constitution at the Battle of Antrim, on the 17th of June, 1798. By the female line, the present Earl O'Neill is descended from Sir Francis Stafford, of Portglenone, Knight, Governor of Ulster, from the great Earl of Cork, the Duke of Bolton, Lord Chancellor Broderick, and Viscount Hillsborough, father of the first Marquis of Downshire.

STANZA XV—LINE 2.—“*O'Doherty.*”

The Representative of Sir Caher O'Doherty, of Innishowen, of whom the following account is given, on the authority of the son of Captain Thomas Ash, a distinguished defender of Londonderry, whose journal of the Siege was published by his grand-daughter, in 1792.

Sir Henry Dowkay, who had a command in which he was very active in the service of Queen Elizabeth, having built a fort at Lough Foyle, now called Culmore, and began to erect a garrison in Derry, took in and subdued Sir Caher O'Doherty's estate or territory, called Innishowen, and being a very daring man, met little disturbance until the year 1608, when Sir Caher came seemingly with peaceful disposition to Derry. He and the Governor of Derry being walking together, some angry words ensued, on which the Governor gave Sir Caher a box on the ear; Sir Caher being enraged, went to the country, and assembled those who had been his vassals formerly. He acquainted them of the treatment he had met with. The younger and more giddy proposed to march to Derry, destroy the Governor, and burn the town; but the elder class advised Sir Caher to send a large fish which they had caught, as a present to the Governor. They accordingly sent the fish, with directions not to deliver it unless the Governor was present, and gave the messenger particular instructions to observe how the Governor would behave. He, seeing the present, as sent by Sir Caher, said in a haughty manner, that he perceived “the Irish were like Spaniels, who, the more they were beaten, the more they fawned on their masters.” The messenger related, on his return, how the Governor had behaved, on which Sir Caher and those whom he had assembled, went directly to Derry, killed the Governor

and the few Protestants which were with him, and burned the town. Upon this event, notice was sent to Dublin, and Sir Arthur Moyle Chichester, Lord Deputy, marched directly to Derry, and with a small party of soldiers, pursued Sir Caher so closely, that he took him in one of his hiding places in Innishowen—enclosed him between two walls, and starved him to death. His fate is represented in part of the City Arms, by a skeleton sitting on a stone, reclining on his arm, which is quilted on the back of a cloak or garb, to be worn by the common scavenger. Soon after this, Sir Arthur Moyle Chichester represented his service as of so much consequence to King James I., that he was gratified with Sir Caher's whole estate in Ennishowen.

So far Captain Ash, who seemed to have been misled by his Irish nurse to substitute this legend for the real history of the forfeiture of Innishowen, which was, that Sir Caher O'Doherty had been very kindly treated by Queen Elizabeth. He and his father, Sir John Dogherty, had been knighted, and their property secured to them by a new grant; notwithstanding which, the unfortunate knight, in the pride of youth, and the fatal prepossessions of an Irish chieftain, determined to bid defiance to the English Government. Sir Henry Dowkay, in the Queen's reign, was employed to plant a strong English garrison at Lough Foyle, and erect a fort at Culmore. He afterwards assigned the government of the garrison at Derry to Sir George Paulet, and committed the neighboring fort to a valiant English officer named Hart, the ancestor of the present gallant and patriotic general, who is Governor of Culmore. O'Dogherty pretended to live in friendship with Governor Hart; but watching his opportunity, invited him to his house, and there threatened him with immediate death, if Culmore was not instantly surrendered. The English officer refused to betray his trust, although a number of ruffians had broken into his chamber, and held their weapons to his throat. The wives of Hart and O'Dogherty prevented these assassins from putting the Governor to death, but the Irish chieftain so wrought on the terrors of his female guest, that while her husband was detained a prisoner, the unhappy woman consented to attend him to Culmore, and by a fictitious tale, to gain admittance into the fort for him and his followers. Her own life and that of her husband was spared, but her brother and the whole garrison were instantly massacred by the Irish. The chieftain proceeded to attack the town and fort of Derry, which were taken with little resistance, and the garrison put to the sword, together with the commander, Paulet, who was said to have provoked the vengeance of O'Dogherty, by striking him in some occasion of dispute. The town was thus abandoned to the rapine of the Irish, who, when they had plundered it of everything valuable, burned it to the ground, and hastened to attack some other English stations. This occurred in the year 1608. Marshal Wingfield was immediately afterwards detached with a strong army against O'Dogherty and his rebels. At his approach, their garrison set fire to Culmore, and retired, but O'Dogherty still continued the war in the manner of his countrymen, appearing suddenly, harrassing the enemy, and then retiring. Elated by some advantages, he ventured to issue from his woods and make head against the Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur

Chichester, who had marched to the assistance of Wingfield ; but an accidental shot put at end at once to his life and the insurrection he had raised and maintained for five months. His followers dispersed to their several retreats, and some of them who fell into the hands of their pursuers were executed.—See O'Sullivan's Catholic History of Ireland, Cox's extracts from the Lambeth Manuscripts, and Leland's History of Ireland.

On the 30th of June, 1609, in reward for the suppression of O'Dogherty's rebellion, King James I. wrote a letter to Sir Arthur Chichester, from Westminster, granting to him and his heirs, and assigns, for ever, the entire territory or country of Innishowen, otherwise called O'Dogherty's country, with all the hereditaments thereof, possessed either by Sir John O'Dogherty, or his son, the late traitor, Caher O'Dogherty, deceased ; except such lands as were to be allotted to the Bishop of Derry, and the several incumbents within the same country—and one thousand acres for the city of Derry, together with the custody of Culmore castle, within the said country, for life. His patent, passed on the 30th of February, next ensuing, by which he was authorised to hold several manor courts, fairs, and markets, in the island of Inch, the territories of Tuogh-Croncine, and Tuogh-Clagh, the manor of Greencastle, the island of Malyne, and the town of Boncranocha, in the said country. This distinguished officer had also, on the 14th of January, 1610, a grant of the castle of Dungannon, and 1320 acres of escheated lands in that precinct, with the right of presentation to several benefices in the counties of Antrim and Donegal, with a share in the fisheries of the Bann and the Foyle.

STANZA XV—LINE 3.—“*Brave O'Cane.*”

“Rory O'Cane, the Lord of Cane's country.”

Armagh MSS.

“The Great O'Canes came from the river Bann.”

Ibid.

The following account of Tir Cahan, or O'Cahan's country, is to be found in the memoir of Sampson's map of the county of Londonderry :—“On the eastern side of the Foyle, extending to the Bann, is the tract of country originally denominated Cathan-aght, or the territory of O'Cahan—a feudatory branch of the house of O'Neill. Their descendants are now called O'Kanes. The chief residence of this family was on the beautiful bank of the Roe, now called Deerpark ; the site is well known, and the ruins of the castle were lately discernible.” It was situated on the projection of a perpendicular rock, hanging over the river, and nearly an hundred feet high. On the land side the defence consisted of a moat ; the terrace, orchards, and pleasure-ground, may still be traced.

“In yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild.”

Respecting the last noted personages of this family, there is a curious anecdote ; the Duchess of Buckingham, being then after her first widow-

hood, married to the Earl of Antrim, had raised a thousand men in the county of Antrim, in aid of King Charles I. The Deputy, Lord Wentworth, had directed her Grace to have these recruits marched by the route of Newton-Limavady. In passing through this village, curiosity induced her Grace to visit the wife of O'Cahan, whose castle had been demolished, and himself banished. In the midst of this half ruined edifice was kindled a fire of branches, and the window casements were stuffed with straw, to keep off the rigour of the season. Thus lodged the aged wife of O'Cahan; she was found by her noble visitant sitting on her bent hams in the smoke, and wrapped in a blanket.

—O'Cahan was implicated in Tyrone's rebellion, in consequence of which he was himself seized, and his estates forfeited. The King and Council, however, wrote to the Lord Deputy, in January, 1607, to show leniency to him, by shaking the rod over him; and I find, by an inquisition preserved in one of the public offices in Dublin, that Manus O'Kane was possessed of some property in the county of Londonderry, in the reign of James II.; a very respectable branch of this ancient stock settled in the county of Clare with the Macdonnells, upwards of a century and a-half ago, and have remained in the west of that county ever since. They have long since conformed to the Established Church. Ross, Kilkea, and Ballyvoe, were their chief residences.

STANZA XV—LINE 6.—“*Maguire.*”

The 43rd regiment of foot, in King James's army, was commanded by Colonel Cuconnagh MacGuire; the Lieutenant-Colonel was Alexander Maguire, and the Major, Cornelius Maguire. The former of these was Governor and High Sheriff of the county of Fermanagh. This family had suffered heavily in consequence of the part they took with Lord Maguire, in the year 1641. On the 18th of November, 1644, MacMahon, the rebel chieftain of Monaghan, was tried at the bar of Westminster, and shortly after executed at Tyburn. Lord Maguire, (whose trial is to be found in the first volume of the State Trials) made such a defence for himself, that his final trial was not ended till near the middle of February, 1645. Another chief actor in the rebellion escaped the hand of justice, namely, Rory Maguire, Governor of the county of Fermanagh, who hanged 17 Protestants in the Church of Clones, on the 23rd of October, 1641. Lord Maguire, with his fellow conspirator MacMahon, had been sent over to the Parliament of England, and imprisoned in the Tower of London; but on the 18th of August, 1644, they, with a thin steel instrument, sawed asunder a two inch oak door in the night time, and with a line let themselves down from the White Tower, waded the ditch, and got away. They lodged in Drury-lane, and on the night of the 16th of the next month, hearing a woman crying oysters in the street, one of them put his head out of the window to call her, and was that instant recognized by a servant of Sir John Clotworthy's, who had known him, and who immediately gave notice to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who had them apprehended and sent back to their old prison. M'Guire was afterwards hanged, and his title and estate forfeited.

STANZA XVI—LINE 1.—“*What could the Maiden City do.*”

See the Diary for an account of the great exertions of the Prentice Boys of Londonderry, Colonel Phillips, of Newton-Limavady, David Cairnes, of Knockmany, Esq., and the Rev. George Walker, Rector of Donaghmore, on this memorial occasion. On the 7th of December, Colonel Phillips arrived in Derry, and resumed the government of that city, which he had held in the reign of King Charles I. as a reward for his services in 1641. He immediately despatched David Cairnes to England, as agent for the city with the new Government—and the Rev. George Walker, despairing of being able to maintain the town of Dungannon against the enemy, as the gentlemen of Ulster had resolved to do, raised a regiment of foot, with which he marched into the city on 13th of April, 1689, on the approach of King James's army.

STANZA XVII—LINE 1.—“*Lifford.*”

The shire town of Donegal, eleven miles from Londonderry, and one hundred from Dublin: It was anciently called Liffer, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Castle Liffer. Edmund Spenser, in his view of the state of Ireland, observed, that for the security of Ulster to the English, he would place two of the eight thousand men recommended for the defence of that province, at this place. Among the copies of inquisitions preserved in the Rolls Office, are the following, relating to this place, or held in it:—“Inquisition held at Liffer for Queen Elizabeth, 11th December, 1602.” “For Caher O'Dogherty, August 13th, in the vi. year of James I., at Liffer.” “Johannes O'Dogherty Miles, (father of Caher) October 13th, vi. year James I.—and for Caher O'Doherty Miles, next day.” “Inquisition held in Derry relative to the ferry at Lifford, April 16th, 1614.” “Inquisition held for the King at Lifford, March 27th, xviii. James I.” “Ibid, 16th April, xix. of James I.” “Ibid for Richard Hansard, 7th October, xxii. James I. held at Lifford.” “Ibid relative to the baronies of the county of Donegal, March 21st, in the i. year of Charles I.” “Ibid for the King, January 5th, iv. Charles I.” “Ibid for Arthur, Lord Chichester August 23, 1632.” “Ibid for Rodolphus Mansfield, 7th April, 1635.” “Ibid for Basil Brooke, 16th April, 1640.” “Ibid for Humphridius Galbraith and Henry Harte, June 21, 1681.” In the Chief Remembrancer's office there is an Inquisition, held at Lifford, for Brutus Babington, Bishop of Derry, on the 4th of November, in the ix. year of the reign of James I., and in the office of the Secondary of the Court of Exchequer is an Inquisition taken relative to the lands of Hugh Hamil, on the 31st of August, in the ii. year of the reign of James I.

On the 31st of January, in the ix. year of the reign of James II. this town and the adjoining estate were granted to Sir Richard Hansard, Knight. It was then denominated Liffer, Lifford, or Ballyduff. The ferry and the fishery were also granted to him, with liberty to hold a free market in the town on every Monday in every week for ever, and two annual fairs for ever, viz.—one on every Ascension day of our Lord,

and another on the feast of St. Matthew. The patent is written in the Latin language, but a translation was made of it by Henry Harding, of the Auditor General's Office.

The Charter of Lifford bears date 27th February, in the x. year of James I. The first Warden was Edward Catherall, and the following persons were the original Burgesses:—Sir Richard Hansard, Knight, William Metcalf, John Ward, James Thompson, Andrew Witherspoone, William Reade, Thomas Miles, William Severne, Thomas Perkins, Wm. Warren, Geo. Hilton, and Robert Hansard.

The Warden was obliged to appear before the Judges at the Assizes next after his appointment, and then take the oath of Supremacy, and also an oath of fidelity in the duties of his office. His election was annual by the Burgesses, on the feast of the nativity of St. John the Baptist.

On the 21st of December, 1620, Sir William Fitzwilliam was created by patent, Baron of Liffer, otherwise Lifford, in the county of Donegal.

April 15th, 1650—Sir Charles Coote being in the Lagan, a tract of country on the south side of Lough Swilly in the county of Donegal, Ever Macmahon, the titular Bishop of Clogher, then commanding a body of forces, generally called the Victorious Catholic Army of the North, crossed the river Finn at Claudy, near Lifford, with great dexterity and courage, in pursuit of the Parliamentary army, which he but a few days before forced to cross the fords of the Foyle, at the islands of Lifford.—(See *Cox's Hibernica Anglicana*, ii. 24.)

June 21st, 1650—The titular Bishop of Clogher, after receiving a bloody defeat from Sir Charles Coote and Colonel Venables, at Skirsolas, near Letterkenny, fled with a small remnant of his army through Lifford and Strabane, and through Omagh, where Major King, afterwards Lord Kingston, took up the pursuit afresh with three troops of horse, and gleaned up what had escaped from the battle; so that it was generally believed that of all the Irish army, which on that morning had consisted of four hundred horse and four thousand foot, five hundred did not escape. The Bishop himself was taken prisoner by Major King, and by order of the Lord President, was next day hanged. Sir R. Cox, who has recorded these transactions, observes the vicissitude of the Irish affairs in these troubled times, when the head of this Romish Bishop, and those of several of his officers, were placed upon the walls of Londonderry, where he and they were, within less than a year before, confederated against their lawful King with Sir Charles Coote, raised the siege of that city for him, and were jovially merry at his table, in the quality of friends. But this is not a solitary instance of men cutting a rod to whip themselves. Sir C. Coote behaved with unparalleled brutality on this occasion, if credit be due to "a Journal of the transactions of General Owen O'Neill, from the year 1641 to 1650, by Colonel Henry MacTuol O'Neill," published in the *Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*.

About the latter end of March, 1689, the Rev. George Walker, and Mr. Hamilton, of Kilserry, met in Lifford, where they settled upon a token or pass-word, which was afterwards of great use to the defenders of Londonderry and Enniskillen.

STANZA—XVII—LINES 1 AND 6.—“*Hansard*.—*Hammel*.”

Sir Richard Hansard, Knight, of Birkerthorpe, in the county of Lincoln. After this gentleman had taken a degree in the University of Cambridge, he took on him the profession of a soldier. The inscription on his monument in Lifford Church, says, that “he had divers and sundrie honorable places of command in the warres; that he was made Governor of Lifford and the parts adjoining, where he did many good services in the time of Tyrone’s rebellion, and last of all, in Sir Caher O’Dogherty’s rebellion.” It was the mention of these latter circumstances which probably occasioned the insult, which tradition says was offered to his statue, and that of Lady Hansard, on the night of the 15th of April, 1689—where Colonel Hammel, Geo. Walker, and Colonel Crofton, with their troops, had, during the whole of the preceding night, repulsed King James’s army, which attempted to cross the ford. Mackenzie (in his narrative, page 31) says, that the stand made on that night was resolute and successful: several of the enemy were killed by cannon and small shot. A large gun, placed upon the top of the Castle, which stood on the side of the river, burst that night, as a white-smith of the town attempted to discharge it.

Hugh Hammel, Esq., the proprietor of Lifford, in 1689, raised a regiment on his own estate, for the defence of Londonderry. His name frequently occurs in the Diary, and he was the fifth person who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary, on the relief of the city; those of Walker, Mitchelburn, Crofton, and Lane being signed before his.

Colonel Hammel is thus noticed in the Armagh Manuscript:—

“Parker brought a regiment from Colerain,
Colonel Hammel another from Strabane.”

Sec. 16.

Lifford would not do for the rhyme here, which at best is but a lame one—but perhaps the Colonel had a residence in the neighbouring town of Strabane. It is not, however, likely he could have raised a regiment in it, without great opposition from the Earl of Abercorn, who was strongly attached to King James’s interest.

Again we find the Armagh poet noticing Hammel’s post at Lifford:

“From thence to Lifford some good troops they send,
T’ oppose the Irish, and the ford defend.
The Moarne from south, the Finn from west commence,
At Lifford they conjoin their confluence;
From thence to Derry in full streams they flow,
And guard the south of Derry from the foe.
Therefore King James must pass the swollen Finn,
If he the city does expect to win.
This to effect he sent some of his horse
To pass the ford at Lifford with great force.
The sound of drums and trumpets rent the air,
And th’ Irish forces to the ford repair.
They boldly enter in, when lo! our men
Pour showers of bullets from the ravelin.
The Irish drop, and with the purple gore,
Of dying soldiers stain the waters o’er.”

From t'other side the en'my fiercely fire,
And reinforce their troops as need require,
Till they got footing on the other shore,
And with unequal force our men o'erpow'r.
Then death appear'd in many a dismal hue,
Our men retreat, the enemy pursue."

Sec. 18 & 19.

In the description of the battle of Elah, Colonel Hammel is thus mentioned :—

"Parker and Hammel brought forth a great gun,
Strengthen'd by Lieutenant-Colonel Wigton ;
But their assistance came to us too late,
For Ramsay's firing forc'd us to retreat."

Lib. iii. Sec. 9.

In the second battle on the Windmill hill, Colonel Hammel is thus described as wounded :—

"Whilst Colonel Hammel does the foe pursue,
Through his cheek a pistol bullet flew."

Sec. 14.

With this honourable wound in a conspicuous part of his face, Col. Hammel repaired to the Court of William and Mary, where he was honoured by a royal present : a tenant and a fellow soldier of his, named Thompson, accompanied him, and as they passed one day by the Palace at Whitehall, the Colonel said to his companion, "was not James a fool to exchange that abode for Robin Cowan's, in St. Johnston ?"

STANZA XVIII—LINE 1.—"*Squire Forward.*"

"From Cplemackletrain, from Burt, and Innishowen,
Squire Forward brought horse and foot of his own."

Armagh MSS.

This gentleman, with Captain Vaughan, served in King William's army, after the relief of Derry, under the command of Colonel Mitchelburn, whom they accused and brought to trial before the Lords Justices, on various charges, of all which he was honourably acquitted. For an account of this, and many other curious matters relative to these times, see "an account of the transactions in the North of Ireland, *anno domini*, 1691, containing a particular account of the besieging and taking the town of Sligo by storm, by the Honorable Colonel Mitchelburn, Governor of Londonderry, some time Governor of the town and fort of Sligo, then Commander-in-Chief of their Majesty's forces in the province of Ulster."—London, printed in 1692.

LINE 3.—"*Stewart.*"

William Stewart, of Ballylawn, in the county of Donegal, Esq., ancestor of the Marquis of Londonderry, took an active part in the transactions of the North of Ireland, to prevent the subversion of the Constitution, which James II. and his Chief Governor, Tyrconnel, were attempting to effect ; he raised a troop of horse at his own expense, when

the City of Londonderry was invested, and did especial service to the Protestant interest in that part of the country, by protecting those who were well affected to King William III. He was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the regiment commanded by Sir William Stewart, the second Viscount Mountjoy, on the 19th of March, 1692. His son and heir, Thomas, resided in Ballylawn castle, and married the daughter of Michael Ward, Bishop of Derry, who died and was buried in his cathedral on the 3rd of October, 1681. Alexander, the second brother of Thomas, succeeded—he represented the City of Londonderry in Parliament, and purchased the estate of Mount Stewart, in the county of Down, from the Colville family. On the 30th of June, 1737, he married his cousin Mary, only daughter of John Cowan, of Londonderry, Esq., and sister and sole heiress of Sir Robert Cowan, Governor of Bombay. His sons were Robert, first Marquis of Londerry, and Alexander Stewart, of Ards, in the county of Donegal, the father and uncle of the present gallant Marquis, whose eminent services in the late arduous contest for the liberties of Europe are too fresh in the recollection of the public to require a recital here.

“From Lough Swilly the Stewarts and Cunninghams
A party brought,” &c., &c.

Armagh MSS.

LINE 3.—“Grove.”

William Grove, the seventh man who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary from the city of Londonderry, on the 29th of July, 1689, having been attainted on the 7th of May, in that year, by James's pretended Parliament, under the name of Wm. Groves, Esq., of Donegal, or Londonderry. His lamented death, some years afterwards, is thus recorded in the Manuscript found at Armagh:—

“Groves, of Castleshannaghan, forces brought,
From Kilmakrenan, with the enemy fought;
This valiant man, after the wars was slain,
When on the Fews he's by the Tories ta'en;
He's much lamented for his worth and zeal,
And suffer'd greatly for the common weal.”

Lib. i. Sec. 17.

The descendant and representative of this gentleman is Thomas Brooke, Esq., of Castlegrove, in the county of Donegal, who is also descended from Thomas Brooke, of Donegal, Esq., son of Sir Henry Brooke, who preserved that town and castle during the wars of 1641, and died in August, 1671. Sir Henry was son of Sir Basil Brooke, a distinguished undertaker in the planting of Ulster, who died on the 25th of July, 1633, by his lady, Anne, daughter of Thomas Leicester, of Toft, in Cheshire, Esq. From the last mentioned Thomas Brooke, who died in Dublin, and was buried at St. Michan's Church, on the 13th of February, 1695, leaving a numerous issue by his second wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Richard St. George, of Carrickdramruske, in the county of Leitrim, Knight, are descended the Brookes of Colebrooke, in the county of Fermanagh.

LINE 4.—“*Lough Swilly's heroes leading.*”

The inhabitants of the lands surrounding Lough Swilly, like those on the banks of Lough Erne, were distinguished for their military prowess in the civil wars of 1641. Trained to the use of firearms, from their habit of shooting the wild-fowl of the lakes, they became very expert in taking down their wilder opponents, who frequently felt the power of their long muskets. A renowned regiment of sharp-shooters was raised in the Lagan, a tract of country on the south side of Lough Swilly, in the barony of Raphoe; they were well known by their name of Laganeers, which carried terror to the ears of the Irish rebels. With a body of these men, inheriting all the spirit and vigour of their Scottish ancestors, Bishop Lesley, by the aid of no less than three regiments raised in this district, protected the Protestants of the barony of Raphoe from extermination, in the great rebellion. They were, however, at one time so closely pressed at home, that they refused to go with the Bishop to relieve Sir Ralph Gore, who was besieged by the rebels in his castle of Magherabeg. The task devolved on the brave old Scottish Prelate, who sallied from the fortified castle at Raphoe, amidst the flames of the whole country, and, with his tenants and followers, relieved the besieged, evincing in the action as much personal valour as regular conduct.

LINE 5.—“*Ballindrate.*”

A small town on the Earl of Erne's estate, part of it in the townland of Moneen, and part in that of Millsesshagh: Sir Richard Hansard built a house near this town, a short time before his death. It is thus mentioned in his will, a copy of which is in the Perogative Court:—“I keep only out of the general donation, the stone house lately erected at Monyn, together with two sessocks of land allotted and adjoining to the said house, which I bequeath unto John Hansard, of Vouslabey, in the county of Lincoln, gentleman.” This will, however, was disputed by Sir Richard's brother, and upon trial, it was found to be null and void from the beginning, he having had no feofment of the property to enable him to bequeath it from his next heir.

On the low level grounds between this town and the house of Cavanacore, a great body of Protestant noblemen and gentlemen assembled with their regiments of horse and foot, a short time before Londonderry was invested by James's army. This circumstance is thus recorded in the Armagh Manuscript, Lib. 1. Sec. xv. :—

“ Well did the northern Protestants foresee,
The dire effects of this new tragedy.
How that religion and estates must go,
If they yield all up to the common foe;
A foe that's seldom merciful and kind,
To any person of a different mind.
They muster'd up near thirty thousand men,
Both horse and foot, in warlike discipline.
They chose Lundy the general, and did grace
The brave Lord Blaney, with the second place.

Next him Sir Arthur Rawdon—these they be
 Our northern forces foot and cavalry.
 Upon a spacious plain near Ballindrate,
 In gallant order these brave regiments met.
 The sound of drums and trumpets rent the sky,
 To England's banner these brave chiefs did fly."

On the 29th of April, 1689, King James passed thro' this town on his way from Mongevlin Castle to Strabane, after dining under a sycamore tree in the front of the house of John Keys, Esq., at Cavanacor, to whom he gave a protection, which afterwards saved this gentleman's house, when those of all the Protestants round him were burned. The old oak table, at which the unfortunate monarch sat to dinner, and the antiquated china upon which the dinner was served, are preserved as curiosities by Mrs. Denny, and her sister, Miss Armstrong, of Ballindrate, who are descendants of the King's host at Cavanacor. A labourer, at Clonfad, preserves the chair in which James sat in Robin Cowan's house, at St. Johnston, where he dined on the 19th of April, in the above mentioned year.

LINE 6.—" *Brave Rawdon.*"

" Sir Arthur Rawdon's horse rode to the plain
 In warlike order, 'bove a thousand men.
 Some of his men strong polish'd armour bore,
 But he himself a silken armour wore.
 Above a thousand men he thither brought,
 Who at Dromore against the Irish fought."

Armagh MSS.

Sir Arthur Rawdon, Baronet, of Moyra, in the county of Down, ancestor of the Marquis of Hastings. This distinguished officer was born October 17th, 1662. Being of a tender constitution, he was sent to France at an early period of his life, and educated first there, and afterwards in England, by his uncle, Earl Conway, who took great pains with his education, particularly in a department of it too much neglected in modern times—to which neglect we may trace not only an apathy respecting the true interests of their country, but an incompetency to frame the simplest act of Parliament in so great a proportion of our Irish legislators. Sir Arthur Rawdon was educated by his noble uncle in an habitual veneration for the British Constitution, and in an abhorrence of the arbitrary principles of popery, as being utterly hostile to civil and religious liberty. His travels and observations on the continent of Europe confirmed his attachment to the establishments of his native land, which he soon testified, by his courage and activity against the aggressions made on them in Ireland, by James II. and Tyrconnel, when he spared no expense or hazard for the support of the Protestant interest. He was captain of a troop of horse in his father's life time; and after his decease, when the Protestants of Ulster were obliged to unite for their common safety, against the attacks made upon their liberties and lives, he was appointed to the command of a regiment of dragoons within the county of Down, where he had the greatest interest and influence of any

person in his country, having represented that county in Parliament, and for his very extraordinary services in these troubles, became so obnoxious to King James's government, that he was exempted from mercy by Tyrconnel's proclamation of the 7th of March, 1682, as one of the principal actors in what that Viceroy termed a rebellion, and "one of those who had advised and fomented the same, and inveigled others to be involved therein." The continual fatigue he underwent in defence of his country, cast him into a dangerous illness, which forced him afterwards to leave the kingdom, and hastened his death, which happened on the 17th of October, 1695, on the very day he completed the 33rd year of his age—so that he was in the very bloom of life at the defence of Londonderry. He had married Helena Graham, daughter and sole heiress of Sir James Graham, Knight, third and youngest son of William, Earl of Monteith, and through her the present Marquis of Hastings has a claim to that ancient Earldom, which had been for many years extinct. This lady was endowed with extraordinary virtues, which well became the ancient house from which she sprung. Her good sense and taste were exquisite—her charities numberless; she was ever found to be a munificent friend to worth in distress. She was a great heiress—her mother being Isabella Bramhall, eldest daughter of Dr. John Bramhall, successively Bishop of Derry, and Archbishop of Armagh, and co-heiress of her brother, Sir Thomas Bramhall, of Rathmullyan, in the county of Meath, by which means the property accumulated by the Bramhalls passed into the Rawdon family. Part of Archbishop Bramhall's acquired property in Ireland was the estate of Omagh, in the county of Tyrone, which he purchased for six thousand pounds, the sum he had received for his estate in England. He began a plantation there, and attended some times to the progress of it, when he was inclined to unbend his mind by a species of country recreations, which, it is to be hoped, may once more become fashionable in Ireland; but the rebellion breaking out a few years after he engaged in this patriotic undertaking, he was frustrated in all his intentions respecting this place, which, after the restoration, became a source of trouble to him, for Sir Audley Mervyn laid claim to it, and at the time of the hearing of the cause in one of the law courts in Dublin, the primate was seized with a fit of the palsy, so that he sunk down in the court, was carried out senseless, and so continued until he died on the 25th of June, 1663, in the 70th year of his age.

LINE 6.—"Lord Blaney."

"The Baron Blaney a brave reg'ment led,
Which near Armagh and Blackwater were bred."

Armagh MSS.

Henry Vincent, fifth Lord Blaney. He was captain of a company of foot in 1678. When Lord Tyrconnel was new-modelling the army in Ireland, and preparing to invade the north, the Protestant nobility and gentry having associated in the several counties, for their mutual protection, those of Armagh and Monaghan chose Lord Blaney to be Commander-in-chief, raised for the Protestant service in that province. Soon

after his appointment, Lord Blaney suddenly took possession of the city of Armagh with a strong party, in order to secure that frontier garrison, which he did by disarming the Irish dragoons; and then posting himself there, he found, upon a general muster of those who had joined him, eighteen hundred men, armed indifferently, but resolved to perish or overthrow the tyranny then exercised over the Protestants of Ireland. He immediately caused King William and Mary to be proclaimed with great solemnity, not only in Armagh, but at Hillsborough and other places, and sent the proclamation to Charlemont, requiring the Irish to surrender themselves and their army by the 10th of April, 1689. At this time, near three thousand of the enemy being garrisoned in the fort at Charlemont, within five miles of Armagh, and attempting to plunder the Protestants, he had daily skirmishes with them, in which he constantly prevailed, to their considerable loss, until the 13th of March, when, being informed that his castle of Monaghan was taken by the Irish, and that all the forces of the country had retreated to Glasslough, where they were besieged by the enemy, that Sir Arthur Rawdon had quitted Loughbrickland, and that the Irish, under Lieutenant-General Hamilton, had possessed that place, he called a council of war, wherein it was resolved to march next day to relieve the besieged at Glasslough, but being relieved by Matthew Anketell, a gentleman of undaunted courage, at the expense of his life, Lord Blaney continued in Armagh, until Colonel Lundy disappointing his expectations, by sending him no reinforcements, and the enemy surrounding the town, he was obliged to quit it, and force his way to Coleraine, with seven troops of horse and eight companies of foot, with which he narrowly escaped from the garrisons of Charlemont and Mountjoy, who had notice of his march, and endeavored to intercept him at Arden bridge, where he killed an hundred and fifty-five men on the spot, and forced several others into the river, where they were drowned.

After King James came into Ireland, Lord Blaney was invited by him to join his service, with a promise of pardon for what was passed, and of the royal favour for the time to come—to which he replied, "that he thanked God that he had now a king upon whose word he could depend, but never would on *his*, without a sword in his hand." This nobleman died a short time after the relief of Londonderry, and was buried at Monaghan.

STANZA XIX—LINE 1.—"*From Newtownstewart rode Lord Mountjoy.*"

—"You, Lord Mountjoy's dragoons
Advanced next, raised in his father's towns:
For near to Newtownstewart in Tyrone,
The neighboring gentlemen are all his own."

Armagh MSS.

This was Sir William Stewart, the second Viscount Mountjoy, who joined the defenders of Londonderry in the absence of his noble father, who was deluded by Tyrconnel, and sent off to France, where he was laid up in the Bastile, to prevent his return to the Protestants of Ireland,

who had the greatest confidence in his services, which will be more particularly noticed in the Diary.

This noble family, together with that of Sir James Stewart, of Fort-stewart, near Ramelton, which is one and the same with it, and in fact the only male branch of it, is descended from the blood royal of Scotland; their direct ancestor being King Robert Stewart, who was crowned at Scone, on the 25th of March, 1370, in right of his maternal grandfather, King Robert Bruce. The first of this ancient family who settled in Ireland were Sir William Stewart, of Aughentean and Newtonstewart, in the county of Tyrone, and his brother, Sir Robert Stewart, of Culmore, near Londonderry. They were both very active and able officers, and had served many years in foreign wars, under Count Mansfield, the Kings of Denmark and Sweden, and had gradually raised themselves to the command of regiments. Sir Robert, the younger, was a gentleman of the Privy Chamber to King James I., in whose reign he came into Ireland, and as a recompense for his faithful services, had a grant, on the 24th of July, 1617, of an hundred pounds a year of Crown lands, in the counties of Leitrim, Cavan, and Fermanagh, with liberty to raise and transport four hundred volunteers for the service of the King of Sweden. On the 11th of August, 1638, he was appointed Captain of Culmore Castle. In the year 1639, he was returned member of Parliament for the city of Londonderry; and on the 16th of November, 1641, after the commencement of the massacre of the Protestants, he had a commission to raise and command a thousand foot soldiers, and a troop of horse, for his Majesty's service. In 1643, he was made Governor of Londonderry and Culmore fort, on the death of Sir James Vaughan; and on Tuesday, the 19th of June, in that year, totally routed the Irish, under Owen Roe O'Neill, at Clones, on the borders of Fermanagh; after which he took the Castle of Denge, and on the 2nd of January, 1644, met all the colonels under the command of the Marquis of Ormonde, and agreed with them not to swear or subscribe to the "*league and covenant*," then imposed upon the army by the Parliament, in which resolution his brother, Sir William, though then absent, did afterwards join. In the month of October, 1648, being in garrison at Culmore, which commanded the passage by water to Londonderry, he was trepanned into a visit and baptizing of a friend's child in this city; and Colonel Audley Mervyn, being then also insidiously taken, they were both, by Colonel Monck's orders, sent prisoners by sea to London. Monck, in the meantime, got possession of the fort of Culmore by stratagem, and when the Parliament prevailed, and passed their act for the settlement of Ireland, on the 12th of August, 1652, Sir Robert Stewart was excepted from pardon, for life and estate. However, surviving these confusions, he was made captain of a foot company, on the sixth of February, 1660, and on the 12th of the same month, Governor of the city and county of Londonderry. He left issue, Lieutenant-Colonel George Stewart, of Culmore, whose posterity still exist. The family burial place of the ancient and highly respectable family of Stewart, of Horn Head, in the county of Donegal, is in the Cathedral churchyard of Londonderry.

Sir William, the elder brother of the above mentioned Sir Robert

Stewart, from whom the present Earl of Blessington is descended, by the female line, was in favor with King James I., and became an undertaker for the plantation of the escheated lands in Ulster. He contributed greatly to quash O'Dogherty's rebellion, much more so than others of his rank, for which services he was knighted, and had a grant of a considerable tract of lands in the county of Donegal. He passed patent on the 30th of November, 1610, for a thousand acres of land in the barony of Kilmacrenan, in that county; and the King having received such an account of his industry and forwardness in that plantation, that he recommended him earnestly, on the 26th of January, 1612, to the Lord Deputy Chichester, to be admitted an undertaker in the plantation of Wexford. He had also a grant of a proportion which was surrendered by James Hayes, in the barony of Strabane, consisting of fifteen hundred acres. His Donegal grant consisted of the town lands and quarters of Gortavaghie, Ilmore, Ilmbegg, Ardromon, &c., with free fishing in the river of Lough Swilly. Those lands were erected into a manor, called Stewart's Fort, afterwards denominated Fortstewart, upon which, in the year 1618, he had built a fair strong castle, called Ramelton, three stories and a half high, and had made a town, consisting of forty-five houses, in which were fifty-seven families, all British. It was then, as it continues to be, a respectable market town, and stood well for the King's service and the good of the country. He had then almost finished a church in the town, besides building a good stone house at Gortavaghie. The church has been lately rebuilt, and for beauty of situation, and the advantages of a vicinity to a prolific sea, Ramelton may challenge a competition with any other town in Ireland. The salmon taken there are remarkably fine, and in season at a time of the year in which no others are fit to be eaten.

In the Parliament which assembled in Dublin, on the 18th of May, 1613, and was dissolved on the 14th of October, 1615, Sir William Stewart, of Ramelton, represented the county of Donegal. In 1616, he was captain of fifty foot soldiers, the same number with that of Sir Richard Hansard, at Lifford; and by Privy Seal, bearing date at Westminster, April 10th, 1623, and by patent 2nd of May, he was created a Baronet. The Baronetcy has descended to Sir James Stewart, of Fortstewart, the late worthy representative in Parliament of the county of Donegal, to the original reduction and plantation of which his gallant ancestor had contributed in so high a degree. The Tyrone grants to Sir William Stewart are detailed at large in Lodge's Peerage, vol. ii., page 199, in which nearly all the foregoing particulars may be found, together with the following account of this great man's services to the Protestant interest, when at its lowest ebb, in 1641 and 1642. He was member of the Privy Council, both to King James and King Charles I., and after the rebellion broke out, and was raging through the Province of Ulster, he received a commission, dated the 16th of Nov., 1651, under the king's signet, for raising a thousand foot and a troop of horse. As soon as he had raised his regiment, with the aid of his brother, he relieved Captain Mervyn, who was besieged in the castle of Augher, in which they left a garrison—routed, as already mentioned in another note, Sir Phelim O'Neill, near Strabane,

on his way to burn the town of Raphoe; and on the 16th of June, 1642, at the gap of Barnesmore, defeated this ferocious rebel and his numerous forces, which he had raised out of six counties, with the slaughter of five hundred of the Irish, a much greater number being wounded. His losses by this rebellion were very great, having, as he deposed upon oath, on the 12th of October, 1643, three of his chief houses, one new built church, two market towns, and several villages, totally burned and destroyed by the rebels, being also deprived of the possession, rents, and profits of his lands, worth even at that time two thousand pounds a-year. He was plundered of eight hundred sheep, sixty cows, forty horses and mares, with corn, goods and chattels, of great value. His British tenants were reduced to absolute poverty, being robbed of most of their goods and means, to his further extreme loss. His deposition, which was taken by the Parliamentary Commissioners, also sets forth, that some of his regiment having apprehended one Cullenan, titular Bishop of Raphoe, and brought him before him, he asked him why it was reported among the Irish rebels that King Charles had given them a commission for what they had done, observing to the said Cullenan, that he wondered they would be so impudent and shameless as to propagate such a manifest and wicked falsehood. To which he answered, "that all the better sort of the Irish knew well enough that his Majesty had given them no commission at all;" but he confessed and said, "that one PLUNKET had forged and counterfeited such a commission, and pretended it was the king's; and that the common sort knew nothing but that it was really the king's commission, and that induced and led them to the forward actions and cruelties which they had committed."

STANZA XIX—LINE 5.—"*Hill came and crossed our ferry.*"

"From Hillsborough Squire Hill a regiment sent,
Which to the camp in gallant order went."

Armagh MSS.

This was Michael Hill, of Hillsborough, Esq., eldest son of William Hill, Esq., by Eleanor, daughter of Doctor Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The former of these gentlemen was attainted by King James's Parliament, as an absentee, on the 24th of May, 1689, and his estate was sequestered, until it was restored on the reduction of Ireland by King William, who admitted Michael into his Privy Council, and made him *Custos Rotulorum* for the county of Down, which county he represented in Parliament. There are few families whose history is more intimately connected with that of the Province of Ulster, since its plantation by James I., than that of Hill. The grandfather of this Michael Hill, was Peter Hill, the eldest son [of Sir Moses Hill, Kt., who, in the Earl of Tyrone's rebellion in the north, was one of those noblemen and gentlemen who, in 1573, were associated under the command of Walter Devereaux, Earl of Essex, to suppress it. After the fatal disappointments and death of the Earl, he served that unfortunate nobleman's son, Robert, Earl of Essex, who, on the 12th of March, 1598, was appointed Lord Deputy, and sent with a very considerable

army to subdue the rebels. On Essex's return to England, in the month of September, 1599, Hill continued in the army of Lord Mountjoy, and was appointed by him to be Governor of Oldenfleet Castle, an important fortress in those times, as it guarded the harbor of Larne from the invasion of the Scots. After the suppression of that rebellion, and King James's accession to the Crown, he served under Arthur Lord Chichester, who was for many years Lord Deputy of Ireland, and his Majesty, King James I., in consideration of his efficiency, valor, skill, and long experience of his service in Ulster, constituted him, on the 15th of December, 1603, the first Provost Mareschal of the forces at Carrickfergus, with the fee of six shillings a day; and, as it is expressed in his patent, "forasmuch as the multitude of malefactors, and other loose and idle persons, within the Province of Ulster, required that his Majesty should correct and repress them by some speedier and sharper means than by the course of common laws, and considering the martial law and orders thereof to be very necessary for the reformation of such loose vagrants, and having good experience of the circumspection, industry, knowledge, &c., of Sir Moses Hill, Knight," his Majesty, on the 14th of April, 1617, appointed him for life Provost Mareschal of the whole Province of Ulster, with full power to try and examine all disorders and offences, and upon conviction, to proceed by marshal law to judgment and punishment by death or otherwise, as the nature of the offence shall merit.

Peter Hill, Esq., his son, the grandfather of the gentleman mentioned in the text among the defenders of Londonderry, was sheriff of the county of Down in the year 1641, and Provost Mareschal thereof. His deposition forms a very curious historical document, from which I shall give a few extracts in this place; and here I cannot but observe, that it would be a most acceptable service to the cause of the Constitution in Church and State to publish a copy of the historical records relative to our country, which have been preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. The fund of documents to be found there is very rich, but cannot be deemed safe from the hand of time, till preserved by the labours of the printer. On the 11th of February, 1815, I presented to the Provost, fellows, and scholars of our University a folio volume of Archbishop Nicholson's manuscripts, given to me by a friend in the county of Londonderry, who had purchased them at the auction of the late Kennedy Henderson, Esq., of Castledawson—the board returned a letter of thanks for this, which they termed a valuable present. Nicholson's English and Scottish historical libraries stamp a high value on his writings, a volume of which was published in London a few years ago; but he is said, by Walter Harris, to have fallen into many errors in his Irish historical library, though much gratitude is due to him for the extraordinary pains which he took to acquire materials for improving the history of this Island.

The late Doctor Barrett allowed me to look over the depositions in the manuscript room of Trinity College, relative to the massacres of 1641, at a time when I was collecting materials for my *Annals of Ireland*, and wished to ascertain, what has since been fully proved, that Dr. Curry was not correct in alleging that the massacre of some families in

Island Magee, by the Scottish army of Carrickfergus, was the first outrage perpetrated on either side, at that melancholy period of our history. The Doctor assisted me in the search—but observed, that the College had always been very shy of letting these documents be seen or transcribed, for fear of their perpetuating ill will between Protestants and Roman Catholics. On this principle, however, the Doctor would have been consistent in recommending the destruction of every historical record, and the burning of all the libraries in Europe. The best answer to this, and all other objections to the preservation of our history, is the observation of Seneca, prefixed as a motto to my book—

“Consilium futuri ex præterito venit.”

According to the deposition of Peter Hill, Esq., he was in Dublin on the 23rd of October, 1641, when the massacre commenced, and he was sent back to the county of Down in a ship, by the Lords Justices and Council, with directions, that if it were possible, there should be a Quarter Sessions sitting within that county, for indicting of the rebels, and this affords a proof that the Government of that day, so far from pushing matters to extremity at once, and drawing the sword too soon against the insurgents, were perhaps culpably slow in adopting any other than legal remedies against those who were going to war with them, and butchering, in a most cruel and unparalleled manner, their unoffending Protestant fellow-subjects. In this service Mr. Hill took so much pains, and so far hazarded himself, that a Session was first held at Killileagh, where a great many rebels were legally indicted, and in another Session, at least an hundred more, in the executing of the writs of outlawry against whom he was in great danger of his life, as well as those of his soldiers and servants, whom he kept at great expense, and who attended him on that service. When he first heard of the general rising of the Irish in the county of Down, and how the Protestants were robbed and stripped, and many of them murdered, he furnished himself with arms for ninety-four men, having only powder, match, and shot out of his Majesty's stores, with which he freighted a vessel from Dublin, and landing at Strangford, raised and armed a company, some horse and some foot, and kept them at his own expense for about a year and a half, during which time he drove out many rebels from those parts, and did other acceptable services to the English Government, until about the 25th of May, 1644, when he and his family were driven from his dwelling-house by several parties of the Scottish army, then in rebellion against King Charles I. They plundered his house and stock to a very great amount in value, and obliged him to fly to Dublin for safety. On the 29th of May, 1645, being examined by the Commissioners for ascertaining the extent of the sufferings of the Protestants in the massacre of 1641, Mr. Hill made oath, that about the beginning of March, 1642, fourscore men, women, and children, English and Scotch, were sent, by direction of Sir Phelim O'Neill, from the county of Armagh, to Claneboys, in the county of Down, where they were met by Captain Phelim MacArt MacBrien, and his company of rebels, most of his own regiment, who

carried and forced all these Protestants to a lough called Lough Kernan, in the county of Down, and forced them upon the ice, both men, women, and children. That finding the ice so frozen that they could not be drowned, they forced them as far as they could on it; but not daring to pursue them for fear of breaking the ice under their own feet, they took the sucking children from their parents, and with all their strength threw them as far as they were able towards the place where the ice was weakest; whereupon their parents, nurses, and friends, striving to fetch off the children, went so far that they broke the ice, and both they and the children perished by drowning, save one man that escaped from them wounded, and one woman. A copy of this part of Mr. Hill's deposition is preserved in the history of the county of Down, published by the Physico Historical Society in Dublin, 1744, and Doctor Borlase informs us, that about the same time, in the neighbouring county of Armagh, three hundred Protestants were stripped naked, and put in the church of Loughgall, whereof about an hundred were murdered in the church; amongst whom was JOHN GREGG, who was quartered, and his quarters thrown in the face of his father, RICHARD GREGG. The said Richard Gregg was then murdered, having received seventeen or eighteen wounds, and his body was quartered in the presence of his unfortunate wife, Mrs. Alice Gregg, who made an affidavit of the foregoing circumstances before Dean Jones, afterwards Bishop of Clogher, and the other Commissioners, appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the cruelties practiced by the rebels.

The present esteemed baronet, who represents the city of Londonderry in Parliament, is of an ancient and distinguished branch of the family of Hill, which came into Ireland in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and has been connected with the families of Beresford, Rowley, Upton, &c.

Samuel Hill, Esq., the great grandfather of the Right Hon. Sir Geo. Fitzgerald Hill, married Mary, daughter and heiress of Hugh Rowley, Esq., of Calmore castle, near Tubbermore, and by this lady that and another estate in the neighborhood of Coleraine, came into the Hill family. The above mentioned Hugh, was brother to John and William Rowley, Esqrs., who were killed in an engagement with the rebels, at Ballymoney, in the county of Antrim, in the month of March, 1641-2.

STANZA XX—LINE 1.—“*Great Skivington from Massareen.*”

“Next unto these brave Skivington's regiment,
Into the camp in gallant order went.”

Armagh MSS.

Skivington was the ancient way of spelling this name, and I have followed the authority of the Armagh manuscript, and the inscription on the monument in the Church of Broxbourne, in England, which was erected to the memory of one of this noble family in 1647. The person here mentioned was Sir Clotworthy Skeffington, the second Viscount Massareen, then in early youth, who was instrumental in preserving the Province of Ulster from the ravages of King James's army; for when

the Protestant nobility and gentry of that Province foresaw that their preparations for their necessary defence would incense the government, and draw down an army, they prepared for what they expected, by entering into an association for mutual safety; and with Lord Mount Alexander, Sir Clotworthy Skeffington was nominated Commander-in-chief of the county of Antrim, and made colonel of a regiment of foot, raised in that county. The other members of the Antrim association at this time, were—

William Franklin, William Shaw, Henry M'Culloch, maternal ancestor of the present Bishop of Down and Connor—a steady friend to the Church and the Crown, Arthur Upton, Robert Adair, William Lesley, Charles Stewart, Edward Harrison, Patrick Shaw, John Donaldson, William Cunningham, William Shaw, James M'Cartney, John Guest, George Butthel, George Johnston, Henry Clements, Edward Clements, Richard Dobbs, jun., William Shaw, Michael Harrison, and James Shaw.

Sir Clotworthy Skeffington's father, Sir John, was living during the Siege of Londonderry. He had been appointed by James II. Governor of the county of Londonderry, and sworn of his Privy Council; but being a strenuous asserter of the Protestant interest, he became a great sufferer in the Province of Ulster. He contributed a considerable sum towards the defence of Londonderry, for which, and other services there, he was exempted from mercy by Tyrconnel's proclamation, dated March 7th, 1689; and when the army, consisting of fifteen thousand men, under General Hamilton and Major-General Sheldon, had in the same month taken Hillsborough, they plundered Lisburn, Belfast, and Antrim, and particularly Lord Masareen, to the amount of three or four thousand pounds in money and plate, which, being concealed about his house, was discovered by his servants for a reward of ten guineas. They also took all the furniture of his house, to a great value; and during the siege of Londonderry, when the town was much alarmed by the approach of the enemy, the garrison being informed that about 60 tons of salmon, his lordship's property, were deposited in a warehouse near the city, they seized the whole of it, except forty barrels, which fell into the enemy's hands. He and his son were attainted by King James's Parliament, and his estate, of £4340 per annum, was sequestered—but the attainder was taken off, and he was restored to his estate on the success of William III., and in that King's Parliament, which met on the 5th of October, 1692, he took his seat; and on the 22nd of the same month, was one of the Committee which prepared an address of thanks to their Majestys, for their care in delivering Ireland from Popery and slavery.

LINE 3.—“*Valiant Cross from Dartan Green.*”

John Cross and Willam Cross were two of the defenders of Londonderry, who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary from that city, on the 29th of July, 1689. They were the uncles of Anne Cross, who, in the year 1742, was married to Lieutenant James Graham, of the Fermanagh militia, then resident at Clones, in the county of Monaghan, grandfather of the author of this work, in whose family their swords are yet preserved.

LINE 4.—“*Audley Mervyn.*”

“Then Audley Mervyn from Omagh was sent,
To join our forces with a regiment.”

Armagh MSS.

Audley Mervyn, of Trillick, in the county of Tyrone, Esq. He married Olivia, daughter of Thomas Coots, of Cooteshill, in the county of Cavan, Esq. He was the namesake and successor (in the Omagh estate) of the celebrated officer of that name, who was so distinguished in the civil wars which ensued after the massacres of 1641, but whose glory was tarnished by afterwards joining the cause of Oliver Cromwell against his lawful sovereign.

LINE 5.—“*George Maxwell.*”

“From Killyleagh, young Sir George Maxwell,
Was to that regiment Lieutenant-Colonel.”

Armagh MSS.

The following persons of this name were attainted by King James's Parliament, on the 7th of May, 1689:—Arthur Maxwell, gentleman, George Maxwell, Esq., Hugh Maxwell, gentleman, all of the county of Down, James Maxwell, jun., Esq., county of Londonderry, James Maxwell, gentleman, county of Tyrone, Rev. James Maxwell, county of Leitrim, John Maxwell, gentleman, county of Cavan, Robert Maxwell, gentleman, of the same, William Maxwell, gentleman, of the county of Monaghan, Robert Maxwell, Esq., Queen's County, and James Maxwell, Esq., county of Armagh. The sufferings of Doctor Robert Maxwell, of Tynan, and his brother, Captain James Maxwell, in 1641, are detailed in Sir John Temple's History of the Irish rebellion.

LINE 6.—“*Cairnes, of Knockmany.*”

David Cairnes of Knockmany, in the county of Tyrone, Esq., maternal ancestor of William Henderson, Esq., late of Castletown, in the county of Tyrone, and of the Rev. Joseph Henderson Singer, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. The services of this chief of the defenders of Londonderry, will be detailed in their proper place in the Diary; and it may be sufficient to observe here, that his grave was opened at the upper end of it, but not disturbed by the workmen who lately erected the wall at the back of the new Sessions House. His tombstone, which had been before broken, was then removed from the grave, but has been since replaced. The following is a copy of what remains of the inscription on it: “Here under was interred the body of David Cairnes, Esq., Counsellor at Law, so greatly known, and regarded for his many and great services done by him for this city of Londonderry, and its preservation and safety, when in utmost danger, and proved so conducive to that grand revolution we had in these kingdoms, in 1688 and 1689—with much sore travels, and many hazards of his life. He was much beloved, living and dying, for the many good qualities and parts he was

evidently blessed with, as appeared on many occasions. He was also 30 years." Here the inscription ends, the rest having been broken away—but tradition supplies the remainder of the sentence, viz. : that he was 30 years the representative of the City of Londonderry in Parliament. There is a tomb in the graveyard of Donoughmore, with an inscription on it to the memory of Sir Henry Cairnes, of the county of Donegal, but whether he was of the family of the hero of Londonderry or not, I have been unable to ascertain. The Armagh Poet thus notices the services of David Cairnes :—

"Cairnes of Knockmany at Derry fought."

MSS. Lib. 1, Sec. 16.

And again in the description of the battle near Elagh—

"Against the weakest side our general saw,
The enemy their greatest forces draw,
Which to prevent, with all the forces he
Sprung forth at morn to fight the enemy.
Near ELAGH in the parks Murray came on
The Irish army, led by Hamilton,
Where he continued fighting till 'twas noon,
When we were flank'd by th' enemy's dragoon.
To beat off which, he chose five hundred men,
With captains Taylor, Moore and Saunderson.
Murray himself did the brave troops command,
Who bravely did the foes' dragoons withstand.
Great Pusignan came boldly up to fight,
But Murray quickly put him to the flight.
Berwick and Pontee likewise wounded were,
By valiant Murray and the brave Dunbar.
Brave Major Bull did wonders in that fight,
For he beat back the enemy on the right.
Crofton and Bashford did much honor gain,
By Captain Noble multitudes were slain.
From Lisneskea in Fermanagh he came,
But now he's Major Noble of the same.
CAIRNES in our centre stood firm as a rock,
And ne'er was moved by their might shock.
He and his friends oppos'd the enemy,
And in this battle fought most valiantly.
Lieutenant Lindsay, Baron of Dunrode's son,
He in this battle great applauses won.
Captain Barrel from Urney, near Strabane,
Did in this action reputation gain.
Saunderson of Tillylagan, in Tyrone,
With bravery great reputation won.
The valiant Moore of Augher, with great might,
Cut down the enemy in this bloody fight.
Lieutenant Cooke opposed the enemy,
And forc'd their bravest warriors to fly.
Lord Abercorn both quit his boots and horse,
Without his cloak he fled with all his force.
Then in a thrice we did the enemy beat,
And caus'd them to their camp in haste retreat.
We burn'd their store at Elagh without pity,
And then began to march home to the city."

Lib. iii., Sec. 7.

STANZA XXI—LINE 3.—“*Johnson.*”

“From Glaslough, Monaghan, and Caledon,
A thousand foot were brought by Squire Johnson.”

Armagh MSS.

Two persons of the name of William Johnston (and not Johnson, as spelled in manuscript), in the County of Monaghan, were attainted by King James's Parliament of 1689, with the following gentlemen of that name in other Counties, viz.:—

Alexander Johnston, Andrew Johnston, Alexander Johnston, Francis Johnston, James Johnston, Robert Johnston, gentlemen, and Walter and Robert Johnston, Esquires, all of the County of Fermanagh; George and Hugh Johnston, of the County of Down; George Johnston, of the County of Antrim; Captain John Johnston, of Londonderry; Rev. Archibald Johnston, of Armagh; John Johnston, gentlemen, Kilkenny; John Johnston, junr., of Westmeath; and Richard Johnston, gentlemen of Kerry.

LINE 5.—“*Graham.*”

“Alderman Graham laid to his helping hand
With stores and money.”

Armagh MSS.

I cannot claim the honour of a descent from this patriotic Alderman, for my ancestor of that day was James Graham, of Mullinahinch, in the county of Fermanagh, a Cornet in one of the regiments raised in that part of the country, for the defence of Enniskillen. His son, James Graham, of Clones, my grandfather, was Lieutenant of Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Molyneaux Madden's troop, in the regiment of dragoons commanded by Nicholas Archdall, Esq., in the militia of the county of Fermanagh—the date of the commission is October 25th, 1744, and I preserve it as a literary curiosity, because it is signed by the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, who was at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. For the satisfaction of my own family, and that of many other of the same name and clan, scattered over the Province of Ulster, and other parts of Ireland, I take this opportunity of preserving some documents relative to our ancestors on the English borders, with an account of their removal into Ireland, by a most arbitrary and tyrannical stretch of regal power by James, in consequence of a prejudice previously entertained against them, because, in the feuds between the two nations, they had generally taken part with the English side. They claimed their descent from the Earls of Stratherne, of the name of Graham, and were hardy men of great power on the borders—they lived like other borderers, in these troubled times, in a state of warfare, having repeated quarrels and hereditary feuds with the Johnstons, Maxwells, and other clans, on the Scottish side of the border. In the year 1550, the Johnstons and Maxwells, and other west borderers, to the number of one thousand men, entered on the debatable land, and burned the house of one Armstrong, on which occasion the Grahams and other borderers of the debatable

land skirmished with them, and slew some men; Lord Dacre (whose descendants have been since proprietors of the Clones estate, in the county of Monaghan), then Warden of the West Marches, having his forces drawn up to support them, but not crossing the border to avoid violation of the peace. In King Edwards VIth's Journal of his own time, a copy of which may be found in the Appendix to Bishop Burnett's History of the Reformation, there is the following note of this affair:—"16th of August, 1550, the Earl of Maxwell came down to the North Border with a good force, to overthrow the Grames, who were a certain family that were yielded to me; but the Lord Dacre stood before his force with a good band of men, and so put him from his purpose, and the gentlemen called Grames skirmished with the said Earl, slaying certain of his men." In Nicholson's History of Cumberland, there is an account of a long correspondence about this affair, and the resentment of the Scotch was so great, that many of the men of the debatable land, threatened to become liege men of Scotland, to avoid the effects of their vengeance, unless the English Warden would agree to protect them effectually. The end of the dispute was, that the debatable land was divided between the two kingdoms, by commissioners, assigning the upper part of it to Scotland, and the lower, where most of the Graham's dwelt, to England.

The leaders of the clan in 1600, were—

Walter Grame, the goodman of Netherby; John Grame, of Aughousewell; Fergus Grame, of Sowport; David Grame, of the Millens; John Grame, of the Peretree; the goodman of the Moat; young Hutchins' clan; William Grame; William Grame, son to Robbie; Jocks Johnie; Robert Grame, son to Hutchins; Davie and his brother Andrew; Hutchins Arthur; William Grame, of the Fald; William Grame of the Rose-tree—(these two had a great number of followers). Davie, of Bankhead; Jock of the Lake; Dicks Davie; William Grame, goodman of Meelop.

James VI., on his accession to the Crown of England, banished the Grames, or transplanted them to the North of Ireland—his arbitrary proclamation alleges that they had petitioned for their removal from the country, as being no meet persons to live in it. Much of this King's animosity against the Grames, was suspected to have arisen from their constant adherence to the English interest. There was a tax imposed on Cumberland for the expense of transporting them, the total of which amounted to £408 19s. 9d. sterling. They were transported at three different times, the money being divided among them at the rate of about one or two pounds each. Nicholson has published the names of those who were removed at the second and third transportations. Most of these particulars are extracted from the Introduction to the Border History, and are taken by the Authors of that Work, from a folio manuscript, written by Richard Ball, Clerk of the Marches in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The Grahams were great favourites on the Border, and their banishment was celebrated by a popular song to a pathetic air, called, "*I will awa, and will not tarry.*" A copy of it is preserved in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, with some additional verses on the occasion of the

Marquis of Montrose's misfortunes in the reign of Charles I. It runs thus:—

"Now fare thee well, sweet Ennerdale,
Baith kith and countrie, I bid adieu,
For I maun away, and I may not stay,
To some uncouth land which I never knew.

To wear the blue I think it best
Of all the colours that I see,
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams,
That are banished from their ain countrie.

I have no gold, I have no land,
I have no pearl nor precious stane,
But I would sell my silken snood,
To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

In Wallace days, when they began,
Sir John the Graham did bear the gree,
Through all the lands of Scotland wide,
He was the Lord of the south countrie.

And so was seen full many a time,
For the summer flowers did never spring,
But every Graham, in armour bright,
Would then appear before the king.

They all were dressed in armour sheen,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tay, .
Before a king they might be seen,
These gallant Grahams in array."

In the earlier copies of the song, this stanza ran thus :—

"They all were dress'd in armour fine,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tyne."

Which must have applied to the Border Grahams, not to those of Monteith.

STANZA XXII—LINE 1.—"*Babington*."

William Babington was one of those who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary, at Londonderry, on the 29th of July, 1689. This family, which still holds a respectable rank in the counties of Londonderry and Donegal, is descended from Brutus Babington, Doctor of Divinity, a native of Cheshire, and fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; he was promoted to the Bishopric of Derry by King James I., and consecrated at Drogheda in the year 1610; he died the year following. The persons of this name attainted by King James's Parliament, on the 7th of May, 1689, were Matthew Babington, of the county of Tyrone, gentleman; William Babington, Esq., and Uriah Babington of Cork. On the 7th of August, 1642, Mr. Brian Babington was buried in Londonderry, and on the 6th of May, 1642, Elizabeth, wife of Edwin Babington, was also interred there.

LINE 2.—"Mitchelburn."

For an account of this distinguished man, see the *Diary*. The following is a copy of the inscription on his tombstone, in the old churchyard of Glendermot, which is in complete preservation. For many years after his death, and even in the memory of some persons now living, a convivial association of tradesmen existed in Derry, who called themselves the Mitchelburn Club, and made an annual visit to the tomb of the hero:—

"Here lieth the body of Colonel John Mitchelburn, grandson of Sir Richard Mitchelburn, of Broadheart, Stanmore, in the county of Sussex, a valliant soldier, faithful, pious, and charitable, expecting the resurrection of the just. He was Governor and Commander-in-Chief in the late memorial siege of Londonderry, in 1689, in defence of the Protestant interest, in the first year of the reign of King William of blessed memory. He had thanks from the King for that eminent service, and deceased on the 1st day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1721, in the 76th year of his age."

Mitchelburn does not seem to have been a favourite with the Historical Poet, whose work was found in Armagh, for he is mentioned in it but twice, and on one of these occasions it is alleged, that the council formed for the redress of grievances, in the city, had put him under an arrest. He is, however, thus praised at the expense of Governor Walker, by a friend who published a defence of his character, already mentioned:—"Though loud-tongued fame so highly has blown the great renown of Doctor Walker in England, as truly much praise was due to him for having been so great an animator of the Protestant cause in the worst of times, which was his proper trade to be; yet after the death of Colonel Baker, which happened in the height of the town's distress, and deepest calamities, Colonel Mitchelburn was in joint command with the Doctor, whose conduct appears more conspicuous in the eating part than the fighting, and reason good, the charge of the stores being committed to him alone, whilst his brother Governor was only the martial colleague, and the entire management of the town's defence lodged wholly in Colonel Mitchelburn's breast during the whole time. As his principles were too honourable to listen to any allurements of the enemy without the walls, so his hardships within were not able to shake his loyalty, nor lessen his undaunted courage, which appeared particularly in his planting the bloody flag on the Royal Bastion, and afterwards mounted it on the steeple of the Cathedral, to show the besieged, as well as the besiegers, the height of resolution, as they found in the sequel, for when the enemy's politic barbarity had driven the Protestant part of all the country around, without respect of persons, age, or sex, to starve under Derry walls, to return to the great civility with no less policy than bravery, he erected a lofty gallows in sight of them, to hang twenty-one Lords, Knights, and other Commanders, which had been taken before, as trophies of a victory lately obtained, which stratagem obliged the foe to let the affrighted people retire from danger. Nor had he the happiness only to save the town through that miserable siege, a service of so high importance, that the King's then tottering interest in Ireland was kept in

equilibrio by him, till Lieutenant-General Kirk approaching, turned the scales ; but he had the unhappiness likewise of feeling, in a great measure, the smart of war, as well as the reaping the glory of it, having had the irreparable misfortune of losing his dear lady and children, with all his family, by the rage of pestilence and deadly famine, in this terrible siege. Yet though he had so dismal an occasion of exercising his passive as well as his active courage, my much honoured friend, constant to both sorts of magnanimity, with the same equal temper, bore the fortune which dressed his brows with cypress, as that which crowned them with victorious laurels." When Colonel Mitchelburn was accused by two of his officers already mentioned, of having plundered some towns after he had taken Sligo by storm, no magistrates in the country would take the informations, upon which they despatched one George Rob, a tobacco merchant, to Dublin, to lodge the complaint—the result, however, proved highly honourable to the accused hero, and among other testimonials which were elicited by the accusation, were the following from the city of Londonderry and the town of Coleraine :—

" We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, of the city of Londonderry, do hereby attest and certify that Colonel John Mitchelburn, Governor of said city, and since the siege of Derry having his regiment, or a great part of them, quartered here many months, kept said garrison in good order, discipline, and temper, and paid their quarters, and was careful of the preservation of the place, both from any insults of the enemy, and from all irregularities of his soldiers, and by all means in his power made his government in this garrison on all occasions easy and pleasing to us, for which service and deportment he was elected and sworn AN ALDERMAN of the city—in testimony whereof we have set our hands, and affixed the common seal of the city, the 3rd day of February, 1690—Gervais Squire, mayor, Samuel Norman, Alexander Tomkins, Alexander Lecky, Thomas Moncrief, Henry Ash, William Crookshank, Robert Shenan, William Morrison, John Harvey, Francis Neville, Albert Hall, Alexander Cunningham, John Crookshanks; John Nightengale, George Gravel, John William Mackie, Robert Harvey."

" We, the inhabitants of the town of Coleraine, do certify, that during the time the regiment belonging to the Honourable Colonel Mitchelburn, Governor of Londonderry, did quarter and keep garrison in this place, both officers and soldiers behaved themselves very orderly, soberly, and civilly, to the town and country people, paying thankfully for what they called for, which we certify as truth to whom it may concern. Dated at Coleraine, the 3rd of February, 1690 : William Godfrey, mayor, Richard Adams, Edward Howard, Alexander MacPhilip, Daniel Browne, Richard Lynam, Thomas Lances, John Twaddle, David Wilson, John G——, James Oustiane, Wm. Ross, and Hugh Bankhead."

LINE 3.—"*Adam Murray.*"

For the actions of this hero, I must refer to the Diary. The Armagh Bard thus notices him urging the Derrymen to reject the proposals sent to them by King James from Mongevlin, by his host, Archdeacon Hamilton :—

" Archdeacon Hamilton by James is sent
 Unto the city with this compliment,
 If they in four days would yield up the town, }
 All the inhabitants should have their own,
 With pardon for all past rebellion.
 And he in his commission sped so well,
 That Lundy forc'd the town to article.
 Th' ingenious Neville and the said Divine,
 Went to King James to tell him they would sign
 In a few days; to hasten which the King,
 The Irish army to the town did bring.
 Delays are dangerous, and he push'd on
 The town to sign capitulation.
 Which being signed and ready to be sent,
 Great Murray throws himself and regiment
 Just to the walls, who lay then at Culmore,
 And bravely fought his way upon the shore.
 Lundy refused him entrance, but the town
 Open'd the gate, unto their great renown.
 The loyal party knew his grand design,
 Then to his conduct they themselves resign.
 Then in a moment all the town rebels,
 And curse the author of the articles.
 For at the guard a proclamation's made,
 That all true hearts repair to the parade,
 With handkerchiefs on arms, that all shall die,
 Who would yield up the town to Popery.
 Then in a trice eight thousand men convene,
 To whom great Murray did this speech begin :
 Dear friends, this city is our last effort,
 Let's not quit this I earnestly exhort,
 Lest that in Albion t' our disgrace be spoke,
 That we submitted to the Irish yoke.
 Hold out, brave boys, England will succour send,
 If we like men the city do defend.
 Here are sufficient to sustain a siege,
 If we to loyalty ourselves oblige.
 Yet all is vain if we do not expel
 The traitor Lundy with his false cabal.
 The town consents, huzzas now rend the sky,
 Then unto Lundy all in haste do fly,
 To whom great Murray spoke this fatal speech :
 Of treachery I do you now impeach,
 Both to the Protestant cause and to our King,
 A Popish reign upon us you do bring ;
 You quit the country to the enemy,
 At Claudy ford you caus'd our men to fly,
 And now you're thinking to betray the town,
 By a capitulation of your own.
 Therefore lay down your power, for we'll choose
 Such loyal men as will oppose our foes.
 Lieutenant Cook, who from fair Lisburn came,
 Courageously did the same cause maintain.
 Great Murray seiz'd the guards, the keys, and all,
 They presently a gen'ral council call.
 The Church and Kirk do thither jointly go,
 In opposition to the common foe—
 Although in time of peace they disagree,
 Yet sympathize they in adversity.
 Them in like words great Murray thus address :
 Dear friends, the intestine foe I have suppress—

Here at your feet I'll lay down all my power,
 If you'll contrive how we may best secure
 This loyal town. Then all with one consent,
 Agreed upon this form of government :
 Baker, and Walker governors they chose,
 With eighteen regiments t' oppose the foes.
 The horse to Colonel Murray they bestow,
 Him gen'ral in the army they allow.
 From Philipshaugh, near Tweed, his father came,
 Where they enjoy the Lairdship of that name.
 The noble name of Murray is well known,
 For their great service to the Royal Crown.
 Cairnes of Knockmany his Lieutenant-Colonel,
 From county of Meath his brave Major Bull.
 Cochran, Carleton, Moore, Stephen, Herd, and Murray
 His valiant brother, Captains to him be.
 The borderers did fill his regiment,
 Who to the field with noble courage went."

Lib. ii., Sec. 6, 7, 8 and 9.

The Castle of Mongevlin, or Magevlin, from which Archdeacon Hamilton brought King James's proposal of surrender to the city of Londonderry, is thus mentioned in Captain Pynnar's survey of the escheated counties of Ulster, in 1619 :—

"Sir John Stewart hath three thousand acres called Cashell, Hetin, and Litturgull. Upon this proportion there is built at Magevlin a very strong castle, with a flanker at each corner, but as yet there is no bawne nor freeholders made, and for want of them he saith the Duke of Lennox shall answer to the King. But I saw the land well inhabited and full of people; but what estates they had I know not, neither would he call the tenants together, but showed me a counterpaine of a lease, and said that each of his tenants had the like."—(*Harris's Hibernica.*)

The gateway erected at this time between Mongevlin Castle and the Foyle is still standing; but a small limestone flag, with the following inscription, fell from the centre of the arch over it, and is now lying in the court-yard, with another on coarse white marble:—

I. S.
 E. S. T.
 1619.

The inscription on the marble flag is as follows:—"Honorable Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of John, Lord Culpepper, widow of Colonel James Hamilton, who lost his life at sea, at Spain, in the service of his King and country, purchased this manor, and annexed it to the opposite estate of the family (Donnelong), which paternal estate itself was improved by her prudent management to near the yearly income of the dower she received thereout. She also settled on her younger son, William Hamilton, Esq., an estate she acquired in England, of equal value in the purchase to that, and gave every one of her numerous offspring, descended from both branches, some considerable mark of her parental care. Her eldest son James, Earl of Abercorn, and Viscount Strabane, hath caused this inscription to be placed here for the informa-

tion of her posterity." This flag lies against the front wall of the Castle, which is fast mouldering into ruin.

The ingenious Neville, mentioned by the Armagh Poet, was Captain Francis Neville, an able engineer, who drew a map of Londonderry and its environs, as it appeared during the Siege. His daughter, by his wife, Jane Moore, married John Rea, great grandfather of John Rea, Esq., of St. Columb's, and of Charles Rea, Esq., of Rathmullan, the latter of whom has in his possession a miniature picture of Charles I. bequeathed by the wife of Captain Francis Neville to Charles Rea, Esq., granduncle of the gentleman above mentioned. This lady was buried in the churchyard of Belturbet, in the county of Cavan, where the following inscription remains on her tomb:—"This monument was erected by Francis Neville, Esq., in memory of Mrs. Jane Moore, his wife, who departed this life, the 4th day of November, 1724, in the 79th year of her age, and the 51st after her marriage, having been the mother of 24 children. She was born in the parish of Heyon, Hertfordshire, of a good family, and came into this kingdom soon after the restoration of the Royal family, with Sir William Domville's lady, and lyeth buried under this monument. She was friendly to her neighbours, and charitable to the poor."

Murray's prowess at the battle of Pennyburn mill, is thus described in the Armagh manuscript:—

"Hector was by the stout Achilles slain, &c. &c.

Rutulian Turnus great Æneas slew;
From David's sling a mighty stone there flew,
Which sunk the proud Goliath down to hell;
By Murray Maumont the French gen'ral fell,
On Sunday morn th' appointed day commenced,
By break of day the Irish horse advanc'd
In squadrons two; their horse prepar'd to fight
On the left wing; their foot were on the right.
Maumont their horse, Hamilton their foot command,
At Pennyburn river they began to stand.
The sound of drums and trumpets rent the air,
The flow'r of all King James's men were there.
Then noble Murray hastens to the strand,
Who in like manner does his troops command,
Foot against foot, horse against horse he plac'd.
In gallant order he the en'my fac'd.
He with a thousand foot his horse sustain'd,
Which noble stratagem the battle gain'd.
Mounted upon a gallant steed that hour,
He fought the Irish with unequal power.
The loud huzzas of both hosts rent the sky,
Each side prepar'd to meet the en'my.
The French came on with glittering sword in hand.
But our smart firing made their horse to stand.
Maumont the French, Murray our horse led on,
Thirst of power led their ambition.
Murray like thunder thro' their squadron broke,
A gallant Monsieur fell at every stroke.
Maumont did likewise with like terror ride
Through our troops, slaying on every side.
But squadrons fight with equal force and rage,
And in close combat mutually engage,

Till death and wounds had cover'd all the shore,
 For both reserves had fled the spot before,
 For our reserves had fled into the town,
 And their reserve could not keep their ground;
 For brave Seddle, an English buccaneer,
 Who led the thousand foot caus'd them retire.
 In the pursuit brave Major Taase was slain.
 Brave Captain Cochran did the banner gain.
 Lieutenant Carr, the Laird of Gradon's son,
 In the pursuit great reputation won.
 The strand thus clear'd, Murray and Maumont meet,
 Who with dire threatenings one another greet;
 For they had oft sought one another out,
 But still were parted in the bloody rout.
 First they discharged their pistols on the spot,
 In which first firing Murray's horse was shot;
 Yet the brave beast ne'er feels the deadly wound,
 But wheel'd and pranced on the bloody ground.
 Redoubled blows they gave with sword in hand,
 Which the strong armour scarcely could withstand.
 They thunder like the Cyclops at the forge,
 When they their metal on the anvil urge.
 At last their swords in several pieces flew,
 Then with their rapiers they the fight renew.
 The brave Maumont began to falsify,
 And thought the day his own immediately.
 He wheel'd his horse, which then began to spurn,
 But noble Murray made a quick return,
 For under his sword arm his blade he thrust,
 Till at his neck the purple gore outburst.
 His fleeing soul with the free blood expir'd,
 And our great hero to the foot retired.—*Lib. iii., Sec. 1, 2, 3.*

The mission of Colonel Murray's father is thus related:—

“General Hamilton had intelligence,
 That Murray's father liv'd not far from thence,
 Who's eighty years of age, and somewhat more,
 For him he sent a guard with mighty power,
 To bring him pris'ner to their northern camp;
 This great surprise did not his courage damp,
 For with the guard the old man hastens on,
 T' appear before great General Hamilton.
 With great courage the senior ask'd his will;
 Quoth he, your son does 'gainst the King rebel,
 And forces them to hold the city out,
 Whom you may council better without doubt.
 In short, we'll hang you up immediately,
 If you'll not make him with our will comply.
 To whom the senior gave this answer straight:
 I'll use authority, and all my might,
 But when all's done, I'm sure he'll ne'er disown
 His firm allegiance to the English crown.
 But if you'll guard me to the town, I'll try
 If I can make him with your will comply.
 In haste he's guarded to the loyal town,
 Where he's received with great joy by his son.
 They tenderly do one another greet,
 And his grave parent counsels him what's meet.
 Dear son, I'm sent by Gen'l Hamilton,
 To see if I can make you quit the town,

But by this sacred book I you conjure,
 Never to yield unto a Popish power ;
 Our holy faith and loyalty enjoin,
 A strict abhorrence of a Popish reign.
 Thus Hannibal was at the altar swore
 Eternal foes unto the Roman pow'r.
 With kind embrace the old man departs,
 And to the General the sad news imparts,
 That naught could force his son to quit the town,
 And therefore humbly begs protection.
 The gen'rous Hamilton does grant the same,
 Then to his dwelling the grave senior came,
 Where all along he did in safety dwell,
 Tho' by his son the Irish army fell."—*Ibid*, Sec. 6.

Colonel Murray distinguished himself highly at the battle of Elagh, where he and an officer named Dunbar, wounded two of the French officers, Berwick and Pontell. He was shot through the body at the storming of Butchers'-gate, but the wound did not prove mortal.

" In a few days their foot and grenadiers,
 To storm our walls at Butchers'-gate appears,
 The storm was fierce, then Murray sallies out,
 At Bishops'-gate, and puts them to the rout.
 * * * valiant Murray fought,
 And hew'd down hundreds, who his ruin sought,
 Till a fierce bullet thro' his body passed,
 Then we retreated to the town at last.
 Our wounded General on his feet came back,
 And ne'er complain'd that he blood did lack.
 Brave James Murray, a volunteer, is slain,
 Who in all actions did applauses gain.
 In a few hours Cochran revenge demands,
 And in their lines with a battalion stands,
 Captain Wilson and M'Culloch lend their aid,
 Who in their lines a horrid slaughter made,
 And to their General this service paid.
 His wound was great, but by the mighty skill
 Of Aikin and of Hereman, he grew well
 In seven weeks time."—*Ibid*, sec. 12.

LINE 4.—"Baker renown'd in story."

Colonel Baker, Governor of Londonderry, who died in that command June 30th, 1789. Walker, who acted along with him as Governor, speaks thus of him in his diary, page 25 :—"His death was a sensible loss to us, and generally lamented, being a valiant person ; in all his actions among us, he showed the greatest honour, courage, and conduct, and would it suit the designs of a journal, might fill a great share of this account with his character." Mackenzie says (page 70), that he died justly lamented by the garrison, in whose affections his prudent and resolute conduct had given him great interest. He is thus noticed in the Armagh manuscript :—

" Baker and Walker Governors they chose,
 And form'd eight regiments to oppose their foes."—*Lib. ii.*, sec. 3.
 " The foot in manner following they disperse,
 Baker and Walker Colonels they chose."—*Ibid*, sec. 10.

"This victory confirmed the government,
 Baker and Walker immediately consent,
 To settle quarters and to regulate
 The stores, o'er which Harvey a merchant set,
 The town into four quarters they divide,
 And place two regiments on every side.
 They gathered all provisions to a store,
 And equally dispense to rich and poor.
 This was good policy without all doubt,
 That they might longer hold the city out.
 They plac'd two great guns at the steeple top,
 Which gave the Irish many a deadly pop.
 They placed gunners likewise on the walls,
 And then dispatch each matter as it falls."—*Lib. 3, sec. 5.*

"About this time the noble Baker dies,
 His loyal soul to his Creator flies.
 He's much lamented and admir'd by all,
 Who knew his merits, for they were not small.
 The town he govern'd with assiduous care,
 Was sound in council and expert in war.
 Loyal and faithful to our sovereign King,
 True to the Protestant cause in ev'rything.
 Great was his strength of body, but his soul
 Did greater actions, which none dare control.
 True to his friend, and faithful to his trust,
 Upright in dealing, and to all men just,
 In solemn manner we his corpse inter,
 As it became a valliant man of war.
 A funeral sermon's preach'd, the bells did ring,
 And treble volleys his praises sing.
 Lieutenant Dalton was his faithful friend
 And counsellor, what'er he did intend."—*Ibid, sec. 10.*

This gallant gentleman was the second of the name of Baker who died in the service of the Protestant interest, in Ulster; for in the year 1575, Sorley Boye MacDonnel, of Dunluce, ancestor of the Earl of Antrim, against whom the gates of Londonderry were closed in 1688, after having received great favours from the Crown of England, and being by patent, dated at Westminster, on the 14th of April, 1573, honoured with the title and privileges of a free denizen of Ireland—assaulted the English garrison at Carrickfergus, with a company of Scots, and slew Captain Baker, with his Lieutenant, forty soldiers, and some of the inhabitants of the town. He was, however, by the courage of the rest, obliged to retreat; and Sir Henry Sidney marched to the relief of the town, with 600 horse and foot, on the 19th of October, in the above-mentioned year, brought him to terms of agreement and submission.

The persons of the name of Baker, attainted by King James's Parliament on the 7th of May, 1689, were Henry Baker, Esq., County of Louth, with time to surrender till 10th of August, same year; Charles Baker, county of Waterford; Francis Baker, merchant, Waterford; William Baker, gentleman, of the same place.

LINE 5.—"*Ponsonby brave.*"

William Ponsonby, second son of Sir John Ponsonby, by Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Henry, Lord Folliot, of Ballyshannon. Sir John

Ponsonby was born in the year 1608, and came into Ireland with Oliver Cromwell, landing in Dublin on the 17th of August, 1649. In this army he was first Colonel, and afterwards Major. He had lands assigned to him at this time as a soldier, in the county of Kerry, at Stackstown and Croton, the former of these places had been named for Maurice Stack, a brave undertaker in that county, who was basely murdered by the contrivance of Honor O'Brien, Lady Lixnaw, sister of the Earl of Thomond. This lady invited Stack to dine with her, and after dinner desired to speak with him privately in her chamber, when she called out to some persons who were in the house that he had affronted her; on which they rushed in with their skeins, and assassinated him. The Earl of Thomond was so grieved and incensed at this inhuman act, that he never suffered his sister to come in his sight afterwards. The next day her husband, Lord Lixnaw, hanged Thomas Stack, brother of the said Maurice, whom he had kept prisoner a long time before. From this ancient English family descended the Irish family bearing the same name, some of whom have been Fellows of our University. After the reduction of Ireland by the Parliamentary forces, Sir John Ponsonby was appointed one of the Commissioners for taking the depositions of the Protestants concerning the murders committed by the Irish during the course of the war, and on the restoration of Charles II. was nominated a Commissioner for executing the King's declaration of the 30th of November, 1660, for the settlement of Ireland, on which occasion he obtained two grants of land under the Act of Settlement, and by an abatement of quit rents, obtained 15th July, 1679, and by acquiring many debentures, he left a considerable estate to his eldest son, Sir Henry, who dying without issue in the reign of King William, was succeeded by his brother, the above-mentioned Sir William, who, in reward for his own and his father's eminent services in the cause of the Protestant religion, was, by patent, on the 11th of September, 1721, created Baron of Bessborough; and afterwards, on the 28th of February, 1722, raised to the dignity of Viscount Duncannon. The following preamble to the first of these patents, marks in the strongest terms, that the honours of this noble family were granted in reward for their faithful maintenance of the cause of the English and Protestant interest in Ireland:—

"Cum generis antiquitas, animi fortitudo, consilium atque intemerata fides boni et æqui Principis devincant, iisque dilectum et perfidèlem subditum nostrum GULIELMUM PONSONBY armigerum lubens ornementum perspexerimus, quippe qui gente clarus, ex atavis nempe apud Picardos in Gallia oriundus, a Normanica debellatione in Britanniam translatis ibique in Cumbriæ Comitatu pertot secula considensibus, inde Pater cum abhinc octaginta fere annos in Hiberniam, periclitantibus admodum PROTESTANTITUM rebus, PAPISTARUM defectione, ac nefario gladio transmigrasset, illius eum in re militari facinora non solum ad cohortis præfecti & equitis gradum promoverint, sed aliæ animi dotes; regni proceribus compluribus affinitate dignam qui junretur reddiderint.

"Nec Patre minor præsens filias, qui eadem præditus indole, a prima juventute patriæ libertatis et imperii juris se vindicem usque præbuit; mature

*ac diu castra secutus, labentem Hiberniæ regni rem in LONDONDERRICA
OBSIDIONE pertinaciter sustentavit, totumque, ejus belli curriculum absolvit,
idem ad cohortis præfecturam evectus: et cum a militia vacaret, SENATOR,
quotiescunque habita sunt comitia, electus, causam reipublicæ, CULTUS DIVINI
EX PROTESTANTIUM RITU, necnon successionis nostræ, extremo quo versatus
est discrimine, strenue ac constanter egit, cujus exemplum NOTATU DIGNUM
ex natis nepotibusque sex sunt uno tempore imitati. Ne ergo," &c., &c.*

LINE 6.—"Sinclair."

The Rev. John Sinclair, of Hollyhill, Rector of the parish of Leckpatrick and Camus on the Morne, in the county of Tyrone, and of Aghanuncion, in the county of Donegal. He was son of the Rev. James Sinclair, Rector of the same parish, who was the second son of Sir James Sinclair, of Caithness, and married Anne, daughter of James Galbraith, Esq., member of Parliament for the borough of St. Johnston, in the county of Donegal, 1661. Anne, daughter of the latter, was married to Robert Lowry, of Ahenis, Esq., in the county of Tyrone, great-grandfather of the present Earl of Belmore. On the 21st of March, 1688, Mr. Sinclair was one of those who, with the Governor and Sheriffs of Londonderry, signed a declaration of union, contradicting a report that he, with Lord Blaney, Sir Arthur Rawdon, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, and others, had resolved to take protections from the Irish, and desert the general service for the defence of the Protestant interest. His church was burned by the army of King James on their retreat from Derry, and it was only by the timely arrival of a messenger, who had swam across the Foyle with a protection, that Hollyhill-house escaped a similar fate. The following inscription is still legible on the monument erected to the memory of this gentleman, which was removed a few years ago from the old to the new church of Leckpatrick, where it has been built into the wall above the family pew:—

*" Saciæ memoriæ JOHANNIS SINCLAIR.
Reverendi, nuper Ecclesiæ hujus Rector
Dicat ANNA ejus vidua e domo Galbraithense
Oriunda
Siste Lector, vide, et desce exuvias infra
Conditas, nulli non flebilis viro
Parentibus non obscuris natus est, eruditus
Bene, moratus egregie
Quem honestas et inculpata fides
Judicium et prudentia longis enata rebus
Erga DEUM pietas erga homines benevolentia, ad
Amicos amor plusquam fraternus,
In pauperes charitas, in familiares consilium
In omnes humanitas et hospitium.
Quem denique fidem christianam et orthodoxam
Propagandi studium schismaticos quoscunque
Suppressendi ardor inveniet param?
(Absit invidia dictis)
Quadraginta prope annos in castris CHRISTI militant
Et meruit, tam exemplo, tam documentis
Gregis pa cendi studiosissimus etiam cum vitæ
Discrimine grassante et in valente hostium rabie*

*Non alieni appetens, non sui profusus, dives agris
Ditior gratia, e vivis migravit, maestos amicos
Maestorem prolem, maestissimam omnium
Conjugem relinquens.*

*Anno ætatis suæ 62 et 15 Martiæ Æræ Christianæ 1702
Prolem habet hic sepultam Elizabetham, Ezechielem, Johannem
Gulielmum Annam Elizabetham, Andream et Rebeccam."*

IBID.—"Saunderson."

Alexander and Archibald Saunderson were two of those who signed the Address to King William and Queen Mary, at Londonderry, on the 29th of July, 1689.

"Saunderson of Tillylagan, in Tyrone,
With bravery great reputation won."

Armagh MSS.

He signalized himself in the battle at Elagh.

LINE 7.—"Horace Kennedy."

One of the Sheriffs during the siege. He afterwards served in the same office in 1698, but not being approved of by the Government, Alderman Brookes was chosen in his place; and he also not being allowed, a third election made choice of Alderman Squire. In the year 1703, Kennedy, then an Alderman, was elected Mayor of Londonderry, and Alexander Skipton and Joseph Davey, Sheriffs; but the Mayor not being approved of, Alderman Mackie was chosen in his place; he also being disapproved of, Alderman Cowan was also elected and also laid aside, and Samuel Leeson succeeded.

Horace Kennedy was a leading man in Londonderry during the siege, and is thus mentioned in the Armagh manuscript:—

"Horace Kennedy went into Scotland,
And mov'd the Council some relief to send."

Lib. ii., Sec. 5.

He was the ancestor of the late Rev. J. Pitt Kennedy, and of Conolly Skipton, Esq.

IBID.—"Ash."

Captain Thomas Ash, who wrote a Journal of the Siege, published by his granddaughter, in Londonderry, in the year 1792. By some observations annexed to his detail of the particulars of the siege, we find that the first market-house built in Londonderry was in 1622, which figures he saw on the side of it opposite to the Ferryquay-gate, when he was at school there in 1671. It was demolished by bombs during the siege, and rebuilt on a larger scale in April, 1692—Bishop King and Alderman Lecky laying the first stone—Francis Neville, Esq., Architect. The magazine was in his time called O'Dogherty's castle, and there was no record of the time when it was erected; he says that it was thought at that time to be two or three hundred years built. The gaol over Ferryquay-gate was built in 1676. Before that, it was in Butchers' street at

the corner of the Diamond. Upwards of 500 persons subscribed to Miss Ash's publication of her ancestor's Journal.

IBID.—“*Vaughan.*”

“The Vaughans likewise brought forth of their own,
Some independent troops from Innishowen.”

I am favoured with the following note on this name by the Rev. George Vaughan Sampson, author of the Survey of Londonderry, and the Memoirs annexed to his map of that county. “The English settlers in the six escheated counties of Ulster, may be distinguished under two general classes, viz: those who arrived in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, after the suppression of O'Donnel's rebellion, and those who came over in the reign of James I. The former were almost all of English descent, and the latter for the greater part Scottish. The chief families of the former class, were the Gores, Wrays, Sampsons, Brookes, and Harts. Fynes Moryson mentions the three latter families as having brought over each one hundred halberdiers at their own expense, and their settlements were chiefly in the county of Donegal. Of these families, one only appears to have been remarkably concerned in the early transactions of the City of Londonderry, namely, that of Hart. The government of Culmore Fort was entrusted by Elizabeth's deputy to an officer of this family, whose history is sufficiently known. The others, though military men, were engaged in the protection of their respective settlements.

In 1613, Sir John Vaughan, a military engineer, of Welsh extraction, was sent to fortify the intended City of Londonderry. He had completed both the walls and the Cathedral Church in the year 1615, and was afterwards made Governor of the city. The rebellion of O'Dougherty having given great alarm, a proclamation was issued in the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, according to which, any of the Queen's Generals who should bring the head of O'Dougherty to the Castle of Dublin, would be allowed to pass a patent for his estate. In consequence of this proclamation, Vaughan engaged and defeated O'Dougherty near his residence at Elagh, and pursued him to another of his castles at Buncranagh, which he invested so closely that O'Dougherty found it impossible to escape; but rather than surrender, preferred to die by hunger. Upon his death his followers gave up the castle, in one of the lower apartments of which the body of the Chieftain was discovered, sitting on a stone, lifeless. This transaction gave occasion to the representation of the skeleton, as it was afterwards adopted for the arms of the city. Vaughan made all possible haste to bring the head of O'Dougherty to Dublin, that he might avail himself of the Queen's proclamation; but notwithstanding his dispatch, the Lord Deputy, Chichester, received intelligence of his coming, and having met him at the town of Swords, ordered him back to his government, under pretence of a new insurrection in the North, at the same time promising that the requisite should be done, pursuant to the tenor of the proclamation. The Lord Deputy on his return to the Castle of Dublin, took care to affix the head of O'Dougherty over the gate, and

immediately wrote to the Queen, claiming, in his own name, the performance of her Majesty's most gracious promise, and having great interest at Court, obtained the patent for the forfeited estates with such dispatch as precluded any remonstrance on the part of Vaughan. A long discussion and a personal quarrel being likely to ensue, it was compromised, by a grant to Vaughan of a large proportion of the barony of Innishowen, which Chichester made over to him, free of rent, for 99 years, upon which the present Castle of Buncranagh was erected, on the site of O'Dougherty's fortress. Before I proceed further in Mr. Sampson's account of the Vaughans, I think it due to the memory of Sir Arthur Chichester, and to historical fidelity to observe, of this account of the death of Sir Cahir O'Dougherty, and of the grant of his forfeited lands, that, like Captain Ash's detail of these transactions, it is unsupported by the public history of the country, and rests upon the vague authority of oral or unprinted tradition. It is to be observed also, that Sir Arthur Chichester marched from Dublin to subdue O'Dougherty, on the 5th of July, 1608, and found that Marshal Wingfield had subdued that sanguinary rebel, and shut him up between two walls, where he perished for want of food; and according to the foregoing account, it was in five years afterwards that Sir John Vaughan was sent into Ireland from Wales—so that he could not have been engaged with Sir Cahir O'Dougherty, who perished in the reign of James, not of Elizabeth. The character of Lord Deputy Chichester stood far above the reach of any imputation of injustice, and is thus sketched in the inscription on his tomb in the Church of Carrickfergus:—

"Within this bed of death a Viceroy lies,
Whose fame shall ever live—virtue ne'er dies;
For he did virtue and religion nourish,
And made this province rude, with peace to flourish.
The lowdest rebel he by power did tame,
And by true JUSTICE gain'd an honour'd name,
Then now, tho' he in heaven with Angels be,
Let us on earth still love his memory."

It appears, too, by the following inscription on the wall of the Cathedral of Londonderry, that it was not for five-and-twenty years after the death of Sir Cahir O'Dougherty that Sir John Vaughan finished the building of that church.

A. D. 1633.

"SIR JOHN VAUGHAN, ARCHITECT.

"If stone could speak, then London's praise would sound,
Which built this church and city from the ground."

Sir Richard Wingfield was the only person who could claim O'Dougherty's estates, on the grounds of having subdued him, and obtained possession of his head; it appears that this service, as well as his having taken Sir Neill O'Donnell prisoner in the rebel's camp at Raphoe, on the 14th of June, 1608, were rewarded on the 29th of June, in the succeeding year, by a grant of the lands of Powerscourt, containing five miles

in length and four in breadth, from which property his descendant, Lord Powerscourt, takes his title. Also on the 3rd of December, 1610, he had a grant of the castle and lands of Benburb, in the County of Tyrone, containing 200 acres, and also of other lands in the county of Wexford. After he had seized O'Donnel at Raphoe, he conveyed him on board a King's ship, then lying in the harbour of Derry, and sent him round to Dublin; and he afterwards took Castledoe before he fought the battle in which Lodge alleges that he slew O'Dougherty. *See the Powerscourt Patent and Lodge's Peerage, Vol. II. page 356.*

I now proceed with the remainder of Mr. Sampson's note. "George Vaughan, third in descent from Sir John Vaughan, was Governor of the county of Donegal, and lived in the Castle of Buncranagh. He had large estates in the counties of Donegal and Fermanagh, and was married to Miss Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Fortescue, of Drumiskin, in the county of Louth, (*a great sufferer in 1689,*) by whom he had issue one daughter, who died young. He had four sisters, the eldest of whom was married to Colonel Wm. Sampson, the second to Mr. Brooke, and the third to Mr. Hart; the fourth died unmarried. I find, in one of the family papers, mention is made of an incident, which, however trifling in itself, caused a serious breach between the families of Vaughan and Sampson. One evening after dinner, Vaughan having boasted rather proudly of the achievements of his family, which Sampson considered as greatly inferior to his own one of old English descent. What, said he, are you at the best but a descendant of a Welsh architect? This repartee was never forgiven by the Vaughans till the family of Sampson were excluded from any share of the inheritance, except in the instance of the Colonel's daughter, Mary, to whom he left his valuable leasehold of Porthall, which she enjoyed for 32 years, having bequeathed it to the Rev. Arthur Sampson, her nephew; but he dying before her, the legacy lapsed, and this, together with other valuable estates, devolved to the representatives of the two younger married sisters of Vaughan, as residuaries under his will. This will contained bequests to a great amount for charitable uses, one of which was for the endowment of a Charter School in the county of Fermanagh, and the other was that of a large estate, which he had purposely purchased in North Carolina, for endowing missionaries to convert the Indians to christianity. But in this latter case, his benevolent intentions were not carried into execution. Mr. Vaughan was distinguished through life as an enterprising improver: he built the town of Buncranagh, and there erected the first bleach-green and machinery which existed in his native county. He also erected salt-pans at Porthall, after having built on that place a handsome dwelling-house, several villages, and numerous offices of almost every useful description. He lived with hospitality, approaching to a princely display, and finally he died at Porthall, whence his corpse was brought to Londonderry, where it lay in state for three days and nights, after which it was conveyed to the family burying-ground in the old church of Fahan, on the north side of the chancel. The name is extinct, and there is no monument over the tomb."

Sir John Vaughan was one of the executors of the will of Sir Richard

Hansard, of Lifford, which was made on the 6th of September, 1619, and by his care, and that of his fellow executor, Thomas Perkins, Esq., the church and school-house of Lifford were afterwards erected, according to the provisions of that will, although it was disputed and set aside by the surviving brother of the testator, with whom they made an amicable settlement, by the payment of sixteen hundred pounds. Sir Frederick Hamilton, ancestor of Lord Viscount Boyne, married Sidney, daughter of Sir John Vaughan, whose lady was daughter to the Earl of Leicester.

In 1643, Sir James Vaughan, Governor of Londonderry and Culmore Fort, died, and was succeeded in both these situations by Sir Robert Stewart, who had been Captain of Culmore Fort, and Representative of the city of Londonderry in Parliament. Francis, son of George Carey, of Redcastle, who died on the 23rd of April, 1640, married Alice, daughter of Captain Henry Vaughan.

STANZA XXIII—LINE 1.—“*Dawson.*”

Walter Dawson was one of those who signed a public declaration on the 13th of April, 1689, that they would appear and fight for their country and religion on the fittest ground between Lifford and Claudy Ford. The gentlemen of this name attainted by King James's Parliament were, according to Archbishop King's list of them, John Dawson, gentleman, Monaghan; John Dawson, gentleman, Londonderry; Isaac Dawson, gentleman, Monaghan; Launcelot Dawson, gentleman, do.; Richard Dawson, Esq., Louth; Captain Richard Dawson, Monaghan; Walter Dawson, senr., Esq., Londonderry; Walter Dawson, junr. gentleman, do.; Captain Walter Dawson, Monaghan; William Dawson, Esq., do. I am unable to ascertain which of these gentlemen was the defender of Londonderry, recorded in the stanza. Joshua Dawson, Esq., the proprietor of the Castledawson estate, and ancestor of George Robert Dawson, the present worthy representative of this Protestant county in Parliament, was at that time a very young man. His eldest daughter was married to Major-General Gustavus Hamilton, Baron Hamilton, of Stockallan, in the year 1722.

“*Campsie.*”

John Campsie was Mayor of Londonderry in 1688, until the 12th of October, when he was displaced to make way for Cormick O'Neill of Broughshane. Henry Campsie was one of the Prentice Boys who shut the gates against the Earl of Antrim's regiment; he was wounded by one Linegar, a reputed Papist, when endeavouring, with others, to secure the magazine, which circumstance increased both the number and resolution of the Protestant mob on that occasion. See Mackenzie's Narrative, page 8.

LINE 2.—“*Albert Hall.*”

This distinguished defender of Londonderry was the ancestor of John Chambers, Esq., of the Cassino, and of Hall Chambers, Esq., of Dublin. He died on the 28th of April, 1701, aged 48 years, and is buried in the

cathedral church-yard of this city, where a handsome monument has been erected over his grave. He was one of those who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary, sent from Londonderry by Governor Walker, on the 29th of July, 1689.

"Barry."

John Barry was one of eighteen who set forward a resolution in Derry, on the 13th of April, 1689, to assemble and fight for their liberties, at Claudy Ford, Lifford, and the Long Causeway.

The Protestants of this name attainted by King James's Parliament, were Richard Barry Lord Santry, of the county of Dublin; Laurence Barry, commonly called Lord Buttevant, and Richard Barry, gentleman, all of the same county.

LINE 3.—*"Crookshank."*

The family of Crookshank was of high respectability in the city of Londonderry. William Crookshank was one of the Sheriffs in 1692, and John Crookshank an Alderman in 1704.

The defender of Londonderry, of this name, is thus mentioned in the Armagh MSS. Lib. 11, Sec. 14:—

"Lieutenant Crookshank dismounts from our walls
Th' enemies cannon, &c. &c. &c."

"Upton."

Arthur Upton was one of the twenty-three persons who, on the 10th of April, 1689, signed a resolution to stand by each other with their forces against the common enemy, and not to leave the kingdom, or desert the public service, until their affairs should be settled in a secure posture.

The family of Upton is of great antiquity in Cornwall, where Hamelyn Upton was seated in 1213. Henry, second son of Arthur Upton, of *L'Upton*, in Devonshire, came into Ireland in 1598, as a captain in the army under the command of the Earl of Essex, and having established himself in the county of Antrim, was chosen member of Parliament for the town of Carrickfergus. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Hugh Clotworthy, Kt., by whom he had three daughters and four sons, of whom the eldest, Arthur, of Castle Upton, was born 30th of May, 1653. His principles respecting civil government were loyal and respectful to the royal family. When he was summoned by the commissioners to Carrickfergus, during the exile of Charles II., to take the oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth of England, without King or House of Lords, he, though a dissenter, positively refused, for which, and other non-compliances with the course of these times, he was to have been transported to some distant part of Ireland, but Oliver Cromwell speedily assumed the title of protector, to the utter confusion of the commissioners, and to the advantage of Mr. Upton, whom the new Government thought fit to be a magistrate, and the county of Antrim returned him to Parliament for a series of forty years.

He lived under divers revolutions, both of civil and church government, and was consistent in his conduct ; and being appointed to defend the county of Antrim at the rebellion of 1641, he so effectually discharged his trust, as to repel and rout the rebels. He married Dorothy, daughter of Michael Beresford, of Coleraine, in the county of Derry, Esq., and by her had eight sons and ten daughters. His third son, Arthur, born October 26, 1658, who was a captain of foot, and is the person here mentioned—after serving during the siege of Londonderry, was killed at the battle of Aughrim, and died unmarried. Thomas, the eighth son, born August 4, 1677, was bred a lawyer, and served as recorder of Londonderry, which city he represented in Parliament till his death. By his wife Sarah, daughter of Hugh Rowley, Esq., of Tubbermore, in the county of Londonderry, he had one daughter, who married Thomas Tennison, Esq., second Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland.

Clotworth Upton, the fourth son, was born the 6th of January, 1665, and succeeded his father as representative of the county of Antrim. At the siege of Limerick he raised a party of men, joined the army of King William before that town, attacked the breach, entered it singly, sword in hand, and most of his men being cut off, he mixed with the enemy and remained undiscovered till the affair was over, when he surrendered himself a prisoner to the commanding officer, with whom he had been formerly acquainted.

John Upton, sixth son, born 19th of April, 1671, was a captain in King William's army, and assisted at the storming of the citadel of Liege, and was wounded when Lieutenant-Colonel of Dragoons, at the battle of Almanza, under Lord Galway, who, for his spirited conduct on that day, gave him the command of the regiment, the Colonel (Killigrew) having been killed at the beginning of the action ; he was afterwards Colonel by brevet, and was twice representative of the county of Antrim. His grandson, Clotworthy Upton, was advanced to the Peerage of Ireland, by patent, at Dublin, in 1776, by the title of Lord Baron of Templetown, in the county of Antrim.

LINE 5.—“ *Gervais Squire.*”

This was a leading man among the heroes who defended Derry on this memorable occasion, as will appear from the Diary. He served as Mayor in 1691, and died on the 7th of January, 1694, leaving a considerable property. His descendant and representative, now a minor, resides near Manor-Cunningham, in the county of Donegal.

Alderman Squire is thus noticed in the Armagh MSS. :—

“ And Gervais Squire with a^b his might assists
In Council, and our troops with stores subsists.”

Lib. ii., Sec. 5.

The gentlemen of this name who were attainted by King James's Parliament were these : Captain Gervais Squire, of Donegal, or Londonderry, and Thomas Squire, junr. of Limerick, gentleman. William Squire, Alderman of Londonderry, died on the 1st of February, 1692.

LINE 6.—“James Curry.”

This gentleman was ancestor of the respectable family of the same name resident in Londonderry, and also of Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B., Mr. Sergeant Torrens, and the venerable Archdeacon of Dublin. He was a leading man in Derry during the siege, and was the sixth of the thirty-six gentlemen who signed a declaration of Union there on the 21st of March, 1688. (*See Walker's Diary, page 42.*)

LINE 7.—“Adams, of Strabane.”

“Watson's made master of th' Artillery,
Two hundred gunners and montrosses be;
James Murray was conductor to the train;
Our engincer was Adams of Strabane.”

Armagh MSS, Lib, ii. Sec. 10.

STANZA XXIV.—LINE 1.—“Lennox and Lecky.”

“Lennox and Lecky who are Aldermen,
For speedy succours went into Scotland;
Out of their stores our army clothes receiv'd;
Thus all the Aldermen themselves behav'd.”

Armagh MSS., Lib. ii., Sec. 6.

Alderman James Lennox, Mayor of Londonderry, and representative of that city in Parliament, died on the 4th of August, 1723, aged 71 years. Alderman Alexander Lecky died in the year 1718.

LINE 5.—“Conyngham.”

There were three families of this name in Londonderry during the siege—the heads of them were distinguished from each other by patronymics, according to the Scottish custom, viz: Alderman Jack, Jew Jack, and Merchant Jack—from the former of these are descended Conyngham M'Alpin, of Dublin, Esq., the late Mr. Conyngham M'Crae, of Lifford, the Balls of Shannon, and the Sproules, lately resident in Strabane. Alexander Cunningham, one of the 'Prentice Boys who shut the Gates, was the great grandfather of Mr. Richard Cunningham, of Castle-Cooley, near Burt Church, in the county of Donegal. James, John, and Michael Cunningham were among those who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary, on the 29th of July, 1689. Alexander Cunningham was Ensign in Captain John Tomkin's company of foot, of which James Spaight was Lieutenant.

“Brooke.”

Brooke or Brooks, a merchant, of whom the Armagh MSS. thus makes mention in the catalogue of the contributors towards holding out the city against James:—

“James Roe Cunningham and Master Brooks,
Gave great supplies as are seen by their books.
Ewin and Wilson, merchants, gave the same,
And forty merchants whom I cannot name.

Harvey, a tanner, was a leading man,
 And John, his son, now their chamberlain.
 The same and Curlew did attend the store,
 Providing portions both to rich and poor.
 Alderman Craig with stores assists the town,
 Preaching obedience to the English Crown.
 Cocken, an Alderman, in Council sat,
 He did the Church and State both regulate,
 Alderman Hobson with stores of provision,
 Supplied the forces of our garrison.
 The Burgesses and Freemen gave their aid,
 And for their loyalty have nobly paid.
 Eady, a merchant, was at vast expense,
 In stores and money for the town's defence.
 Morrison and Shannon apothecaries
 Were at vast expense for remedies.
 Master Mackay and Evans did assist,
 And with their substance did our toops subsist.
 Then Master Mogridge, Clerk of the Crown,
 With stores and council did assist the town.
 Captain Moncrief rais'd a company,
 And Captain Morrison fought the enemy.
 Thus all the town were at a vast expense,
 In stores and money for the town's defence.
 The county, likewise, gave a helping hand,
 And with their forces did the foe withstand."

Armagh MSS., Lib. ii., Sec. 5.

I have taken this opportunity to give greater publicity to the above-mentioned names, which are too numerous to be inserted in the text. Homer's catalogue of ships is not a greater curiosity than this old poem, and there cannot be a much greater literary desideratum than the recovery of eight pages of it which had been lost. Alderman James Hobson died on the 30th of July, 1697.

LINE 6.—"Major Philips."

"Old Major Philips, a Chief in *forty-one*,
 In's ninetieth year into the city came,
 Endur'd the siege, and with sound counsels taught
 Our brave commanders, who the enemy fought."

For this gallant veteran's service during the siege, I must refer to the Diary; he was, however, distinguished highly for his patriarchal care of the Protestant Colonies in Ulster, for half a century before. He was the author of the celebrated letter to King Charles I., in 1634, complaining of the London Companies' breach of charter in replanting the Irish Papists in place of the English and Scotch Protestants who had been settled on their lands. He foretold the consequences of this line of policy, with as little effect as Dr. Duigenan, Sir Richard Musgrave, and others, have forwarned the British Government of the inevitable result of similar arrangements for the last forty years. The rebellion and massacre of 1641, but too fully verified Major Philips's letter within eight years after it had been written. His residence and estate were at Newton-Limavady, in the county of Londonderry. He was, of course,

attainted by the pretended Parliament on the 7th of May, 1689, as were also his sons, Captain Thomas Philips, Captain Christopher Philips, of Limerick, Captain John Philips, of Westmeath, Edward Philips, gentleman, of Cork, and Richard Philips, gentleman, of Mayo.

LINE 7.—“*Captain Godfrey from Coleraine.*”

“Next him brave Captain Godfrey from Coleraine,
Into the city with a comp'ny came.”

Armagh MSS.

Captain Warren Godfrey, a distinguished officer, was one of those who, on the 29th of July, 1689, signed the address to King William and Queen Mary. He appears to have escaped an attainder from King James's Parliament, but Sankey and William Godfrey, of Tipperary, ancestors of the family of Ledger, were attainted, and also William Godfrey, Esq., of Donegal.

LINE 8.—“*Jemmet.*”

Captain Warham Jemmet, Collector of Londonderry.

“Brave Jemmet the Collector of the town,
For its defence, spent great stores of his own,”

Armagh MSS., Lib. ii., Sec. 5.

These contributions, together with the destruction of houses, merchandize, and other property, during the siege, together with the expenditure in raising and equipping troops for the defence of the city, impoverished the inhabitants to such a degree, as reflected great discredit on the ruling powers of the day, who were in vain petitioned by the corporation for a reparation of their losses. Their petition stated their early and singular services and sufferings in the Revolution, the demolition of the greater part of the city and suburbs, their disbursements in fortifying, providing arms and ammunition, raising and subsisting forces; and that after eight years' sufferings and remonstrances, they then remained a poor ruinous spectacle to all, a scorn to their enemies, and a discouragement to his Majesty's well-affected subjects.

The House of Commons, on receiving this petition, and referring it to a committee, resolved that the allegations contained in it were true—that the public losses, disbursements, and damages sustained by the inhabitants of Londonderry were moderately computed in it; that the losses, besides, to private and particular persons, were very great, and that the governor and garrison, who, through the utmost sufferings and extremities, defended the place, did likewise deserve to have so signal a service taken into consideration; and the said city, which had so eminently suffered, to have some special mark of his Majesty's favour, for a lasting monument to posterity. All this the Commons afterwards, on the 28th of June, 1697, represented to the King by an address, praying that his Majesty would be pleased to make some compensation to the said city, governor, and garrison, by such ways and means, and in such

a manner as his Majesty, in his princely wisdom, should think fit. The King replied, that he would take these things into his consideration, according to the desire of his faithful Commons; but nothing was then done, the debt remains unpaid, and the families of the contributors of their property and blood to the cause of their country, were left to suffer in want and obscurity, in a ruined city, with annihilated trade.—See *Douglass's Collection of Documents, entitled Derriana, page 176.*

STANZA XXV.—LINE 1.—“*Parker from Coleraine.*”

This officer commanded the Coleraine regiment, consisting of twelve companies of foot. He behaved very ill at the battle of Elagh, and deserted to the enemy on the night of the 25th of April, to avoid the consequence of a court-martial with which he was threatened. He was succeeded in his command by Colonel Thos. Lance, of Coleraine, whose conduct through the whole of the siege was highly commendable, and who died in Londonderry, and was buried there on the 11th of September, 1689, about which time it appears that a considerable number of the leading men of the city, during the siege, were carried off by the effects of disease and long continued fatigue.

The Armagh MSS. thus mentions Parker's misconduct:—

“*Colonel Parker's oversight.*”

“When we marched forth we carefully had sent
Most of our horse and foot, a regiment,
To observe the camp, by Gen'ral Ramsay kept,
Lest they our marching home should intercept.
But Col'nel Parker, for some grand design,
Had them commanded off before that time.
Then Ramsay boldly with his force and horse,
Came quickly up to intercept our force.
This great surprise did all our spirits damp,
Fearing our men were slain by t'other camp.
But Col'nel Murray and brave Aubery
Oppos'd the same and forc'd them back to fly,
Till all our men got safely into town,
In which brisk action they gain'd great renown.
Baker and Hammel brought forth a great gun,
Strengthen'd by Lieutenant Col'nel Wigton;
But their assistance came to us too late,
For Ramsay's firing forc'd us to retreat.
But Col'nel Parker for some policy,
Fled the same night unto the enemy.
His Coleraine regiment Col'nel Lance obtains,
Who in the present service honour gains.”

Lib. iii., Sec. 8.

LINE 2.—“*From Garvagh brave George Canning.*”

This gallant gentleman brought a regiment raised upon his own estate for the defence of Londonderry. The family name was sometimes spelled and pronounced Kenny, and therefore he is thus noticed in the Armagh MSS. :—

“From Garvagh Kenny sent a regiment.”—*Lib. 1, Sec. 16.*

This gentleman was the ancestor of Lord Garvagh, and of the Right Hon. George Canning, one of his Majesty's ministers, disposed to grant a political power to Papists, which those acquainted with the past and present state of Ireland consider to be extremely dangerous to the English interest and Protestant religion in this Island.

LINE 7.—“*For his Father's town had been burn'd down.*”

Sir Richard Cox, in his *Hibernia Anglicana*, vol. ii. page 99, gives the following sad account of the sufferings of the Protestant towns in the county of Londonderry, at the very beginning of the rebellion and massacre of 1641:—

“The Province of Ulster began about this time to be sadly distressed for want of provisions, insomuch, that when Sir John Clotworthy advanced from Antrim by the way of Toome, through the Barony of Laughlinshalin, in the county of Londonderry, he found the Irish under so great a pressure of famine, that they ate their own dead. The rebels of this barony, as they were amongst the first sufferers by the effects of this dreadful rebellion and massacre, so had they been perhaps the earliest, if not the most violent of those who engaged in it. On the fatal twenty-third of October, Cormack O'Hagan surprised the strong castle of Moneymore, belonging to the company of Drapers in London, upon which Mr. William Rowley, who had been an active man in repressing the Irish, posted off to Coleraine, where he brought the first notice of the insurrection, about eight o'clock on Sunday morning, the 24th of October, which was soon after confirmed by multitudes of pillaged people, who flocked into the town that day. The towns of DESERT-MARTIN, MAGHERA, VINTNERSTOWN (*Bellaghy*), DRAPERSTOWN (*Moneymore*), and Magherafelt, were burned at this time, as Mr. Hugh Rowley afterwards informed Sir Richard Cox. Col. Edward Rowley having, on the first alarm, raised a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, and Colonel Cozens a regiment of foot in the town of Coleraine, the former marched into the country, and for some time kept an open village, called Garvagh, but at length the Irish, to a very great number, whereof many were Colonel Rowley's own tenants, fell upon him, and killed all his men but eighty, and barbarously murdered himself, after they had given him quarter. They then burned and plundered the whole country to the gates of Coleraine.”

The following traditionary account of the fate of Colonel Canning's father, on this melancholy occasion, has been given to me upon the authority of the late Rev. Ralph Mansfield, some time since Rector of the Parish of Errigall, whose church is in the town of Garvagh:—

“Mr. Canning had, a short time before the breaking out of the rebellion, purchased some land on very reasonable terms, from a person of the name of Cane, or O'Cahan, whose family was once of great consequence in that part of the country, and some person having expressed surprise that he should sell it at so low a price, Cane replied, that he did so with his eyes open, for he knew he would soon have it back again at any rate. On the day of the destruction of Colonel Rowley and his regiment, Mrs.

Canning was in an upper room of Garvagh-house, and her husband remained below stairs. A pike-man went up and desired her to walk down stairs—she obeyed, and the first object that struck her eye was Mr. Canning's head separated from his body, and placed on the hall table."

STANZA XXVI.—LINE 1.—"*Alderman Tomkins.*"

The family of Tomkins was of great wealth and consideration at Londonderry—in the cathedral of which there are many monuments of them. They are now represented by Colonel Knox, of Prehen.

"Alderman Tomkins from Tirkeeran sent
Into camp a gallant regiment;
Which joined Col'nel Murray as they went."

Armagh MSS.

"Alderman Tomkins raised a troop of horse—*Lib. i., Sec. 16.*
And laid in stores against the Irish force."—*Ibid Lib ii., Sec. 5.*

"1692, May 1st—Alexander Tomkins, Alderman of Londonderry, was burried."—*Registry of the Parish of Templemore.*

LINE 1.—"*Mount Alexander.*"

Hugh Montgomery, second Earl of Mount Alexander. This nobleman was born on the 24th February, 1650—he was the eldest son of Hugh, third Viscount and first Earl of Mount Alexander, by Mary, eldest sister of the first Earl of Drogheda. Being in London in the month of March, 1686, and there evidently perceiving the designs of the Crown against the Protestants of Ireland, and foreseeing the rupture which must arise between the King and his people, he returned to Ireland, sold a troop of horse which he had obtained from the Earl of Essex a few years before, and retired to his seat at Mount Alexander, in the county of Down, resolved to live there unconcerned in public affairs. But the intention of the Roman Catholics being obvious, by their providing arms, and from a letter, dated December 3rd, 1688, which was dropped at Comber, directed to his Lordship, and conveyed to his hands, advising him to look to his house and person, he confederated (in precisely the same manner which the Orangemen did in 1795) with the Protestants of Ulster for their mutual defence, and those of the county Down chose him their General Commander and Colonel of their regiment of horse, in which station he was very active to oppose the army sent into the North, under the command of Colonel Hamilton and Sheldon.—*See Lodge's Peerage, Vol. i., page 374.*

Lord Mount Alexander was one of those ten who were proscribed and exempted from mercy, or the King's favour, by Lord Tyrconnel's proclamation of the 7th March, 1689.

After the revolution he was called into the Privy Council, appointed Governor of the County of Down, made Master of the Ordnance and a Brigadier-General. He was three times sworn one of the Lords Justices, and died at Mount Alexander, without issue, on 12th of February, 1716.

Francis Mansfield, of Mount Hall, in the county of Donegal, Esq., married Elizabeth, daughter of William Montgomery, Esq., of Rosemount, in the county of Down, by Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Archibald Edmunston, Laird of Duntreath, in the county of Antrim. Mrs. Mansfield was grand-daughter of Sir James Montgomery, of Ballylessan, who, in the year 1639, was returned Member of Parliament for the county of Down, and so signalized himself in that assembly that he was chosen to be one of the commissioners to go to England, and complain to the King of the pressure of the Earl of Strafford's Government. On the breaking out of the rebellion, he received a commission to raise a regiment of one thousand foot and a troop of horse, which he raised, armed, and fitted for service at his own expense, and with them protected the Barony of Lecalle for fifteen months against the whole power of the Irish rebels. His memoirs, in the first volume of Lodge's Peerage, are very interesting, and would furnish admirable materials for an Historical Romance, on the plan of Waverly, &c. The issue of his grand-daughter, Mansfield, was a son named Ralph, and a daughter named Anna Helena.

The Armagh MSS. thus mentions Earl Mount Alexander, and Edmunston, Laird of Duntreath, or Duntreth, the latter of whom died at Culmore Fort, on the 14th April, 1689, in consequence of diseases contracted in the trenches at Portglenone, where he had behaved himself with great gallantry and resolution:—

“Thither (to Dromore) my Lord Mount Alexander's horse
And foot advance to join the English force.
Both horse and foot, the relics of Dromore,
Where they the shock of th' Irish army bore.
For he forthwith a General's post obtain'd.
When at Dromore the Irish army gain'd
The victory.”

“From Ballymenagh the Lord Duntreth's men
Were the next foot that march'd into the plain.”—*Lib. i., Sec. 16.*

STANZA XXVII.—LINE 1.

“From Charlemont came Caulfield's force.”
“Chichester from Dungannon.”

Lieutenant-Colonel Toby Caulfield, of the Earl of Drogheda's regiment, was attainted by King James's pretended Parliament, for adhering to King William. He was at the taking of the Castle of Carrickfergus, on the 26th of August, 1689, and was afterwards engaged at the siege of Limerick. On the 8th and 10th of January, several regiments being incorporated into one another, the Earl of Drogheda's was one of the number, and Colonel Caulfield was advanced to the command of a regiment of foot. Colonel John Caulfield, the brother of the above-mentioned Toby, was sealed at Tullydowry, in the county of Tyrone, and also served in the same cause with his brother.

“From Dungannon brave Chichester was sent,
With Caulfield the Lord Charlemont's regiment.”

Armagh MSS., Lib. ii., Sec. 16.

William Caulfield, second Viscount Charlemont, took up arms in defence of his religion and country, against the attacks made on both by King James II., and during the contest that ensued, not only engaged himself, but his brothers, in the same good cause. He was attainted, and had his estate sequestered by the abdicated Prince—but he rose to great rank and consideration as a military officer in the ensuing reigns of King William and Queen Anne, and died on the 21st of July, 1767, the oldest nobleman in the British dominions. These officers were the nephews of Toby, third Baron of Charlemont, who was surprised and made a prisoner, with all his family, by Sir Phelim O'Neill, on Friday, the 22nd of October, 1641. Sir Phelim went on that day to dine with his Lordship, who received and entertained him in a very friendly manner—but that visit being a signal to the Irish rebels, they repaired to Lord Charlemont's castle in great numbers, and his Lordship's whole company, with Captain-Lieutenant Anthony Strafford, were either killed or imprisoned; and all their arms and goods seized by Sir Phelim O'Neill and his Irish followers. On the same night, Sir Phelim marched his force to Dungannon, and took that town, in which upwards of sixty Protestant families were put to death. After keeping Lord Charlemont, with his Lordship's mother, sister, and brothers, and the rest of the family sixteen weeks prisoners in Charlemont, this ferocious rebel sent them about six miles distance to Killenane, the house of Laurence Netterville, and the next day, sending away Major Patrick Dury, the Lord Caulfield earnestly desired Sir Phelim that the Major might stay with him, because he could speak the Irish language, but Sir Phelim answered that the Major was a traitor, and should not stay with his Lordship, but that he should have better company before night; and the same day committed the charge of this nobleman to Captain Neill Madhera O'Neill, and Captain Neill McKenna, of Trough, in the county of Monaghan, with directions to convey him to Clougher Castle, in the county of Cavan. That night he was taken to Kinard Castle, Sir Phelim's own residence—when going into the castle between the two Captains who had charge of him, McKenna spoke to Edmond Boy O'Hugh, foster-brother to Sir Phelim, saying, "Where is your heart now?" Whereupon the said Edmond shot Lord Caulfield in the back, whereof he then died. William, the third brother of this noble sufferer, and fifth Baron of Charlemont, had the good fortune to apprehend Sir Phelim O'Neill, who was hanged for this and other barbarous murders, in the year 1652. With these recollections, the Caulfields came to defend Londonderry in 1689.

LINE 2.—"*Chichester.*"

Sir Arthur Chichester, afterwards third Earl of Donegal, commanded a regiment of foot in the service of King William. His father, the second Earl, had been attainted by King James's Parliament as an absentee. The uncle of the latter, Arthur, first Earl of Donegal, was resident at Carrickfergus when the first tidings of the rebellion were brought thither on Saturday, the 23rd of October, 1641, about ten o'clock at night. He immediately, by fires and alarm drums, raised the

country, and the next day, leaving fifty musketeers under Captain Lyndon, to guard the castle, delivered the rest of the arms and ammunition to the Protestant countrymen, whom he formed into companies, and on the 25th of the same month he joined Lord Montgomery at Lisburn. Their forces united were about one thousand horse and foot, and on the first of November, a commission arriving from the Lords Justices and Council, to him and Sir Arthur Tyringham to command-in-chief within the county of Antrim, they took the best methods in their power for the suppression of the rebellion.

LINE 5.—“*Colquhoun from Letterkenng came.*”

“*Him (Groves of Castleshannaghan,) Him, Charles Colquhoun assisted with some horse From Letterkenny, and they join'd our force. Those and some thousands more came to the plain.*”

Armagh MSS., Lib. i., Sec. 17.

This gentleman was the ancestor of a respectable family of the same name, which is still resident at Letterkenny. He was attainted by King James's Parliament, with time given him to the 10th of August, 1689, to surrender himself.

LINE 8.—“*Adam Downing.*”

Captain Adam Downing, of the county of Londonderry, was attainted by King James's Parliament. He was ancestor of the late Rev. Clotworthy Downing, Rector of Leckpatrick, in the county of Tyrone, who inherited from him a considerable property in the neighbourhood of Castledawson and other places. He died at his residence near that town, many years after the revolution, and was buried in the family vault at Bellaghy, in the county of Londonderry, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory.

STANZA XXVIII.—LINES 1 AND 2.

“*Stevenson and Beatty from Slievegallen came across, Colonel Stewart, with Mulholland of Eden.*”

By a clerical error, Stephenson was here written instead of Jackson, and the cause of it was, that James Stephenson, Esq., of Fort William, near Tubbermore, is the descendant and possessor of the property of this defender of Londonderry, who, with Colonel Stewart and Captain Mulholland, are thus noticed in the Armagh MSS. :—

“*Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart from Maghera, Did to the city with a party draw. Captain Mulholland came from Maghera, From Tubbermore we Ensign Jackson saw.*”

Messrs. Alexander and William Clark, of Maghera, and Alexander Clark, of Upperland, Esq., are descended from this Ensign Jackson. Bernard and David Mulholland, were two of those who signed the

address from Londonderry to King William and Queen Mary, on the 29th of July, 1689. The family is still resident at Eden, in the parish of Maghera, and hold lands in perpetuity there.

"Beatty."

Captain William Beatty, a distinguished officer at the siege of Derry. He was in the custom and almost daily habit of going out of the city with small parties, and seldom returned without doing some execution on the enemy, or bringing in some small prey. In the latter end of June, Captain Beatty was seized with a violent flux which rendered him useless to the garrison, so he took protection from the enemy, and went to his residence at Moneymore, to try if he could recover his health. Mr. Mackenzie, the Presbyterian minister of Cookstown, who went with his congregation to defend this city on this memorable occasion, and who published a well-known narrative of the siege afterwards, says, that Captain William Beatty had been in all the encounters and skirmishes with the enemy before he left the city, and ever behaved himself with great integrity and valour. He was the grandfather of the late Archdeacon Beatty, of Maydown, in the county of Longford; grandfather of Ross Beatty, of Clones, Esq., and father of Mr. James Beatty, a respectable merchant of Newry sixty years ago, who was never known to cross the Boyne Water, without alighting from his horse and returning solemn thanks to God for the great deliverance of this country, by the signal victory gained by King William, on the banks of that river.

LINE 3.—*"Nesbitt."*

The gentlemen of this name who were attainted by King James's Parliament, were—Alexander Nesbitt, gentleman, Donegal, or Londonderry; James Nesbitt, Esq., Donegal, or Tyrone; James Nesbitt, gentleman, Tyrone; John Nesbitt, Esq., Donegal or Londonderry. Two of these gentlemen were officers in the regiment of their relative, Sir Albert Conyngham, of Mount Charles, who was cruelly assassinated near Colooney, on his way to join the Protestant army besieging Sligo.

"Cowan."

Captain John Cowan, of St. Johnstown, in the county of Donegal, who brought a considerable body of men to the defence of Londonderry. He was one of the thirty-six who signed a declaration of union on the 21st of March, 1689, and was attainted by the pretended Parliament on the 7th of May, 1689.

"Denniston."

Robert Denniston was one of those who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary, at Londonderry, on the 29th of July, 1689.

"Fleming."

James and Richard Fleming were two of those who signed the address

sent from Londonderry to the King and Queen, immediately after the relief of the city. The former of these was grandfather of Mr. Patrick Fleming, of Strabane, merchant. His residence was at Ballymagorry, in the county of Tyrone, and it was burned by the Irish on their retreat from Derry.

"Clark."

Matthew Clark was one of those who signed the above-mentioned address, according to the copy of the signatures annexed to it in Walker's Diary.

"Ross."

Captain David Ross was one of a court-martial, consisting of thirteen officers, who sat at Londonderry about the middle of July, 1689, to ascertain and rectify all misdemeanours in the garrison. The other members were, Captain Robert White, President, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, Major J. Dobbin, Major Alexander Stewart, with Captains Crooks, W. Godfrey, T. Johnston, A. Downing, Thomas Ash, John Thompson, J. Cochran, and Dobbin, Advocate. Captain Ross was murdered by one Samuel Lindsay, a trooper in Colonel Murray's regiment, on the 23d of July, who shot him through the heart with a carabine, on his attempting to search for some saddles belonging to Sir Arthur Rawdon.

LINE 4.—"*Knox from Glenfin.*"

Alexander Knox, of Kilcadden, in the county of Donegal, was one of those who addressed King William and Queen Mary, on the 29th of July, 1689. He was the descendant of the Right Rev. Dr. Andrew Knox, who, on the 26th of June, 1611, was translated from the See of Orkney and the Isles of Scotland to that of Raphoe, in Ireland. This prelate was afterwards called to the Privy Council, and he died on the 11th of March, 1632, in the twenty-second year after his translation. He was succeeded in the Bishopric of Raphoe by the celebrated Bishop Lesley, who was also translated from Orkney, for the express purpose of making way for many of the Episcopal Clergy of Scotland, who, at that time, began to find it difficult to remain at their parishes there, from the severity of those who disapproved of Episcopacy.

LINE 5.—"*Cummins.*"

This is the only name mentioned in this work, unsupported by other authority than that of tradition; and here I must take occasion to observe, that little or no reliance can be placed on that sort of information, vague as it generally is found, and contrary to all legitimate historical documents. Cummins is said, by his descendants, to have gone with Colonel Hammel's regiment from Lifford to the defence of Londonderry, when he was grey-headed and beyond the age of eighty years.

On the approach of King James's army to the city, on the 17th of April, orders were given that on pain of death none should dare to fire till the King's demands were first known; but General Hamilton, con-

trary to a previous engagement, approaching rapidly to the town, Cummins was the first to fire at his troops, saying that he was the oldest man there, and was satisfied to suffer death for the disobedience of such orders. The consequence was, that the whole of the garrison on that side of the town followed his example, which threw the enemy into such confusion, that they fled with precipitation, leaving a great many behind them killed or wounded; and Walker tells us (*Diary*, p. 8,) that King James showed himself in some disorder, and much surprised to find the behaviour of his army, as well as of the besieged, so different from the character he had received of both.

LINE 6.—“*James Houston.*”

James Houston was one of those who signed the Londonderry address to King William and Queen Mary, which Governor Walker presented to their Majesties after the siege. According to the account given of Houston by his immediate descendants, he was born at Garvitragh, on the state of Squire Edwards, of Castlederg, on the side of the river Finn opposite to that town. He joined the Protestant army at Castlefin, and assisted on the retreat to Londonderry, where he soon signalized himself as an expert marksman. On the 17th of April, with a long fowling-piece in common use in Derry and Enniskillen at this time, he killed the bearer of King James's standard, as it advanced from Ballougry-hill towards the city, and continued to fire with such precision, as obliged it to be lowered three times between the hill and the trenches. He was afterwards attacked by disease, and when slowly recovering, and from weakness unable either to load or raise his musket without assistance, fired at and killed a French officer who was riding at Prehen, on the opposite side of the river, and had appeared there daily at the head of a troop. After the siege was raised, he remained with the Protestant army, and having shared in the glories of the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, returned to the county of Donegal, and settled at Tinkersford, in the Parish of Raymochy, on the estate of Dunduff, where he died.

STANZA XXIX—LINE 1.—“*Sir Tristram Beresford's array.*”

Sir Tristram Beresford, of Coleraine, third Baronet of that ancient and honourable name. He commanded a regiment of foot in defence of the Protestants at this time, and was attainted by King James's Parliament on the 7th of May, 1689. His wife was the youngest daughter and co-heiress of Hugh Hamilton, Baron Glenawley, whose residence was at Ballygawley, in the county of Tyrone. By this lady, he had issue one son, Marcus, Earl of Tyrone, and four daughters. Sir Tristram Beresford died on the 16th of June, 1701, and, according to his will, was buried in a vault under the family seat in the church of Coleraine. The great-uncle of Sir Tristram was Michael Beresford, Esq., of Coleraine and Dungarvan, who, on the 21st of November, 1653, with others, was appointed a Commissioner in the precincts of Londonderry, for examining the delinquency of the Irish Papists, in order to the distinguishing of

the qualification of transplantation into Connaught, and in 1654 he was sheriff of the counties of Londonderry, Tyrone, and Donegal.

On the 4th of November, 1720, Sir Marcus Beresford, the fourth Baronet, was advanced to the Peerage, and the follow extract from the preamble to his patent of nobility, records the services of two of this noble family, to the Protestant interest in Ireland :—

"Quorum progenitores longo aunorum serie insignia propter facinora ac viututes inclauiuerunt (prout Beresfordiorum genus ex quo in Britanniam cum antecessore nostro Gulielmo primo penetrarunt) nos merito nostris honoribus dignari æquum existimamus. Illius præclaræ gentis unus nomine TRISTRAM BERESFORD, Jacobo primo, quo in Abavo gloriamur, regnum ineunte, in Hiberniam transit multa in REM ANGLICANAM provincia in Ultoniensi, nundum satis stabilitam, præclare gessit. Hujus inde filius TRISTRAM BERESFORD eques cui cohortis regimen erat commissum, multa cum gloria REBELLES CONTRA PBOTESTANTES anno millesimo sexceutessimo quadragessimo primo immaniter sevientes debellare congressus est, unde propter insignem in prælis viiututem, titulo Barronetti decoratus est."

LINE 5.—"Sir John Magill."

This gentleman resided on his estate at Gill hall, in the county of Down. He married, on the third of July, 1683, the daughter of Lord Glenawly, and died without issue in July, 1731. He is thus briefly noticed in the Armagh MSS. :—

"Sir John Magill from Down some forces sent."

He was attainted, with the following gentlemen of his name, by the pretended Parliament, on the 7th of May, 1689, viz. : Hugh Magill, Esq., Down ; Captain Hugh Magill, Fermanagh ; John Magill, gentleman, Down ; Hugh Magill, gentleman, Wicklow ; Jas. Magill, junr., gentleman, Down.

LINE 6.—"Carey."

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Carey, of Dungiven, in the county of Londonderry, who, with the following persons of his name were attainted in the Parliament assembled by the abdicated Monarch, in May, 1689, viz. : Francis Carey, Esq., Captain Francis Carey, Captain Robert Carey, and Lieutenant William Carey, all of Donegal or Londonderry. Lodge says that this family is descended from the Careys of Clonally, in Devonshire. George Carey, of Red castle, in the county of Donegal, who married Alice, sister of Captain Henry Vaughan ; Edward Carey, of Dungiven, who died on the 4th of June, 1668 ; Robert Carey, of White-Castle, in the county of Donegal, who died in March, 1681, and Tristram Carey, a Lieutenant in the army. The daughters were Lettice, Elizabeth, Anne, and Mary.

STANZA XXX—LINE 2.—"Walker."

The Rev. George Walker was instituted to the rectories of Donoughmore and Errigall Keerogue, in the county of Tyrone, on the 2nd of

March, 1662. I find by the books in the First Fruits Office, Record Tower, Dublin castle, that a person of the same name was instituted to the rectory of Badoney, in the diocese of Derry, on the 13th of January, 1630, and to the rectory of Cappagh, in the same diocese, on the 26th of September, 1636. The following brief account of this heroic Governor of Londonderry is given by Birch, the historian :—" Mr. George Walker, justly famous for his defence of Londonderry, in Ireland, when Lundy the Governor would have surrendered it to James II., was born of English parents, in the county of Tyrone, in that kingdom, and educated in the University of Glassgow, in Scotland. He was afterwards rector of Donaghmore, not many miles from the city of Londonderry. Upon the revolution, he raised a regiment for the defence of the Protestants, and upon intelligence of King James having a design to besiege Londonderry, retired thither, being at last chosen Governor of it. After the raising of that siege he came to England, where he was most graciously received by their Majesties, and on the 19th of November, 1688, received the thanks of the House of Commons, having just before published an account of that siege, and had a present of five thousand pounds. He was created Doctor of Divinity by the University of Oxford, on the 26th of February, 1689-90." Archbishop Tillotson thus wrote to the celebrated Lady Russel, on the 19th of September, concerning Dr. Walker, who was at that time in London :—

" The King, besides his first bounty to Mr. Walker, whose modesty is equal to his merit, hath made him Bishop of Londonderry, one of the best Bishoprics in Ireland ; that so he may receive the reward of that great service in the place where he did it. It is incredible how much every body is pleased with what the King has done in this matter, and it is no small joy to me to see that God directs him to do so wisely."

Walker, in the address to King William and Queen Mary, prefixed to his Diary of the siege, observed, that the part he had acted in that service might more properly have been performed by other hands than those of a clergyman, but that necessity which threw it upon him, he said, he hoped would justify him before God and the world from the irregularity of interesting himself in an affair for which he was not qualified, either by education or profession, especially since the necessity which called him to it, was no sooner over, than he resigned more cheerfully than he ever undertook the employment, that he might apply himself to the duties of his sacred function. He was, however, tempted to go with the English army to the battle of the Boyne, where he received a musket wound in the belly, of which he died immediately, though it was reported that he had been rode down and slightly wounded in attempting to follow Duke Schomberg over the river.

Sir John Dalrymple reflects heavily upon King William for saying, when he heard of Walker's death at the Boyne—" *Fool that he was, what brought him there ?*" But surely the expression was as pardonable as it was consistent with common sense, and might be well excused in a Prince who had so munificently rewarded the departed hero. A monument was erected to his memory in the church of Donaghmore, with the following inscription on it :—

"READER,
 Near this spot are interred
 the relics of
 The Rev. GEORGE WALKER, S. T. D.,
 formerly
 Rector of this Parish,
 By whose vigilance and bravery
 The City of Londonderry was defended
 From the enemies of WILLIAM III.
 And of Religion.
 In the year MDCLXXXIX.
 He was slain
 On the banks of the Boyne,
 Engaged in the same cause, against the same enemies,
 In the year MDCXC.,
 To whose memory
 His yet most disconsolate Widow
 Erected this Monument
 In the year MDCCIII."

AN
HISTORICAL POEM

ON THE

State of Ireland,

OCCASIONED BY THE CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CARDINAL
FONTANANA AND DR. KELLY,

WITH NOTES AND AN APPENDIX.

NEAR where the Boyne runs bubbling through the dale,
Where Spring in all her glory decks the vale—
Where tuneful birds, inspired with joy and love,
Raise to the skies the music of the grove.
See where the pardon'd rebel's cottage stands,
To shame the beauty of the neighbouring lands ; 5
Thro' all the roof, with soot and ashes foul,
The melancholy blasts of winter howl.
Together on the earth, in this damp sty, 10
His dog, his wife, his swine, and children lie.
An unfenc'd garden, emblem of his sloth,
Exhibits weeds of wild luxuriant growth ;
Vile are the marks on this abode of sin :
Dunghills all round, and horrid filth within.
The wretched owner once was young and gay, 15
And no mean talent marked his early day ;
Tall in his stature, cheerful in his air,
Smooth were his manners, and his visage fair ;
But SUPERSTITION, foe to human kind,
Had laid strong hold upon his youthful mind ; 20
Taught him to tremble at a bigot's word,
And kept him from the Scriptures of the Lord.
At six years old, to mass the boy was brought,
And there, alas ! and at confessions taught,
That empty forms alone would make him wise, 25
And pure and perfect in his Maker's eyes ;
That man himself, by merit all his own,
Could for his sins sufficiently atone ;

Whilst many mediators ready stood, To make his peace with an offended God ! Thus taught, the peasant into manhood rose, Deeming his British neighbours deadly foes : Because from early dawn of infant youth, They learned a creed of unpolluted truth— A creed from Heaven, for man's direction sent, Full fifteen ages ere we heard of Trent. Teaching frail man to trust in CHRIST alone, For GRACE and PARDON at GOD's holy throne, As years passed on and civil broils began To plague the land, this ill-instructed man, Bred up by hopes of opulence and fame, A ready dupe to demagogues became : And thought, alas ! 'twas heaven's holy will, That he should wield a pike on Tara hill ; Holding it right, and Christian-like and good, To curse his King, and shed his brother's blood ! Hard was the contest on that fearful day— Frequent the blows, and deadly was the fray, Till all at once the rebel force gave way. } The slaughter that ensued, and checked the flight, Was ended only by the shades of night : Wounded and bleeding, to his dismal home, See the Louth rebel, weak and heartless come : Behold his hapless children and his wife, Bind up his wounds, and tremble for his life ; And down their cheeks, as tears in torrents burst, They reach the cup to cool his burning thirst. But rest, and sovereign sleep, and kindly care, The wretched sufferer through his sorrows bear, Whilst the brave victors, as the contest's o'er, His pardon grant, and trouble him no more ; The boon he scorns, with feelings scarce repress— The deadly reed still rankles in his breast ; His wounded pride but kindles hotter hate, Against that worth he cannot imitate. Now midnight meetings occupy his time, In plotting to reiterate his crime : Ill to return for undeserved good, And drench the country once again with blood. Meanwhile, external warfare grieves the land, And France, beneath the Corsican's command, Against all Europe wields a hostile hand. } Day after day, as conquest crowns the foe, The disaffected more audacious grow. Loud in the base Usurper's nauseous praise, The Dublin demagogues their voices raise ; Forboding certain ruin to the state,	30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75
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30	They hail with savage joy the Church's fate :	
	"Clear," says Dromgoole, "as yon bright azure sky, }	80
	The marks of rapid ruin I descry, }	
	On England's Church, that monstrous novelty.	
	Soon shall her lazy watchmen see her fall,	
	Despised, forsaken, and abhor'd of all ;	
35	Leaving no trace of her sway behind,	
	Except the woes she brought upon mankind."	85
	So spoke the furious bigot, and the throng,	
	Had found a poet, whose licentious song,	
	Taught them, like madmen, in their cups to rave,	
40	In midnight orgies over freedom's grave ;	90
	To deem their liberties and honour gone,	
	Because three kingdoms form'd by fate for one,	
	By foes without, and fiends within oppress'd,	
	Had into one strong EMPIRE coalesced.	
45	So raged the populace through Erin wide,	95
	And the Louth peasant floated with the tide.	
	In rural taverns after Sunday's Mass,	
	All junior orators he could surpass.	
	In stating Ireland's unrequited wrongs,	
50	Or chanting Moore's Anacreonic songs :	100
	How fair Hibernia, to herself once true,	
	Flourished in splendour under King Boru ;	
	That patriotic sovereign, whose dart	
	Pierc'd, at Clontarf, the proud invader's heart—	
55	O'Rourke, of Brefny, too, supplied a theme,	105
	To raise up modern candidates for fame ;	
	Fair sunny visions floated in his brain,	
	When Britain's arms were conquering for Spain :	
	Shamrocks and olives danc'd before his sight,	
60	And fed his fancy many a gloomy night ;	110
	But ah ! how plaintive did his accents fall,	
	Whene'er he sung the harp of Tara's hall ;	
	How freedom flourished there for half a day,	
	Then flitted like a morning dream away.	
65	With grief and rage each bigot's bosom swells,	115
	As he the tale of his disaster tells ;	
	And proves how Irish freedom wakes and lives,	
	In every sob and every groan he gives.	
	Thus, once he sung, attending a debate,	
70	Near Wildgoose Lodge, upon the Lynche's fate ;	120
	The song prevailed, and with united breath,	
	The luckless Lynches were condemn'd to death.	
	Then spoke with features horrible and dark,	
	Divan, the noted Stonstown chapel-clerk—	
75	As from his panting breast in rage he drew,	125
	A burnish'd rapier of a purple hue :	
	Friends, brothers, fellow-Catholics, to arms,	

'Tis ours to keep the tyrant in alarms,
 To make his minions rest their troubled heads,
 In constant terror upon thorny beds ;
 And when they sleep, to tremble in their dreams, 140
 At bloody blankets, and their homes in flames.
 And if the Saxon foe must bear our hate,
 Vengeance shall fall from us with double weight,
 On miscreant Catholics, who mar our cause,
 By base appeals to cursed English laws ; 135
 Sure as the bullet from the musket flies,
 The wretch who prosecutes our brother, dies.
 He spoke, they rose, and instantly decreed,
 That night, that hour, to vengeance to proceed.
 High on a mount, upraised on marshy lands, 140
 The solitary lodge of Wildgoose stands,
 Near Tara-hill, and has obtain'd its name,
 As a bleak wintry haunt of feather'd game.
 There Lynch and Rooney dwelt in peace retir'd,
 No wild ambition had their bosoms fir'd, 145
 No penal statute fetter'd their free will,
 Pray where they would, they throve and voted still ;
 And their kind neighbour of the British creed,
 Was not more fully from restriction freed.
 Thankful for blessings, which they highly priz'd, 150
 The ribbon rioters they had despised ;
 Firm in refusal they had ever stood,
 To join the sanguinary brotherhood :
 For this they once had suffer'd an attack,
 But bravely fought, and drove the burglars back 155
 Repuls'd them from the lodge, and seizing three,
 Brought them to justice, and the fatal tree !
 But now, alas ! the hour of vengeance comes,
 To seek it, forty horsemen leave their homes,
 At midnight hour, and silent as the dead, 160
 Surround the house, with Divan at their head ;
 Good Heavens ! what spectacle was here display'd,
 Full FORTY MURDERERS in arms array'd !
 To front and rear, approach the savage bands,
 Gall in their hearts, and torches in their hands, 165
 The Tara rebel hastes his arm to raise,
 And sets the roof and windows in a blaze—
 The roof soon kindles, and in scorching pain,
 The hapless inmates supplicate in vain.
 The brutes refuse the sad request for life, 170
 Lynch dies with Rooney and his child and wife ;
 Four servants share their fate, and in the fire,
 Eight offerings to ANTICHRIST expire !
 Say ye who travel where East Indians feel,
 The mortal crush of Juggernaut's old wheel— 175

Where beastly Hottentots, with tigers dwell,
 Have Pagans parallel'd this deed of hell ;
 Yet next day Divan rung the mass-house bell !
 Dragg'd from the altar where the bigot clung,
 Tried and condemn'd, on Reaghstown-hill he hung.

The Louth man 'scaped again, and bless'd his stars, 180
 For his achievements in these holy wars;
 But to wipe off the stains of blood resolv'd,
 Confess'd, did penances, and was absolv'd.
 Six others within view of his abode, 185
 Bleach'd on a gibbet near the public road.
 Meanwhile just heaven, in anger to our Isle,
 Where health and plenty ever used to smile,
 Called forth the clouds of vengeance from the deep— }
 Bade wintry floods o'er hill and valley sweep, 190
 And in destructive damps the country steep ;
 For eight long months, the farmer saw with pain,
 His hopes extinguished by the chilling rain ;
 His crops destroy'd, and to the pits wash'd back,
 His winter's fuel perish in the wreck. 195
 But who that winter's varied woes can tell ?
 Sad is the task on such a theme to dwell.
 Mute sat the sorrowing weaver in his loom—
 Cold was his hearth, repulsive as a tomb—
 Hush'd was the spinner's voice, which many a night, 200
 Had round the homely hearth diffused delight ;
 And pale and sullen seem'd the angry sun,
 To sink in ocean when the day was done.
 The peasant shiv'ring in his cheerless shed,
 For vital warmth betook him to his bed ; 205
 Ev'n there, by matchless misery pursued,
 The wintry damps his weakly limbs bedew'd ;
 And, charg'd with vapours, the nocturnal breeze
 Diffus'd around the seeds of dire disease.
 As spring advanc'd, severe frost and snow, 210
 FAMINE succeeded to the winter's woe ;
 Thousands, impell'd by hunger, hurried down
 From mountain tracts, to every market town ;
 Their faces gathering blackness as they went—
 Their limbs all tottering, and their bodies bent, 215
 Say, ye survivors—in that hour of need,
 How 'mongst your countrymen did ye succeed ?
 Were they deserving of a name so bad,
 As that of WOLVES in sheep's fair clothing clad ?
 Did you not find their hearts to pity true, 220
 Open and melting as the morning dew ?
 Did they not hearken to your doleful tale,
 And often share with you their only meal ?

Forgiving and forgetting all that past,
 Did they not take ye to their homes at last. 225
 Cover'd with rags and filth, and while your breath
 Scatter'd among them pestilence and death ?
 Then rag'd the typhus fever, far and wide,
 Thro' all the land the voice of anguish cried ;
 Full many a Rachel wept for comforts fled, 230
 Her children dying, or her husband dead—
 Doubtful which side the path of duty lay,
 To fly for aid or at the sick-bed stay ;
 If she remain, for want they must expire—
 Or, if she goes, run raving to the fire. 235
 In this extremity let Europe know,
 What good to man from British feelings flow ;
 How heav'n-born charity sublimely shines
 In each true Briton's counsels and designs ;
 Whether the blood that circles through his veins: 240
 Has flow'd for ages on Hibernian plains ;
 On Waterloo's proud field the foe defied,
 Or swell'd for Spain the Lusitanian tide.
 Soon as this fresh calamity was known
 To the wise Viceroy on the Irish throne, 245
 Though sums past reck'ning had been lately spent,
 The sad results of famine to prevent,
 Yet still, the present evil to subdue,
 His generous efforts he began to show,
 And scatter'd money with a liberal hand, 250
 Supporting hospitals throughout the land ;
 Large contributions in each town were made,
 Where wealth had grown from industry and trade,
 The merchant gave his wine, his rice, his bread—
 The rector sent his blanket from his bed— 255
 Watch'd o'er the hospitals with ceaseless care,
 And of the cost oft bore a double share.
 In offering aid the peer and prelate vied,
 To help the helpless was the general pride ;
 All ranks, all orders, join'd their hands, to save 260
 the son of sorrow from a timeless grave.
 At last, at Heav'n's omnipotent command,
 Th' avenging angel stopp'd his ruthless hand,
 While bad men trembled, and while good men pray'd,
 The boon was granted, and the plague was stay'd ; 265
 A crop, luxuriant, the blessing crown'd,
 And health and plenty once more bloom'd around.
 Our pride was humbled, and our purse was low,
 But pure our gratitude appear'd to flow ;
 For this deliverance from evils sent 270
 To teach the worth of prudence and content,
 And to the untaught Irish peasant prove

How Christian faith exhibits Christian love—
Can tow'rds an enemy with pity glow,
And joy to succour an afflicted foe.

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From humbler cares and occupations freed,
The friends of peace in Erin's Isle proceed
To scatter, with a mild and steady hand,
The seeds of social order in the land,
Fair Education bring to each man's door;
And send the glorious Gospel to the poor.
Schools in all parts they prudently provide,
On cultur'd plain or heathy mountain side,
No pains, no cost, the generous donors spare,
To educate the peasant's child with care ;
A truly kind and charitable plan,
To teach the love of God and love of man,
From those bright pages of eternal truth,
Which TIMOTHY perus'd in early youth.
With PAUL'S applause, which wise BEREANS read,
For which their praise o'er Christendom has spread.
Say, now, ye wise, is it from Heaven or Hell,
A voice is come, poor Irishmen to tell,
Of all such Schools and Bibles to beware,
And look upon them as a fatal snare,
To draw them into heresy and strife,
And blast their hopes of everlasting life ?
Yet thus FONTANA fulminates from Rome,
And KELLY ventures to denounce at home.
Well may we dread fresh judgments on our land,
When men are thus permitted to command
God's word to disappear with shameless face,
And the kind followers of Christ disgrace,
With epithets exciting fell dislike,
Marking them victims to a ruffian's pike ;
For readily the Ribbonman resolves
To maltreat those his clergymen call "WOLVES."
So Tuam's Archdiocese this day appears,
Where savage ignorance her hand uprears,
Impales her victim on a novel rack,
Or cards the bleeding muscles from his back.
But hear, oh, Heav'n ! since human aid is vain,
Rome's leaden sceptre in our isle restrain ;
Teach our misguided peasantry to know
The difference between a friend and foe,
Between the donor of the Book of Life,
And the proud Priest of ignorance and strife.

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NOTES.

"To shame the beauty of the neighbouring lands."

TRAVELLERS in Ireland, particularly those who, like Wakefield and Curwen, traverse the country in search of arguments, to support refuted opinions, are apt to charge upon the government and landed proprietors all the misery they witness in the wretched abodes of our peasantry of the Romish persuasion; they require, however, to be reminded, that much of this evident wretchedness may be traced to the operation of a system of superstition, generated in the dark ages, when the people were in a state of voluntary slavery to the lords of the soil, and the rulers of a corrupted church, whose interest, education, and habits induced them to keep their vassals ignorant of those principles of civil and religious liberty, which alone can unfetter the soul, and free it from the shackles of undue influence. In this state, the human mind becomes alternately agitated by groundless fears and visionary hopes, till it soon settles in disgust, apathy, and indolent despondency. To keep mankind in abject subjection to them, the heathen Priests invented their system of absurd mythology; and the Priests of the Church of Rome have since improved upon these, as well as many other of their predecessors' fictions, and turned them to a more profitable use, than the ornamenting of Epic poetry. The Heathen Dryads and Nymphs were changed into FAIRIES, good and evil Genii into black and white witches, and SAINTS supply the place of demi-gods. By this ingenious contrivance have they often recruited their finances—having a constant influx of money for their charms, exorcisms, beads, relics, holy water, or masses. There was scarcely a church yard, or old or empty house, which was not, about half a century ago, peopled with spectres, nor was any man murdered, or gone out of the world, forgetting something of importance, who did not re-appear, to tell his own story; nor could he be persuaded to relinquish his terrible outrages, till "*the Priest*" had laid him (as the expression was) in the Red Sea, or settled him in a haw-thorn tree, till the day of judgment. Ireland was particularly infested by these airy visitants, generally departed heretics, who, from the frailty of imposture, the Romish clergy frequently represented as being thus troubled, and at their mercy, although the whole tenor of their public and private admonitions was, that these unhappy souls, dying out of the pale of the only church in which salvation was to be had and purchased, were condemned, on their departure from the body, to endless torments. We may be sure, that so profitable a trade was duly cherished and cultivated by constant juggles and impostures, and that all advantages were taken of surprising and unusual phenomena in nature. By the help of glasses, unusual voices and noises, phosphorus, magic lanterns, feats of

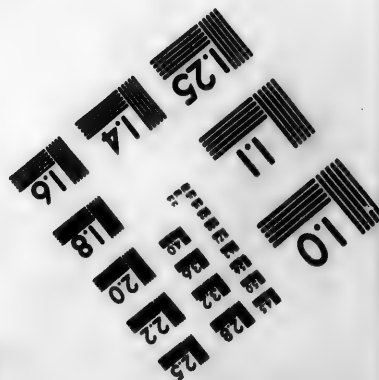
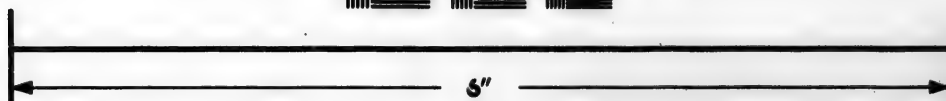
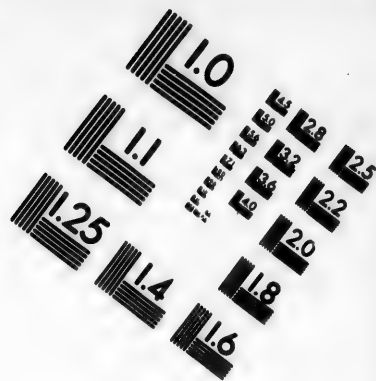
legerdemain, collusion, and confederacy, these prejudices were artfully kept up; and weak and bigotted people were made to believe, and sometimes to see, and afterwards to publish to others, their visions, or whatever else deceivers had occasion to invent for them; and, so great was the power of these ecclesiastics, who condescend to use but one argument in support of all their impostures—"If you doubt your damned"—that the few intelligent men who saw and detested their impieties, durst not contend with the prejudice of the people, abetted by the wondrous power of the Popish Priests. These impostures are, however, every day becoming less frequent, as knowledge and true Christianity spread through the Island; and, therefore, schools and bibles are objects of most serious alarm to the Popish Clergy, who may expect that a few years will expose all their scandalous practices to a long abused and much injured people, who, they may be assured, will shortly look upon human atonements, transubstantiation, purgatory, and all the other impostures of Popery, precisely as the more intelligent of them at the present day view the antiquated terror of apparitions:

"As for Ghosts now—the Priests may safely tell
 "They walk at night, where Ethiopians dwell,
 "Are by the Monks in grim procession led.
 "Where Nile, in sandy deserts hides his head;
 "Are freed for fees, from purgatorial pain,
 "By Spanish Priests, beyond the Western Main.
 "Their marvellous assertions may prevail,
 "Where no man comes to contradict the tale."

The causes of the necessary decay of all countries in which Popery prevails are admirably detailed in Mr. Trenchard's Cato, No. 144, published in London, on the 2nd of February, 1722, some extracts from which may with propriety be inserted in this place, as the book is out of print and scarce, though it passed through two editions.

"The old Dame of Babylon is now old and withered, and would have been long since fallen to pieces, if she had not been patched with sear-cloths, and kept alive by cordials administered by the mistaken charity of those who were, or ought to have been, her enemies; and as soon as they leave off their complaisance, give her no more physic, nor keep the triumphery in countenance, HER END WILL BE CERTAIN; and this I shall attempt to prove from natural causes, leaving the supernatural ones to those who understand them better.

"In Popish countries, there are multitudes of persons, male and female, hindered from marriage, and consequently from procreation, unless by stealth and spurious births, which rarely produce living children—(See an account in the Irish newspapers, of a young lady of rank, fortune and accomplishments taking the white veil at the religious institute of our blessed Lady, in Galway, on the 2nd instant. This convent is stated to have been instituted so late as the year 1815, by a lady of rank and fortune in Cork. Thus are those horrible institutions permitted to be re-established in this Christian Island, under a Protestant government), and all or most of these people, subsist upon the plunder of the people, without contributing any thing to the public



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wealth, either by their labours or otherwise ; on the contrary, they have no other business, but to fascinate and turn the brains of weak and enthusiastic people, to make them loiter after masses—frequenting what they call holy wells and sacred stones ; and, on the strength of purchasing pardon by idle penances at such places, thinking themselves warranted in living a most infamous life, filling their heads with senseless speculations and wild chimeras, which make them either useless or (as at present in the Archdiocese of Tuam) dangerous to the Government under which they live, the ready tools and instruments of turbulent and seditious pedants, who faintly rebuke their excesses with one breath, and violently stimulate them to the most impious crimes with the next."

In Popish countries, and in Ireland particularly, one-third part of the year is lost in the worship of dead men and dead women, by the observance of what are most improperly denominated holy days, in which the people dare not work to support their families ; a glaring instance of the improper use made by the Popish priests of their power of enforcing the observance of these obsolete holy days. A most happy instance of the operation of common sense among the laity occurred lately in the county of Mayo, on St. Peter and Paul's day, 1819 :—Fifty poor men were employed at the erecting of a gaol, or an addition to the prison at Castlebar, at a time when labour was scarce, and the families of most of them in extreme indigence ; the priests of the Popish church came to them, and commanded them, on pain of excommunication, to desist from profaning the holy day, but the feelings of human nature and true Christianity being brought to a fair test with the influence of superstition, the latter failed of its effects for that time, and the poor labourers remained at their work, dismissing their clergy, to riot on the luxuries of their holy day dinner.

In like manner, these ecclesiastics, driven by excess of pride and ambition to expose their weak side, and teach the people their impotence, which an enlightened state of society must ultimately bring upon them, commanded the publisher of a Popish paper to desist from writing on holy days ; the publisher slyly remonstrated, by alleging, that if they should obey the dictates of the holy Fathers in this instance, "*the Catholic cause*" would be lost, as their adversaries could not be persuaded to desist from their impious assaults on the numerous holy days. In Sir William Petty's time, the Papists observed 183 holy days, which, but for their habitual violation of the Sabbath, by common manual labour, would have left but 130 working days in the year ; the natural consequence of this was universal poverty, which rendered them, of all other people, remarkable for that indolence, and those filthy habits, which have been uniformly characteristic of the Irish bigot. The unfortunate peasantry, who are thus deluded, must moreover, contribute, out of the little which remains, to pay their unfeeling oppressors for practicing these frauds upon them, and, by consequence, the public loses all that the people would earn on those days so lost.

In Popish countries, and even in Ireland, (an integral part of a Protestant empire), the power and influence of the Ecclesiastics is so great,

that the civil authority is, in many instances, unable to restrain them ; and the government does not possess that power which of right, acknowledged by our Lord himself, belongs to the civil authorities, to preserve the allegiance of the people from being at the mercy of those who may alienate their affections from their temporal prince, under pretence of its interference with their duty to God. The power of the Roman clergy of hearing all state and family secrets, granting absolutions for perjury, murder, rebellion, &c., and of raising money by public contributions, in a manner which neither of the three estates of the British constitution could venture to do, has so raised the pride and ambition of those Ecclesiastics, that unless they shall be very shortly taught that they ought to be greatful for toleration, they will proceed in their present career, until they overthrow the government, or are utterly ruined themselves : which last, thank Heaven, appears most likely to occur.

An instance of their enormous power of raising money in Ireland, and their formidable abuse of it, has been thus given in the LXX. No. of "THE PROTESTANT:" a most ingenious and original exposure of the horrible errors and corruptions of Popery, now publishing in Glasgow and Dublin, by a very worthy Scottish gentleman, who honours the author of this Poem with his valuable correspondence and friendship:—"Protestants have no idea of the immense sums of money which are levied upon Papists by their ghostly instructors ; the Clyde street chapel in Glasgow, (*which, with a princely house attached to it, cost nearly twenty thousand pounds, almost extorted from the poor*), is indeed a standing monument and proof, that the priest has access to the purse of the people in a manner almost incomprehensible by Protestants. The following will show in what manner money is raised among the poor in Ireland. I copy the document from the SUN newspaper, of February 2nd, 1819:—

CIRCULAR, SUGGESTED FOR PAROCHIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

To appoint a person to each Parish to make individual applications to each householder. This person shall take with him, to each village or farm, a list of the householders ; and shall apply to each of them, whether he was willing to contribute TEN PENCE, or any higher sum, toward the defraying the expenses of the Catholic petitions. Each person paying, should be marked down as paid, and the sum inserted in the margin. Each person *refusing* should have the words *refused to contribute ten-pence*, added to his name ; and a second application should be made to those who refuse, *with an intimation that the list would be read in the chapel the ensuing Sunday*. The list should be read at the chapel as soon as it was ascertained that no more could be collected. The more wealthy persons, will of course, contribute more than ten-pence ; but no sum should be received from any person, save what he can afford to give with the most perfect convenience."

"Sir, I am directed by the Committee of Accounts, to send you the above plan, and to request your attention to it. It will not be easy to carry this plan into effect without the countenance of the Catholic clergy; but it is presumed, from their constant attention to the interests of their countrymen, that they will give the plan the support of their advice. It is also expected that you will transmit to the Board, an account of the parishes, in the county in which you reside, in which this plan shall be carried into effect. You cannot do a greater service to the Catholic cause, than by exerting yourself on this occasion, as the funds of the Board are quite exhausted; and it will be impossible to transmit our petitions to Parliament, unless subscriptions are collected. The mode of carrying this plan into effect, is of course left with you; but it is hoped you will not refuse to give your zealous and active assistance. I have the honour to be, your very obedient humble servant," &c.

On the above Circular, the Sun writes—Here is an engine, sir, strong enough to lift the Protestant establishment off its centre, and at work nearly these five years, unchecked and unnoticed! but I will forbear all comment, until I startle your readers with a little gentle instruction about the sum which the "*Circular*" motion of this steam engine was calculated to raise.

The Popish Board, under whose authority the above curious document was issued, reckons, by its accredited "*statement*," the enumeration of the "emphatic" people of Ireland, the papists, at *four millions two hundred thousand*; reckoning then the subscribing patriots at *two-thirds*, their TEN-PENNIES would produce *one hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and sixty pounds*. I will, however, be candid enough not to take them up on their own deliberate exaggeration, but on a truer and more moderate standard. I will count them only two-thirds of their vaunted number, and of course at two-thirds only of the above contribution; still, there will remain a subscription for the use of the Board of *seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-six pounds*, without calculating the more wealthy persons, who, of course, contribute more than ten pence, many of whom, like Major Bryan, and others, are able and willing to expend very large sums in this way. Supposing this, as we well may, a monthly contribution, it has produced the annual sum of *nine hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and twelve pounds*, which, for the last four years, from 1819, (it would not be fair to include the ways and means of 1819, as already raised) makes an aggregate of THREE MILLIONS SEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS, collected from the papists of Ireland by her controlling and managing Board. "*Talk of the King's taxes after this!*"

I think this writer must be mistaken in supposing the above ten pennies to be collected monthly, (and ten shillings a year from every adult papist might probably thus be extorted.) I see no evidence of this in the circular itself; and I should rather suppose them collected only annually, according to the annual occasion of petitioning, (if not required for the purchase of arms, in a county where the Ribbonmen are continually taking all kinds of weapons, and hoarding them up for a future day, and where an abundance of gunpowder is to be had for twenty pence a pound, and musket balls at the rate

of twelve for four pence.) This reduces the sum to a twelfth part of what is above stated, and yet it is sufficiently enormous to justify the following remarks by the same writer :

" Now, sir, what occasion, what *honest and lawful occasion* had the Board for such a sum ? I acquit its members of pocketing this money among themselves ; but, after accounting for all their public expenses, their agents' bills for prosecutions, their counsellors' fees, the fines of their convicted libellers, the salaries of their seditious newspapers, the secret service money of their ~~THRESHERS~~, and ~~CARDERS~~, and ~~RIBBON-MEN~~, the annuities of their suffering patriots, &c., a tolerable sum will remain, of which, unless expended in the purchase of boroughs, I call upon the Board and its collectors to state the application. *Silence will convict them.*"

" If you knew, Mr. Editor, the delusions practised upon the poor ignorant Papists of Ireland, the irritations with which they are perpetually favored, and the more than despotic authority with which their priests trample upon both body and soul, you would readily believe the facility of levying even the enormous sum which I have stated. The means, too, of compelling the refractory are more " emphatic " than even the tax-gatherer or tithe-proctor can adopt. To read the name of the recusant in the public chapel was an especial way of enforcing contributions. Protestants, look to yourselves—Popery is awake, ye are asleep ; Popery is busy, ye are idle ; Popery is ever doing something, ye are doing nothing, save and except disbelieving, and treating as intolerant bigots those who would warn you of your awful danger."

" One cannot," says the learned Protestant of Glasgow, " but perceive a little of the jesuit in the plan above recommended for raising a subscriptions : it is ordered, that no sum shall be received from any person, save what he can afford to give with the utmost convenience. Now, this serves as a ready, and will be considered by many as a sufficient reply, to any person, who shall accuse the Board of oppression and extortion. But then, every person, *without exception*, who refuses to pay ten pence, for the sake of *Catholic Emancipation*, are to be publicly announced in the chapel. This is hanging a sword over the head of the very poorest ; and though he should not have a potatoe to his supper, WOE be to the man who does not pay ten pence." See THE PROTESTANT for Saturday, November 27th, 1819, printed by A. and I. Duncan, Glasgow.

The Editor of the SUN, and the Author of THE PROTESTANT, have not, however, been informed, that many members of the United Churches of England and Ireland, and of the Church of Scotland, were indirectly obliged to contribute very largely to this Ten-penny Levy : eight shillings each was the usual contribution from them ; and many of them sent it to the Popish altar, with pretty much the same feelings as *Meris* drove his kids to the enemy, praying in their hearts, "*quad nec bene vertat.*" They sent it, because, as the venders of linen or woollen cloth, bread, groceries, gunpowder, or whiskey, they did not think it prudent to disoblige the " emphatic people," even although these people were bound by an oath not to buy any thing from heretics, which they could procure on equal terms from " a Catholic." It was, however, in the year 1814, of vital

importance to the poor Protestant dealers in Ireland to be on good terms with the ruling powers of the night, as their occupations obliged them to be out late and early, going to markets, or returning from them.

"Infinite evils," says Mr. Trenchard, "are produced by the Popish religion, which destroys industry; overturns or prostrates law and justice, the very cements of society; discourages trade and industry; drives away merchants, or deters them from settling where it prevails; enervates states, and renders the race of mankind feeble, lazy, and miserable. Popery turned the Campania of Rome, and all the populous and fertile provinces of Italy into morasses and deserts; and it would have long since been extinguished in its own corruptions, had the Protestant States of Europe been true to the principles upon which they had been reformed, and suffered the monstrous Babel to destroy itself."

"Clear," says Dromgoole, "as yon bright azure sky," &c.

This celebrated speech, which has been called, "*the letting the cat out of the bag*," was delivered at the Catholic Board, on Wednesday, the 8th of December, 1813. It contains the known sentiments of the whole of the Doctor's party, and has happily operated in alarming many, who had previously aimed at popularity as "Emancipators." In this speech (page 7) the Doctor announces, that it was the object of Mr. Gratton, and many worthy and conscientious men of the Protestant persuasion to put the Church of Rome, as to its Government and appointments, upon the same footing in Ireland, as the church already established in it by law. He calls the present oath of allegiance sufficiently galling and insulting, and protests against any other being proposed to Roman Catholics. With respect to *proselytism*, the Doctor says, it is not to be supposed that a clergyman of any persuasion, who conceives the truth to be with him, could be expected to swear against it; and in this he speaks truth. And therefore Dr. Kelly might expect to have some such compliment to make of those conscientious persons, who put the Bible into the hands of Popish youths; for the very giving of that Holy Book, even of the corrupted version of Doway and Rheims, is in itself an act of proselytism from the fatal errors of Popery, all of which may be refuted by any translation of the Scriptures that ever has been printed: the teaching of the second Commandment, which is omitted in the catechism, though retained in some of their translations of the Bible, might be deemed an act of proselytism, as might also educating the people and the keeping open of schools on Popish holidays, and so refusing to consume one-fourth of the year in idleness. The Established Church will stand, said this orator—it will survive the storms with which it is assailed, if it be built upon a ROCK; but if its foundation be on sand, no human power can support it; in vain shall statesmen put their heads together—in vain shall parliaments, in mockery of Omnipotence, declare that it is permanent and inviolate—in vain shall the lazy churchmen cry from the sanctuary, to the watchman on the tower, that danger is at hand; it shall fall, for it is human, and nothing but the memory of the mischiefs it has created shall survive!!

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This was the language of a petitioner for arming the adversaries of the Established Church with political power; and it is a rare mixture of insolence and falsehood, which may be thus answered in the Doctor's own style. It is the Church of Rome, of which the orator has thus incautiously spoken and prophesied; if that corrupted and idolatrous mockery of Christianity has been founded on a ROCK, it would not have fallen into the state of degradation and infamy in which it now exists—the scorn of the infidel, and the source of the deepest commiseration of all true Christians; rotten in its foundation, built upon hay, straw, sand, and stubble, no human power can support it. In vain shall avaricious and ignorant ecclesiastics put their heads together to protect its mummeries from ridicule and contempt, like the belief in ghosts and necromancy, its early progeny, shall it sink into oblivion, or exist only as the machinery of poetical romances. In vain shall exterminating associations, in mockery of Omnipotence, declare Popery to be permanent and inviolate, and endeavour to re-establish it in blood. In vain shall Kelly and Fontana cry from their sanctuaries of crime, that their church is in danger, that their system of imposture has been assailed by proselytism. In vain shall they denounce the Bible, and endeavour to put the light of the Gospel under a bushel: the whole system is tottering, and these men are aware of the circumstance. There is not an educated gentleman in Ireland, who nominally belong to the Popish Church, who is not evidently ashamed of its impious mockeries of Christianity, and is retained in the external profession only, by a false sense of shame, to renounce a creed, which he has been taught from his infancy, as one that he ought to consider as hereditary as his surname, or his property. As to the religion of the great body of Papists—in Connaught, for instance, where that superstition universally prevails, if we are to judge of their faith by their works, what is it? Is it Christianity or Paganism? Dr. Kelly may justly or unjustly compliment the Papists of his Archdiocese, on the decline of drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and perjury among them; but what says he to the dreadful state in which that part of Ireland is at this day acknowledged, even by himself, to be in—what must he think of the perjuries, the drunkenness, the cruelties, the murders, of that bigoted association of midnight crusaders, who call themselves Ribbonmen? Are these nocturnal apostles likely to re-establish Popery in Ireland? No; they may, if permitted, drench it in the blood of its best and most industrious inhabitants; the *columns of Catholicity* may again collect, and “*unfurl their oriflamb*,” but these miserable expedients will fail; the bigots must succumb to the Christian millions of the British empire, and Popery, after having afforded melancholy evidence of the impossibility of its being tolerated in any civilized state, will be consigned to merited oblivion, and leave only the melancholy records of the miseries it has produced to mankind.

Had found a Poet whose licentious song, &c.

This poet, who has made a miserable use of his fine talents, thus apologises, in the preface to the first number of the second volume of the

Irish Melodies, for the inflammatory tendency of many of his songs, on his having been attacked by a writer under the signature of Timdus, in the *Morning Post*, and other papers:—"It is not through the gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate; it looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is to be found on the persons of the rich and the educated; of those who can afford to have their national (he intended to say provincial) zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them, &c., &c." The most exceptionable of these productions have, however, become popular with the gross and inflammable region of society; and inflammable, if not gross spirits, may be found among the higher as well as lower orders, in all countries, but more particularly in Ireland. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Doctor Esmonde, Mr. Emmet, &c., &c., were men who had, of course, access to drawing rooms; and the reader may judge, from the following specimens of the folly of those, who, seduced indeed, by most fascinating poetry and music, suffer the minds of their children to be corrupted by the principles and feelings they are calculated to produce.

WAR SONG.

Remember the glories of Brian the Brave, &c., &c.

Enough of his glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia—when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footsteps of slavery there;

No, Freedom,—whose smile we shall never resign,
Go tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains, &c., &c.

The application of this song is obvious:—It is a practice with the vulgar Irish to rail bitterly at the Danes, for having invaded their ancestors, meaning, in their own indirect way, the English, and cherishing the hope, that as the former were extirpated, so shall the latter.

See Irish Melodies.

One of the favourite devices of the disaffected populace is, Bryan Boru in the act of repelling the Danish invaders, and this, as well as St. Patrick's driving away venomous reptiles, has an allusion not to be mistaken.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, &c.

This is said to be a requiem for the cool-blooded traitor, Emmet, who was most deservedly hanged for the barbarous insurrection of July, 1803.

Ibid.

The night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure, the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

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The memory of this Barabbas is to live green in the souls of the Irish; not one word about the great and good Lord Kilwarden, who fell a victim to the murderous insurrection, and, with his dying breath, conjured his surviving friends to suffer no man to suffer for him, except by a verdict of a jury. Here the most patriotic heroism is thrown in the shade of oblivion, while the memory of a detestable incendiary is cherished with a degree of fondness, characterising Irish bigots only, who lift their hands against their kindest benefactors, and idolize those who seduce them into insurrection and murder. This was a song for a polished drawing-room with a witness! Brutalized, indeed, must be the feelings of those, who, remembering the virtues and worth of Kilwarden, could bear with complacency this song for savages.

"No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is, when some heart indignant breaks,
To say, that still she lives."

Ireland possesses a freedom under the British government unknown to her in the days of her petty feudal kings. So this mischievous rant appears calculated to rouse the angry passions of the ignorant servant, who may hear these melodies sung in drawing-rooms, at a time, perhaps, when he may be strongly solicited to join in the Ribbon conspiracy. It formed an appropriate strain for the murderers of the Lynches in the neighbourhood of Tara Hill.

The writer casts around him fire-brands, arrows, and death, and then says, *am I not in sport?* The cool, calculating people of England may say, in their *Morning Post*, that "*I appeal to the angry passions of an ignorant mob.*" "But I deprecate this; it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could have been intended to circulate." This is, however, quite a sophistical attempt at justification. The expensive *musical work* could not have been intended for the mob; but the ballad singers of Ireland have got hold of the words, as might be expected; the very worst of them are popular among the Ribbonmen, at least in Ulster; and, when the author reads of the horrible brutalities committed by these bigoted ruffians, he may put his hand to his heart, and ask his conscience, whether his inflammatory songs have, or have not, a tendency to hurry the savages into "these excesses." See his *Preface to the Third Number of the Second Volume*.

"Erin! oh Erin, thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears;

The nations are fallen, and thou art still young,
Thy sun is but rising, while others are set,
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.

"Erin! oh Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade," &c., &c.

WEEP ON !

(THE SONG OF SORROW.)

Weep on—weep on— your hour is past
Your dreams of pride are o'er,
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are now no more.
In vain, the hero's heart hath bled,
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain—
Oh FREEDOM ! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again, &c.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

We, swear to revenge them ! no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed.
(*Query the grammatical propriety of "unwed."*)
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall be wasted,
Till vengeance is wracked on the murderer's head !
Yes, Monarch ! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections.
Revenge on a tyrant, is sweeter than all !

This breathing of revenge is utterly Anti-Christian. The objects of revenge in Ireland are too frequently the magistrates, jurors, and witnesses, who are instrumental in bringing culprits to punishment ; and when this punishment is capital, all these persons are considered murderers by the misguided peasantry.

O'RUARC OF BREFNY.

Already the curse is upon her—(IRELAND.)
And *strangers* her vallies profane,
They come to divide to dishonour,
And tyrants they long shall remain ;
But onward—the green banner waving,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt,
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On their's the *Saxon* and guilt.

Had not the battle of Waterloo providentially settled this question, the sword of the Irish rebel would, ere now, have been fleshed to the hilt in the unoffending bosom of the Saxon, which means the Protestants of Ireland.

OH ! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

" Oh ! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly ?

What soul, where wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait, till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once would spring
 To the throne of Him, who made it.

Farewell, Erin! Farewell all,
 Who live to weep and fall, &c., &c.
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Our green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried, are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us."

'TIS GONE, &c.

TUNE—*Savourneen Dheelish*; or rather, *Erin go Bragh*.

This song might with great propriety be denominated, a *dirge for the funeral of Jacobinism*.

"Och, shame on the tyrants who envied the blessing,
 And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
 Who, at death's reeking altar, like furies caressing,
 The young hope of FREEDOM—baptis'd it in blood.
 Then vanish'd forever, that FAIR SUNNY VISION,
 Which, in spite of the slavish, the cold hearts derision,
 Shall long be remembered, pure, bright, and Elysian,
 As first it arose, my lost ERIN on thee."

THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.

This is a lamentation for the Popish slaves who fought against the Protestant forces of the great King William, under Ginkle, at Aughrim, on the 12th of July, 1690.

Forget not the field where they perished,
 The truest, the best of the brave,
 All gone, and the bright hope we cherished,
 Gone with them, and quenched in the grave.

Oh, could we from death but recover,
 These hearts, as they bounded before,
 In the face of high Heav'n to fight over,
 The combat for *Freedom* once more.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
 Which tyranny flung round us then,
 Oh, it is not in man or in HEAVEN,
 To let tyranny bind it again, &c. &c.

This impious bravado was sung in the presence of a rough northern Protestant, who favored the company with the following brief reply, to the tune of, *Why should we quarrel for Riches*.

"We remember the field where they periah'd,
Each hugging the chain of a slave,
For the tyrant they fought for and cheriah'd
Their freedom had sunk in the grave.

"And could ye from Plato recover,
Their hearts as they bounded before,
'The SAXON' would fight the fray over,
And teach them to tremble once more."

Many, too many quotations of a similar kind could be given from this fascinating, but inflammatory work. The best commentary on it will be the following extract from Spencer's *View of Ireland*, a small part of which the author was unguarded enough to quote in the thirteenth page of his Second Volume:—

IRENEUS.—"It is most true that some Poets in their writings do labour to better the manners of men, and through the sweet bait of their numbers, to steal into the young spirits a desire of honour and virtue. But these Irish bards are, for the most part, of another mind, and so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that they themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined, for they seldom used to choose unto themselves the doings of good men, (*such as the dying words of Lord Kilwarden*) for the argument of their poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, (*even such as Emmet, who made insurrection with those who had committed murder*) him they set up and glorify in their rhymes, him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow."

EUDOXUS.—"I marvel what kind of speeches they can find, or what faces they can find, or what faces they can put on, to praise such bad persons; or how can they think any good mind will applaud or approve the same."

IRENEUS.—"There is none so bad, Eudoxus, but shall find some to favour his doings; but such licentious parts as these, tending for the most part to the hurt of the English, or the maintenance of their own lewd liberty, they themselves, being desirous thereof, do most allow. Besides this, evil things being decked and attired with gay attire of goodly words, may easily deceive and carry away the affections of a young mind that is not well stayed, but desirous, by some bold adventure, to make proof of himself; but being (as they all be) brought up idly, without awe of parents, without principles of masters, (*denied to them by the Popish Clergy in 1820,*) and without fear of offence, not being directed or employed in any course of life which may carry them to virtue, will easily be drawn to follow such as any shall set before them, for a young mind cannot rest, if he be not still busied in some goodness, he will find himself such business as shall soon busy all about him. In which, if he shall find any to praise him, and give him encouragement, as those bards and rhymers do, for little reward, or for a stolen cow, then wax most

insolent, and half mad with the love of himself and his own lewd deeds; and as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for him to give him a goodly and painted show thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of the most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime on spoils and robberies, one of their *bards*, in his praise will say, that he was none of the idle mishaps that were brought up at the fire-side, but the most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he never did eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in his cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives; and did light his candle at the flames of their houses, to lead him in the dark, &c.

"Do you not think, Eudoxus, that many of these praises might be applied to men of the best deserts; yet, they are all yielded to a most notable traitor, (*such as Emmet, or the murderers of Lord Kilwarden,*) and amongst some of the Irish not small accounted for. For the song, when it was first made and sung to a person of high degree there, was bought, as their manner is, for forty crowns."

EUDOXUS.—"And well worthy, sure; but tell me, I pray you, have they any art in their compositions, or be they anything witty or well-favoured, as poems should be."

IRENEUS.—"Yea, truly, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not in the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet, they were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their own natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see so abused to the *gracing of wickedness and vice*, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue." So much for the Irish melodies, ancient and modern.

APPENDIX.

Epistle

TO AN ECCLESIASTIC,

ON THE BURNING OF A NEWSPAPER, WHICH CONTAINED AN EXTRACT FROM THE HISTORICAL POEM, OCCASIONED BY THE CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CARDINAL FONTANA AND

DOCTOR KELLY:

GRAVE Sir, why thus, in childish rage,
In this bright scientific age,
Vent your weak anger on a page,
Which many have commended.

That page afforded no pretence,
To any man of common sense,
To take foul umbrage or offence
At what was well intended.

'Twas meant, most humbly to record,
The visitations of the LORD
On those who slight his Holy Word,
And live in hate or malice;

That he who would from men remove
The volume of redeeming love,
Brings no commission from above,
To cottage or to palace.

This folly served but to amaze,
The men who saw you frown and gaze,
Upon that melancholy blaze,
Sad emblem of another;

Where the lost sinner's piercing cries,
And shrieks for vengeance rend the skies,
'Gainst those who taught him to despise,
And persecute his brother.

Fix'd for all ages is that state,
No prayer of your's can change his fate;
But, for yourself—bright Mercy's gate
Is kindly open still—

Retire and pray with all your might,
That on your soul, now dark as night,
Heaven may bestow one ray of light,
To rectify your will.

To teach you, ere you teach again,
That human efforts must be vain,
The Bible's progress to restrain,
On land or spacious ocean ;

That when your angry labour's done,
It will be just as if you'd run
To cast your mantle o'er the sun,
To entertain such notion.

And now FAREWELL—the day will come,
When pale and trembling from the tomb,
You'll rise to your eternal doom,
Of misery or bliss—

To right or left hand borne away,
You'll either bless or curse the day,
That pity sent you on your way,
A lesson such as this.

JOHN GRAHAM.

Lifford, Jan. 27th, 1820.

A PASTORAL LETTER

From Rome,

IN THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING POEM.)

FRIENDS, brothers, bishops, earnestly we call
On all our clergy to subdue St. Paul,
The man of Tarsus, tho' his head lies low,
Lives in his writings, our eternal foe ;
Would he had perished at an early day,
Or to Damascus, when he took his way,

Had dropp'd down dead before he was baptis'd,
 Or joined the cause he hated and despis'd;
 Time yet will come, if prophets tell no lie,
 And we are dreading that it now draws nigh, 10
 When men, convinc'd by Paul, shall forward stand,
 To purge from error every Christian land,
 When full of knowledge all the earth shall be,
 As tides and currents fill the teeming sea:
 Then truth, victorious, beaming upon man, 15
 Shall to each eye unfold the Gospel plan,
 And to the world reveal, in open day,
 The wiles we practice, and the tricks we play.
 That fatal day, whene'er it shall arrive,
 Will not, I fondly hope, find me alive; 20
 But on our dear successors and their friends,
 The weight of all this horrid storm impends:
 Therefore look sharp, nor grant to small or great,
 The liberty the Scriptures to translate—
 Wax noses call them—every name that's vile, 25
 And in the indulgence of your bitter bile,
 Rival the vigour of our own Carlile;
 Carlile, the Bible's foe, must be our friend,
 By different means, we seek one common end. 30
 He for "the Cause," slights liberty and life,
 We call the Scriptures oracles of strife;
 He tells the Christians they are knaves and fools,
 We curse the Bible and the Christian schools.
 Thus it behoves us to make rapid strides, 35
 To guard our altars, and our firesides;
 Since we can't burn these records, let them lie
 Lock'd up in Latin from the vulgar eye,
 Left to be studied and commented on,
 By orthodox old doctors of Sorborne: 40
 Who, when their hoary heads are warm with wine,
 Can best unravel mysteries divine,
 And since this world's the rough wild field we till,
 Let us disseminate the seeds of ill,
 Commence our labours ever in good time, 45
 Corrupt the hearts of youth before their prime;
 Keep them from Bibles, stupify their mind,
 And full returns in manhood we shall find—
 Teach them to lie, to flatter, and deceive,
 A source of gain shall rise from every knave; 50
 For if mankind should too religious grow,
 "The Church" must half her perquisites forego,
 Sin swells the bank that feeds the Pontiff's purse,
 And true religion proves his greatest curse.
 Rome's ancient fabric on some pillar leans,
 The props of all her glory and her gains; 55

Of these, confession holds the highest place,
That ready mode of merchandizing grace !
The fairest farm may disappoint the swain ;
Who looks in Autumn for the promised grain ;

Tho' grapes should load the branches of the vine, 60
Hail, rain, or wind may blast all hopes of wine ;
War may lay waste the monarch's wide domains,
And sweep the crops and cattle from the plains ;
But strict confession to a knowing hand,
Yields fruit more certain than the richest land. 65

No rain, no storms, no dire effects of war,
Its regular returns of profit mar ;
Arm'd with this weapon, Princes feel our weight,
When fit occasion serves, in every state.

King's from their thrones indignant have we hurl'd 70
And beggars raised to rule a conquer'd world,
The Corsican Usurper's friends we stood,
Crown'd, blessed, and married him to royal blood, }
Leaving his lawful wife in widowhood.

Think not our influence we over-rate, 75
Recounting thus our power in the state ;

For when the secrets of all hearts we know,
Prolific seeds of treason we may sow,
And with sly hints, and whispers of their force,
Incite the rabble to each factious course : 80

Kindle foul rancour in the peoples' breast,
Against the men we envy or detest ;
Marking them by some execrable name,
We blast them as the sons of sin and shame, 85

Doom'd in their cursed carcases to feel,
The fiery faggot, or the avenging steel ;
And when we lead our friends into a scrape,
Or when they're charged with murder or with rape, }
We often make a way for their escape.

By large collections, at our altars made, 90
To hir'd witnesses and lawyers paid—
By closely questioning and shriving those,
Who must give testimony for our foes ;
And by that practice which the Christian loathes,

Our absolutions for man's broken oaths. 95
Hear now, to whom your chief attention's due,
Still keep this wise arrangement in your view :
Let the old Matron claim your prior care,
Whose wealth and weakness seem to promise fair,

Whose abject superstition may supply,	100
The means your avarice to gratify.	
Next let the usurer attract your eye,	
Who loves to live in sin, a saint to die.	
The merchant next, the profits of whose trade,	
Require that offerings to the Church be paid.	105
Make the transgressor compromise with gold,	
The oaths he falsely swore, the lies he told ;	
And should our friends hold offices of state,	
Should they become by blood or plunder great,	110
Or dare against our views to legislate,	
Mark them as sources of abundant gain—	
High must the penance be, when deep the stain.	
When stretch'd in agony upon his bed,	
A raging fever strikes the rich man's head,	
When drugs and doctors bring no more relief,	115
And all the family is plunged in grief,	
Be sure ye carefully that bed attend,	
As if this Dives were your dearest friend ;	
Though vice had stained his life too gross to name,	
For which you witness neither grief nor shame,	120
Give him your transubstantiated bread,	
Your offering for the living and the dead—	
Anoint his body, whisper in his ear,	
That he from every mortal sin is clear—	
That trusting in himself, and in the Pope,	125
He needs no stronger anchor for his hope ;	
And though the awful hour of death draws nigh,	
Leave him in fatal ignorance to die.	
For his departed soul let mass be sung,	
Processions walk, and blessed bells be rung,	130
And offer "Month's Minds," till the purging fire,	
By floods of holy-water shall expire !	
But let rich souls alone at rest be laid,	
Send them to Heaven, when your fees are paid.	
As for the beastly beggars, when they die,	135
Let them despis'd in purgatory lie ;	
Guide not their lifeless bodies to the grave,	
Nor waste a mass their sordid souls to save :	
No time, no pains, no thought should you bestow,	
On those from whom no recompense can flow ;	140
For where's the wise man that was ever found,	
To waste his labour upon barren ground—	
To spend his swiftness in a vain pursuit,	
Or water gardens that produce no fruit.	
If there's a man who dares to keep aloof,	145
Who dreads to see a Monk beneath his roof,	
Who will not often to confession come,	

That mighty mainspring of the Church of Rome !
 Send for his servants, and of them inquire
 His mode of life, their diet and their hire ; 150
 Fish for some secret floating in their mind,
 Which, if you should, by searching questions find,
 And manage well, may bring him to his knees,
 To beg for secrecy, and proffer fees ;
 But if no chance can throw it in your way, 155
 An accusation to his charge to lay,
 Should his pure life defy the voice of fame,
 A single crime against him to proclaim :
 Then cry out " Heresy," impeach his creed—
 Call him " A WOLF," and then you will succeed ; 160
 Fear will compel him to abate his pride,
 And cast the veil 'twixt him and you aside.
 But let no pray'rs or tears, or length of time,
 Avail to gain forgiveness of his crime,
 Until, by fees and fasting, render'd pure, 165
 His reconciliation he secure.
 When with close care and artifice refin'd,
 You have explor'd the secrets of his mind ;
 When the fair sinner once has told you more
 Than ever human ear has heard before— 170
 When the rich rogue, to consequences blind,
 Has told you what he did, and he design'd—
 When the pale murderer has told the tale,
 Which brings him to the block, if you reveal :
 Then Proteus-like, assume what form you please, 175
 For all these victims may be spoil'd at ease ;
 Fear no refusal of your high demands,
 Their character, their life, is in your hands ;
 Nor lose your spoil, by taking for your fee,
 A worthless gratitude, which false must be, 180
 For still, whoever has uncased his mind,
 To dread his confidant, must be inclin'd,
 Conscious of guilt, he wishes that man dead,
 Whose frown can heap confusion on his head.
 When writing edicts, dip your pen in gall, 185
 Keep taunting nicknames ready at a call ;
 And when you'd strike an adversary dead,
 Pelt Latin texts of Scripture at his head :
 In this we have a precedent of note,
 For Lucifer himself could Moses quote. 190
 Guard our old building on Saint Peter's rock,
 With energy against each hostile shock ;
 And if rash men with sacrilegious eye,
 Into this edifice should dare to pry,
 And point out portions of our crazy wall, 195
 Which ne'er were built by Peter or by Paul ;

Thinking it strange, that sinners should defile,
 By human fancies, such a fair-built pile :
 Blast them as heretics, condemn'd to dwell
 To all eternity in flames of hell. 200

Nor with less fury than the flames below,
 Let Purgatory's profitable blazes glow,
 With this great difference, that the purging flame,
 By Papal bulls and masses, we may tame.

Tell the wild Irishmen, that when they die, } 205
 Their souls must here in horrid anguish lie, }
 Until surviving friends their pardon buy ! }
 And should some wag, in his own rustic way,
 To your grave Reverences dare to say—

I see on each of you so mild a face, } 210
 Can so much feeling in your features trace, }
 That I can't think there could be such a place. }
 Oh ! if you suffer one poor soul to dwell,
 For want of money, in this new-found hell,
 How can the fear of God within ye dwell ! } 215

Exclaim—that he with heresy is cramm'd,
 And tell the clown, that if he doubts, he's damn'd ;
 But recollect, descanting on the Mass,
 To make our Priestly dignity surpass 220
 All competition—for no son of man,
 On earth or sea's immeasurable span,

Except ourselves, can of some grains of wheat,
 A living mass of human flesh create—
 Bow down to, and adore a work so fine,
 Then break in pieces, plunge it into wine— 225

Bruise 'twixt the teeth, the blood, the bones, the skin,
 And swallow all, a sacrifice for sin !
 Thus through the land your pious progress take,
 At every step some shining money make ;
 Rail at your King's religion, curse the fools 230
 Who send their children to Hibernian Schools ;
 Absolve the Ribbonman, on whom devolves
 The mighty task of punishing the WOLVES,

Who in sheep's clothing have been found so bold,
 As to affright the PROPAGANDA fold ! 235

EXTRACTS

FROM

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

WILLIAM had been, during the whole spring, impatiently expected in Ulster. The Protestant settlements along the coast of that province had, in the course of the month of May, been repeatedly agitated by false reports of his arrival. It was not, however, till the afternoon of the fourteenth of June that he landed at Carrickfergus. The inhabitants of the town crowded the main street and greeted him with loud acclamations; but they caught only a glimpse of him. As soon as he was on dry ground he mounted and set off for Belfast. On the road he was met by Schomberg. The meeting took place close to a white house, the only human dwelling then visible, in the space of many miles, on the dreary strand of the estuary of the Laggan. A village and a cotton mill now rise where the white house then stood alone; and all the shore is adorned by a gay succession of country houses, shrubberies and flower beds. Belfast has become one of the greatest and most flourishing seats of industry in the British isles. A busy population of more than 100,000 souls is collected there. The duties annually paid at the Custom House exceed the duties annually paid at the Custom House of London in the most prosperous years of the reign of Charles the Second. Other Irish towns may present more picturesque forms to the eye. But Belfast is the only large Irish town in which the traveller is not disgusted by the loathsome aspect and odour of long lines of human dens as far inferior in comfort and cleanliness to the dwellings which, in happier countries, are provided for cattle. No other large Irish town is so well cleaned, so well paved, so brilliantly lighted. The place of domes and spires is supplied by edifices, less pleasing to the taste, but no less indicative of prosperity, huge factories, towering many stories above the chimneys of the houses, and resounding with the roar of machinery. The Belfast which William entered was a small English settlement of about three hundred houses, commanded by a stately castle which has long disappeared, the seat of the noble family of Chichester. In this mansion, which is said to have borne some resemblance to the palace of Whitehall, and which was celebrated for its terraces and orchards stretching down the river side, preparations had been made for the King's reception. He was welcomed at the Northern Gate by the magistrates and burgesses in their robes of office. The multitude pressed on his carriage with shouts of "God save the Protestant King." For the town was one of the strongholds of the

Reformed Faith; and when, two generations later, the inhabitants were, for the first time, numbered, it was found that the Roman Catholics were not more than one in fifteen.

The night came: but the Protestant counties were awake and up. A royal salute had been fired from the castle of Belfast. It had been echoed and reechoed by guns which Schomberg had placed at wide intervals for the purpose of conveying signals from post to post. Wherever the peal was heard, it was known that King William was come. Before midnight, all the heights of Antrim and Down were blazing with bonfires. The light was seen across the bays of Carlingford and Dundalk, and gave notice to the enemy that the decisive hour was at hand. Within forty-eight hours after William had landed, James set out from Dublin for the Irish camp, which was pitched near the northern frontier of Leinster.

In Dublin the agitation was fearful. None could doubt that the decisive crisis was approaching; and the agony of suspense stimulated to the highest point the passions of both the hostile castes. The majority could easily detect, in the looks and tones of the oppressed minority, signs which indicated the hope of a speedy deliverance and of a terrible revenge. Simon Luttrell, to whom the care of the capital was entrusted, hastened to take such precautions as fear and hatred dictated. A proclamation appeared, enjoining all Protestants to remain in their houses from nightfall to dawn, and prohibiting them, on pain of death, from assembling in any place or for any purpose to the number of more than five. No indulgence was granted even to those divines of the Established Church who had never ceased to teach the doctrine of non-resistance. Doctor William King, who had, after long holding out, lately begun to waver in his political creed, was committed to custody. There was no gaol large enough to hold one half of those whom the governor suspected of evil designs. The college and several parish churches were used as prisons; and into those buildings men accused of no crime but their religion were crowded in such numbers that they could hardly breathe.

The two rival princes meanwhile were busied in collecting their forces. Loughbrickland was the place appointed by William for the rendezvous of the scattered divisions of his army. While his troops were assembling, he exerted himself indefatigably to improve their discipline and to provide for their subsistence. He had brought from England two hundred thousand pounds in money and a great quantity of ammunition and provisions. Pillaging was prohibited under severe penalties. At the same time supplies were liberally dispensed; and all the paymasters of regiments were directed to send in their accounts without delay, in order that there might be no arrears. Thomas Coningsby, Member of Parliament for Leominster, a busy and unscrupulous Whig, accompanied the King, and acted as Paymaster-General. It deserves to be mentioned that at William, at this time, authorized the Collector of Customs at Belfast to pay every year twelve hundred pounds into the hands of some of the principal dissenting ministers of Down and Antrim, who were to be trustees for their brethren. The King declared that he bestowed this sum on the nonconformist divines, partly as a reward for their eminent

loyalty to him, and partly as a compensation for their recent losses. Such was the origion of that donation which is still annually bestowed by the government on the Presbyterian Clergy of Ulster.

William was all himself again. His spirits, depressed by eighteen months passed in dull state, amidst factions and intrigues which he but half understood, rose high as soon as he was surrounded by tents and standards. It was strange to see how rapidly this man, so unpopular at Westminster, obtained a complete mastery over the hearts of his brethren in arms. They observed with delight that, infirm as he was, he took his share of every hardship which they underwent ; that he thought more of their comfort than of his own ; that he sharply reprimanded some officers, who were so anxious to procure luxuries for his table as to forget the wants of the common soldiers ; that he never once, from the day on which he took the field, lodged in a house, but, even in the neighborhood of cities and palaces, slept in a small moveable hut of wood ; that no solicitations could induce him, on a hot day and in a high wind, to move out of the choking cloud of dust, which overhung the line of march, and which severely tried lungs less delicate than his. Every man under his command became familiar with his looks and with his voice ; for there was not a regiment which he did not inspect with minute attention. His pleasant looks and sayings were long remembered. One brave soldier has recorded in his journal the kind and courteous manner in which a basket of the first cherries of the year was accepted from him by the King, and the sprightliness with which his Majesty conversed at supper with those who stood around the table.

On the twenty-fourth of June, the tenth day after William's landing, he marched southward from Loughbrickland with all his forces. He was fully determined to take the first opportunity of fighting. Schomberg and some other officers recommended caution and delay. But the King answered that he had not come to Ireland to let the grass grow under his feet. The event seems to prove that he judged rightly as a general. That he judged rightly as a statesman cannot be doubted. He knew that the English nation was discontented with the way in which the war had hitherto been conducted ; that nothing but rapid and splendid success could revive the enthusiasm of his friends and quell the spirit of his enemies ; and that a defeat could scarcely be more injurious to his fame and to his interests than a languid and indecisive campaign.

The country through which he advanced had, during eighteen months, been fearfully wasted both by soldiers and Rapparees. The cattle had been slaughtered : the plantations had been cut down : the fences and houses were in ruins. Not a human being was to be found near the road, except a few naked and meagre wretches who had no food but the husks of oats, and who were seen picking those husks, like chickens, from amidst dust and cinders. Yet even under such disadvantages, the natural fertility of the country, the rich green of the earth, the bays and rivers so admirably fitted for trade, could not but strike the King's observant eye. Perhaps he thought how different an aspect that unhappy region would have presented if it had been blessed with such a government and such a religion as had made his native Holland the wonder of the world ; how endless a

succession of pleasure houses, tulip gardens and dairy farms would have lined the road from Lisburn to Belfast ; how many hundreds of barges would have been constantly passing up and down the Laggan ; what a forest of masts would have bristled in the desolate port of Newry ; and what vast warehouses and stately mansions would have covered the space occupied by the noisome alleys of Dundalk. "The country," he was heard to say, "is worth fighting for."

The original intention of James seems to have been to try the chances of a pitched field on the border between Leinster and Ulster. But this design was abandoned, in consequence, apparently, of the representations of Lauzun, who, though very little disposed and very little qualified to conduct a campaign on the Fabian system, had the admonitions of Louis still in his ears. James, though resolved not to give up Dublin without a battle, consented to retreat till he should reach some spot where he might have the vantage of ground. When therefore William's advanced guard reached Dundalk, nothing was to be seen of the Irish army, except a great cloud of dust which was slowly rolling southwards towards Ardee. The English halted one night near the ground on which Schomberg's camp had been pitched in the preceding year ; and many sad recollections were awakened by the sight of that dreary marsh, the sepulchre of thousands of brave men.

Still William continued to push forward, and still the Irish receded before him, till, on the morning of Monday, the thirtieth of June, his army, marched in three columns, reached the summit of a rising ground near the southern frontier of the county of Louth. Beneath lay a valley, now so rich and so cheerful that the Englishman who gazes on it may imagine himself to be in one of the most highly favoured parts of his own highly favoured country. Fields of wheat, woodlands, meadows bright with daisies and clover, slope gently down the edge of the Boyne. That bright and tranquil stream, the boundary of Louth and Meath, having flowed many miles between verdant banks crowned by modern palaces, and by the ruined keeps of old Norman barons of the pale, is here about to mingle with the sea. Five miles to the west of the place from which William looked down on the river, now stands, on a verdant bank, amidst noble woods, Slane Castle, the mansion of the Marquess of Conyngham. Two miles to the east, a cloud of smoke from factories and steam vessels overhangs the busy town and port of Drogheda. On the Meath side of the Boyne, the ground, still all corn, grass, flowers, and foilage, rises with a gentle swell to an eminence surmounted by a conspicuous tuft of ash trees which overshadows the ruined church and desolate graveyard of Donore.

In the seventeenth century the landscape presented a very different aspect. The traces of art and industry were few. Scarcely a vessel was on the river except those rude coracles of wickerwork covered with the skins of horses, in which the Celtic peasantry fished for trout and salmon. Drogheda, now peopled by twenty thousand industrious inhabitants, was a small knot of narrow, crooked and filthy lanes, encircled by a ditch and a mound. The houses were built of wood with gables and projecting upper stories. Without the walls of the town, scarcely a dwelling was to be seen except at a place called Oldbridge. At Oldbridge, the river was fordable ;

and on the south of the ford were a few mud cabins, and a single house built of more solid materials.

When William caught sight of the valley of the Boyne, he could not repress an exclamation and a gesture of delight. He had been apprehensive that the enemy would avoid a decisive action, and would protract the war till the autumnal rains should return with pestilence in their train. He was now at ease. It was plain that the contest would be sharp and short. The pavilion of James was pitched on the eminence of Donore. The flags of the House of Stuart and of the House of Bourbon waved together in defiance on the walls of Drogheda. All the southern bank of the river was lined by the camp and batteries of the hostile army. Thousands of armed men were moving about among the tents ; and every one, horse soldier or foot soldier, French or Irish, had a white badge in his hat. That colour had been chosen in compliment to the House of Bourbon. "I am glad to see you, gentlemen," said the King, as his keen eye surveyed the Irish lines. "If you escape me now, the fault will be mine."

Each of the contending princes had some advantage over his rival. James, standing on the defensive, behind entrenchments, with a river before him, had the stronger position : but his troops were inferior both in number and in quality to those which were opposed to him. He probably had thirty thousand men. About a third part of this force consisted of excellent French infantry and excellent Irish cavalry. But the rest of his army was the scoff of all Europe. The Irish dragoons were bad ; the Irish infantry worse. It was said that their ordinary way of fighting was to discharge their pieces once, and then to run away bawling "Quarter" and "Murder." Their inefficiency was, in that age, commonly imputed, both by their enemies and by their allies, to natural poltroonery. How little ground there was for such an imputation has since been signally proved by many heroic achievements in every part of the globe. It ought, indeed, even in the seventeenth century, to have occurred to reasonable men, that a race which furnished some of the best horse soldiers in the world would certainly, with judicious training, furnish good foot soldiers. But the Irish foot soldiers had not merely not been well trained : they had been elaborately ill trained. The greatest of our generals repeatedly and emphatically declared that even the admirable army which fought its way, under his command, from Torres Vedras to Toulouse, would, if he had suffered it to contract habits of pillage, have become, in a few weeks, unfit for all military purposes. What then was likely to be the character of troops who, from the day on which they enlisted, were not merely permitted, but invited, to supply the deficiencies of pay by marauding ? They were, as might have been expected, a mere mob, furious indeed and clamorous in their zeal for the cause which they had espoused, but incapable of opposing a stedfast resistance to a well ordered force. In truth, all that the discipline if it is to be so called, of James's army had done for the Celtic kerne had been to debase and enervate him. After eighteen months of nominal soldiership, he was positively farther from being a soldier than on the day on which he quitted his hovel for the camp.

William had under his command near thirty-six thousand men, born in many lands, and speaking many tongues. Scarcely one Protestant Church,

scarcely one Protestant nation, was unrepresented in the army which a strange series of events had brought to fight for the Protestant religion in the remotest island of the west. About half the troops were natives of England. Ormond was there with the Life Guards, and Oxford with the Blues. Sir John Lanier, an officer who had acquired military experience on the Continent, and whose prudence was held in high esteem, was at the head of the Queen's regiment of horse, now the First Dragoon Guards. There were Beaumont's foot, who had, in defiance of the mandate of James, refused to admit Irish papists among them, and Hastings' foot, who had, on the disastrous day of Killiecrankie, maintained the military reputation of the Saxon race. There were the two Tangier battalions, hitherto known only by deeds of violence and rapine, but destined to begin on the following morning a long career of glory. The Scotch Guards marched under the command of their countryman, James Douglas. Two fine British regiments, which had been in the service of the States General, and had often looked death in the face under William's leading, followed him in this campaign, not only as their general, but as their native King. They now rank as the fifth and sixth of the line. The former was led by an officer who had no skill in the higher parts of military science, but whom the whole army allowed to be the bravest of all the brave, John Cutts. Conspicuous among the Dutch troops were Portland's and Ginkell's horse, and Solme's Blue regiment, consisting of two thousand of the finest infantry in Europe. Germany had sent to the field some warriors sprung from her noblest houses. Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, a gallant youth who was serving his apprenticeship in the military art, rode near the King. A strong brigade of Danish mercenaries was commanded by Duke Charles Frederic of Wirtemberg, a near kinsman of the head of his illustrious family. It was reported that of all the soldiers of William these were most dreaded by the Irish. For centuries of Saxon domination had not effaced the recollection of the violence and cruelty of the Scandinavian sea kings; and an ancient prophecy that the Danes would one day destroy the children of the soil was still repeated with superstitious horror. Among the foreign auxiliaries were a Brandenburg regiment and a Finland regiment. But in that great array, so variously composed, were two bodies of men animated by a spirit peculiarly fierce and implacable, the Huguenots of France thirsting for the blood of the French, and the Englishry of Ireland impatient to trample down the Irish. The ranks of the refugees had been effectually purged of spies and traitors, and were made up of such men as had contended in the preceding century against the power of the House of Valois and the genius of the House of Lorraine. All the boldest spirits of the unconquerable colony had repaired to William's camp. Mitchelburn was there with the stubborn defenders of Londonderry, and Molseley with the warriors who had raised the unanimous shout of "Advance" on the day of Newton Butler. Sir Albert Conyngham, the ancestor of the noble family whose seat now overlooks the Boyne, had brought from the neighborhood of Lough Erne a gallant regiment of dragoons which still glories in the name of Enniskillen, and which has proved on the shores of the Euxine that it has not degenerated since the day of the Boyne.

Walker, notwithstanding his advanced age and his peaceful profession,

accompanied the men of Londonderry, and tried to animate their zeal by exhortation and by example. He was now a great prelate. Ezekiel Hopkins had taken refuge from Popish persecutors and Presbyterian rebels in the city of London had brought himself to swear allegiance to the government, had obtained a cure, and had died in the performance of the humble duties of a parish priest. William, on his march through Louth, learned that the rich see of Derry was at his disposal. He instantly made choice of Walker to be the new bishop. The brave old man, during the few hours of life which remained to him, was overwhelmed with salutations and congratulations. Unhappily he had, during the siege in which he had so highly distinguished himself, contracted a passion for war; and he easily persuaded himself that, in indulging this passion, he was discharging a duty to his country and his religion. He ought to have remembered that the peculiar circumstances which had justified him in becoming a combatant had ceased to exist, and that, in a disciplined army, led by generals of long experience and great fame, a fighting divine was likely to give less help than scandal. The bishop elect was determined to be wherever danger was; and the way in which he exposed himself excited the extreme disgust of his royal patron, who hated a meddler almost as much as a coward. A soldier who run away from a battle and a gownsmen who pushed himself into a battle were the two objects which most strongly excited William's spleen.

It was still early in the day. The King rode slowly along the northern bank of the river, and closely examined the position of the Irish, from whom he was sometimes separated by an interval of little more than two hundred feet. He was accompanied by Schomberg, Ormond, Sidney, Solmes, Prince George of Hesse, Coningsby, and others. "Their army is but small," said one of the Dutch officers. Indeed it did not appear to consist of more than sixteen thousand men. But it was well known, from the reports brought by deserters, that many regiments were concealed from view by the undulations of the ground. "They may be stronger than they look," said William; "but, weak or strong, I will soon know all about them."

At length he alighted at a spot nearly opposite to Oldbridge, sate down on the turf to rest himself, and called for breakfast. The sumpter horses were unloaded: the canteens were opened; and a tablecloth was spread on the grass. The place is marked by an obelisk, built while many veterans who could well remember the events of that day were still living.

While William was at his repast, a group of horsemen appeared close to the water on the opposite shore. Among them his attendants could discern some who had once been conspicuous at reviews in Hyde Park and at balls in the gallery of Whitehall, the youthful Berwick, the small, fair-haired Lauzun, Tyrconnel, once admired by maids of honour as the model of manly vigour and beauty, but now bent down by years, and crippled by gout, and, overtopping all, the stately head of Sarafeld.

The chiefs of the Irish army soon discovered that the person who, surrounded by a splendid circle, was breakfasting on the opposite bank, was the Prince of Orange. They sent for artillery. Two field pieces, screened from view by a troop of cavalry, were brought down almost to the brink

of the river, and placed behind a hedge. William, who had just risen from his meal, and was again in the saddle, was the mark of both guns. The first shot struck one of the holsters of Prince George of Hesse, and brought his horse to the ground. "Ah!" cried the King; "the poor Prince is killed." As the words passed his lips, he was himself hit by a second ball, a six-pounder. It merely tore his coat, grazed his shoulder, and drew two or three ounces of blood. Both armies saw that the shot had taken effect; for the King sank down for a moment on his horse's neck. A yell of exultation rose from the Irish camp. The English and their allies were in dismay. Solmes flung himself prostrate on the earth, and burst into tears. But William's deportment soon reassured his friends. "There is no harm done," he said: "but the bullet came quite near enough." Coningsby put his handkerchief to the wound: a surgeon was sent for: a plaster was applied; and the King, as soon as the dressing was finished, rode round all the posts of his army amidst loud acclamations. Such was the energy of his spirit that, in spite of his feeble health, in spite of his recent hurt, he was that day nineteen hours on horseback.

A cannonade was kept up on both sides till the evening. William observed with especial attention the effect produced by the Irish shots on the English regiments which had never been in action, and declared himself satisfied with the result. "All is right," he said; "they stand fire well." Long after sunset he made a final inspection of his forces by torchlight, and gave orders that everything should be ready for forcing a passage across the river on the morrow. Every soldier was to put a green bough in his hat. The baggage and great coats were to be left under a guard. The word was Westminster.

The King's resolution to attack the Irish was not approved by all his lieutenants. Schomberg, in particular, pronounced the experiment too hazardous, and, when his opinion was overruled, retired to his tent in no very good humour. When the order of battle was delivered to him, he muttered that he had been more used to give such orders than to receive them. For this little fit of sullenness, very pardonable in a general who had won great victories when his master was still a child, the brave veteran made, on the following morning, a noble atonement.

The first of July dawned, a day which has never since returned without exciting strong emotions of very different kinds in the two populations which divide Ireland. The sun rose bright and cloudless. Soon after four both armies were in motion. William ordered his right wing, under the command of Meinhart Schomberg, one of the Duke's sons, to march to the bridge of Slane, some miles up the river, to cross there, and to turn the left flank of the Irish army. Meinhart Schomberg was assisted by Portland and Douglas. James, anticipating some such design, had already sent to the bridge a regiment of dragoons, commanded by Sir Neil O'Neil. O'Neil behaved himself like a brave gentleman: but he soon received a mortal wound: his men fled; and the English right wing passed the river.

This move made Lauzun uneasy. What if the English right wing should get into the rear of the army of James? About four miles south

of the Boyne was a place called Duleek, where the road to Dublin was so narrow, that two cars could not pass each other, and where on both sides of the road lay a morass which afforded no firm footing. If Meinhardt Schomberg should occupy this spot, it would be impossible for the Irish to retreat. They must either conquer, or be cut off to a man. Disturbed by this apprehension, the French general marched with his countrymen and with Sarsfield's horse in the direction of Slane Bridge. Thus the fords near Oldbridge were left to be defended by the Irish alone.

It was now near ten o'clock. William put himself at the head of his left wing, which was composed exclusively of cavalry, and prepared to pass the river not far above Drogheda. The centre of his army, which consisted almost exclusively of foot, was entrusted to the command of Schomberg, and was marshalled opposite to Oldbridge. At Oldbridge the whole Irish infantry had been collected. The Meath bank bristled with pikes and bayonets. A fortification had been made by French engineers out of the hedges and buildings; and a breastwork had been thrown up close to the water side. Tyrconnel was there; and under him were Richard Hamilton and Antrim.

Schomberg gave the word. Solmes's Blues were the first to move. They marched gallantly, with drums beating, to the brink of the Boyne. Then the drums stopped; and the men, ten abreast, descended into the water. Next plunged Londonderry and Enniskillen. A little to the left of Londonderry and Enniskillen, Caillémot crossed, at the head of a long column of French refugees. A little to the left of Caillémot and his refugees, the main body of the English infantry struggled through the river, up to their armpits in water. Still further down the stream the Danes found another ford. In a few minutes the Boyne, for a quarter of a mile, was alive with muskets and green boughs.

It was not till the assailants had reached the middle of the channel that they became aware of the whole difficulty and danger of the service in which they were engaged. They had as yet seen little more than half the hostile army. Now whole regiments of foot and horse seemed to start out of the earth. A wild shout of defiance rose from the whole shore: during one moment the event seemed doubtful: but the Protestants pressed resolutely forward; and in another moment the whole Irish line gave way. Tyrconnel looked on in helpless despair. He did not want personal courage: but his military skill was so small that he hardly ever reviewed his regiment in the Phoenix Park without committing some blunder; and to rally the ranks which were breaking all round him was no task for a general who had survived the energy of his body and of his mind, and yet had still the rudiments of his profession to learn. Several of his best officers fell while vainly endeavouring to prevail on their soldiers to look the Dutch Blues in the face. Richard Hamilton ordered a body of foot to fall on the French refugees, who were still deep in water. He led the way, and, accompanied by several courageous gentlemen, advanced, sword in hand, into the river. But neither his commands nor his example could infuse courage into that mob of cowstealers. He was left almost alone, and retired from the bank in despair. Further down the river Antrim's division ran like sheep at the approach of the English column. Whole

regiments flung away arms, colours and cloaks, and scampered off to the hills without striking a blow or firing a shot.

It required many years and many heroic exploits to take away the reproach which that ignominious rout left on the Irish name. Yet, even before the day closed, it was abundantly proved that the reproach was unjust. Richard Hamilton put himself at the head of the cavalry, and, under his command, they made a gallant, though an unsuccessful, attempt to retrieve the day. They maintained a desperate fight in the bed of the river with Solmes's Blues. They drove the Danish brigade back into the stream. They fell impetuously on the Huguenot regiments, which, not being provided with pikes, then ordinarily used by foot to repel horse, began to give ground. Caillemot, while encouraging his fellow exiles, received a mortal wound in the thigh. Four of his men carried him back across the ford to his tent. As he passed, he continued to urge forward the rear ranks which were still up to the breast in the water. "On ; on ; my lads : to glory ; to glory." Schomberg, who had remained on the northern bank, and who had thence watched the progress of his troops with the eye of a general, now thought that the emergency required from him the personal exertion of a soldier. Those who stood about him besought him in vain to put on his cuirass. Without defensive armour he rode through the river, and rallied the refugees whom the fall of Caillemot had dismayed. "Come on," he cried in French, pointing to the Popish squadrons ; "come on, gentlemen : there are your persecutors." Those were his last words. As he spoke, a band of Irish horsemen rushed upon him and encircled him for a moment. When they retired, he was on the ground. His friends raised him ; but he was already a corpse. Two sabre wounds were on his head ; and a bullet from a carbine was lodged in his neck. Almost at the same moment Walker, while exhorting the colonists of Ulster to play the men, was shot dead. During near half an hour the battle continued to rage along the southern shore of the river. All was smoke, dust and din. Old soldiers were heard to say that they had seldom seen sharper work in the Low Countries. But, just at this conjuncture, William came up with the left wing. He had found much difficulty in crossing. The tide was running fast. His charger had been forced to swim, and had been almost lost in the mud. As soon as the King was on firm ground he took his sword in his left hand,—for his right arm was stiff with his wound and his bandage,—and led his men to the place where the fight was the hottest. His arrival decided the fate of the day. Yet the Irish horse retired fighting obstinately. It was long remembered among the Protestants of Ulster that, in the midst of the tumult, William rode to the head of the Enniskilleners. "What will you do for me ?" he cried. He was not immediately recognized ; and one trooper, taking him for an enemy, was about to fire. William gently put aside the carbine. "What," said he, "do you not know your friends ?" "It is His Majesty," said the Colonel. The ranks of sturdy Protestant yeomen set up a shout of joy. "Gentlemen," said William, "you shall be my guards to-day. I have heard much of you. Let me see something of you." One of the most remarkable peculiarities of this man, ordinarily so saturnine and reserved, was that

danger acted on him like wine, opened his heart, loosened his tongue, and took away all appearance of constraint from his manner. On this memorable day he was seen wherever the peril was greatest. One ball struck the cap of his pistol: another carried off the heel of his jackboot: but his lieutenants in vain implored him to retire to some station from which he could give his orders without exposing a life so valuable to Europe. His troops, animated by his example, gained ground fast. The Irish cavalry made their last stand at a house called Plottin Castle, about a mile and a half south of Oldbridge. There the Enniskilleners were repelled with the loss of fifty men, and were hotly pursued, till William rallied them and turned the chase back. In this encounter Richard Hamilton, who had done all that could be done by valour to retrieve a reputation forfeited by perfidy, was severely wounded, taken prisoner, and instantly brought, through the smoke and over the carnage, before the Prince whom he had foully wronged. On no occasion did the character of William show itself in a more striking manner. "Is this business over?" he said; "or will your horse make more fight?" "On my honour, Sir," answered Hamilton, "I believe that they will." "Your honour!" muttered William; "your honour!" That half suppressed exclamation was the only revenge which he condescended to take for an injury for which many sovereigns, far more affable and gracious in their ordinary deportment, would have exacted a terrible retribution. Then, restraining himself, he ordered his own surgeon to look to the hurts of the captive.

And now the battle was over. Hamilton was mistaken in thinking that his horse would continue to fight. Whole troops had been cut to pieces. One fine regiment had only thirty unwounded men left. It was enough that these gallant soldiers had disputed the field till they were left without support, or hope, or guidance, till their bravest leader was a captive, and till their King had fled.

Whether James had owed his early reputation for valour to incident and flattery, or whether, as he advanced in life, his character underwent a change, may be doubted. But it is certain that, in his youth, he was generally believed to possess, not merely that average measure of fortitude which qualifies a soldier to go through a campaign without disgrace, but that high and serene intrepidity which is the virtue of great commanders. It is equally certain that, in his later years, he repeatedly, at conjunctures such as have often inspired timorous and delicate women with heroic courage, showed a pusillanimous anxiety about his personal safety. Of the most powerful motives which can induce human beings to encounter peril none was wanting to him on the day of the Boyne. The eyes of his contemporaries and of posterity, of his friends devoted to his cause and of enemies eager to witness his humiliation, were fixed upon him. He had, in his own opinion, sacred rights to maintain and cruel wrongs to revenge. He was a King come to fight for three kingdoms. He was a father come to fight for the birthright of his child. He was a zealous Roman Catholic, come to fight in the holiest of crusades. If all this was not enough, he saw, from the secure position which he occupied on the height of Donore, a sight which, it might have been thought, would have roused the most torpid of mankind to emulation. He saw

his rival, weak, sickly, wounded, swimming the river, struggling through the mud, leading the charge, stopping the flight, grasping the sword with the left hand, managing the bridle with a bandaged arm. But none of these things moved that sluggish and ignoble nature. He watched, from a safe distance, the beginning of the battle on which his fate and the fate of his race depended. When it became clear that the day was going against Ireland, he was seized with an apprehension that his flight might be intercepted, and galloped towards Dublin. He was escorted by a bodyguard under the command of Sarsfield, who had, on that day, had no opportunity, of displaying the skill and courage which his enemies allowed that he possessed. The French auxiliaries, who had been employed the whole morning in keeping William's right wing in check covered the flight of the beaten army. They were indeed in some danger of being broken and swept away by the torrent of runaways, all pressing to get first to the pass of Duleek, and were forced to fire repeatedly on these despicable allies. The retreat was, however, effected with less loss than might have been expected. For even the admirers of William owned that he did not show in the pursuit the energy which even his detractors acknowledged that he had shown in the battle. Perhaps his physical infirmities, his hurt, and the fatigue which he had undergone, had made him incapable of bodily or mental exertion. Of the last forty hours he had passed thirty-five on horseback. Schomberg, who might have supplied his place, was no more. It was said in the camp that the King could not do everything, and that what was not done by him was not done at all.

The slaughter had been less than on any battle field of equal importance and celebrity. Of the Irish, only about fifteen hundred had fallen; but they were almost all cavalry, the flower of the army, brave and well disciplined men, whose place could not easily be supplied. William gave strict orders that there should be no unnecessary bloodshed, and enforced those orders by an act of laudable severity. One of his soldiers, after the fight was over, butchered three defenceless Irishmen who asked for quarter. The King ordered the murderer to be hanged on the spot.

The loss of the conquerors did not exceed five hundred men; but among them was the first captain in Europe. To his corpse every honour was paid. The only cemetery in which so illustrious a warrior, slain in arms for the liberties and religion of England, could properly be laid was that venerable Abbey, hallowed by the dust of many generations of princes, heroes and poets. It was announced that the brave veteran should have a public funeral at Westminster. In the meantime, his corpse was embalmed with such skill as could be found in the camp, and was deposited in a leaden coffin.

Walker was treated less respectfully. William thought him a busy-body who had been properly punished for running into danger without any call of duty, and expressed that feeling, with characteristic bluntness, on the field of battle. "Sir," said an attendant, "the Bishop of Derry has been killed by a shot at the ford." "What took him there?" growled the King.

The victorious army advanced that day to Duleek, and passed the warm summer night there under the open sky. The tents and the

baggage waggons were still on the north of the river. William's coach had been brought over; and he slept in it surrounded by his soldiers. On the following day, Drogheda surrendered without a blow, and the garrison, thirteen hundred strong, marched out unarmed.

"In that part of Ireland, meanwhile, which still acknowledged James as King, there could hardly be said to be any law, any property, or any government. The Roman Catholics of Ulster and Leinster had fled westward by tens of thousands, driving before them a large part of the cattle which had escaped the havoc of two terrible years. The influx of food into the Celtic region, however, was far from keeping pace with the influx of consumers. The necessities of life were scarce. Conveniences to which every plain farmer and burgess in England was accustomed could hardly be procured by nobles and generals. No coin was to be seen except lumps of base metal which were called crowns and shillings. Nominal prices were enormously high. A quart of ale cost two and sixpence, a quart of brandy three pounds. The only towns of any note on the western coast were Limerick and Galway; and the oppression which the shopkeepers of those towns underwent was such that many of them stole away with the remains of their stocks to the English territory, where a Papist, though he had to endure much restraint and humiliation, was allowed to put his own price on his goods, and received that price in silver. Those traders who remained within the unhappy region were ruined. Every warehouse that contained any valuable property was broken open by ruffians who pretended that they were commissioned to procure stores for the public service; and the owner received, in return for bales of cloth and hogsheads of sugar, some fragments of old kettles and saucepans, which would not in London or Paris have been taken by a beggar. As soon as a merchant ship arrived in the bay of Galway or in the Shannon, she was boarded by these robbers. The cargo was carried away; and the proprietor was forced to content himself with such a quantity of cowhides, of wool and of tallow as the gang which had plundered him chose to give him. The consequence was that, while foreign commodities were pouring fast into the harbours of Londonderry, Carrickfergus, Dublin, Waterford and Cork, every mariner avoided Limerick and Galway as nests of pirates.

The distinction between the Irish foot soldier and the Irish Rapparee had never been very strongly marked. It now disappeared. Great part of the army was turned loose to live by marauding. An incessant predatory war raged along the line which separated the domain of William from that of James. Every day companies of Freebooters, sometimes wrapped in twisted straw which served the purpose of armour, stole into the English territory, burned, sacked, pillaged, and hastened back to their own ground. To guard against these incursions was not easy; for the peasantry of the plundered country had a strong fellow feeling with the plunderers. To empty the granary, to set fire to the dwelling, to drive away the cows of a heretic, was regarded by every squalid, inhabitant of a mud cabin as a good work. A troop engaged in such a work might confidently expect to fall in, notwithstanding all the proclamations of the Lords Justices, with some friend who would

indicate the richest booty, the shortest road, and the safest hiding place. The English complained that it was no easy matter to catch a Rapparee. Sometimes, when he saw danger approaching, he lay down in the long grass of the bog; and then it was as difficult to find him as to find a hare sitting. Sometimes he sprang into a stream, and lay there, like an otter, with only his mouth and nostrils above the water. Nay, a whole gang of banditti would, in the twinkling of an eye, transform itself into a crowd of harmless labourers. Every man took his gun to pieces, hid the lock in his clothes, stuck a cork in the muzzle, stopped the touch hole with a quill, and threw the weapon into the next pond. Nothing was to be seen but a train of poor rustics who had not so much as a cudgel among them, and whose humble look and crouching walk seemed to show that their spirit was thoroughly broken to slavery. When the peril was over, when the signal was given, every man flew to the place where he had hid his arms; and soon the robbers were in full march towards some Protestant mansion. One band penetrated to Clonmel, another to the vicinity of Maryborough: a third made its den in a woody islet of firm ground, surrounded by the vast bog of Allen, harried the county of Wicklow, and alarmed even the suburbs of Dublin. Such expeditions indeed were not always successful. Sometimes the plunderers fell in with parties of militia, or with detachments from the English garrisons, in situations in which disguise, flight and resistance were alike impossible. When this happened every kerne who was taken was hanged, without any ceremony, on the nearest tree.

At the head quarters of the Irish army there was, during the winter, no authority capable of exacting obedience even within a circle of a mile. Tyrconnel was absent at the court of France. He had left the supreme government in the hands of a Council of Regency composed of twelve persons. The nominal command of the army he had confided to Berwick, but, Berwick, though, as was afterwards proved, a man of no common courage and capacity, was young and inexperienced. His powers were unsuspected by the world and by himself; and he submitted without reluctance to the tutelage of a Council of War nominated by the Lord Lieutenant. Neither the Council of Regency nor the Council of War was popular at Limerick. The Irish complained that men who were not Irish had been entrusted with a large share in the administration. The cry was loudest against an officer named Thomas Maxwell. For it was certain that he was a Scotchman; it was doubtful whether he was a Roman Catholic; and he had not concealed the dislike which he felt for that Celtic Parliament which had repealed the Act of Settlement and passed the Act of Attainder. The discontent, fomented by the arts of intriguers, among whom the cunning and unprincipled Henry Lutterell seems to have been the most active, soon broke forth into open rebellion. A great meeting was held. Many officers of the army, some peers, some lawyers of high note and some prelates of the Roman Catholic Church were present. It was resolved that the government, set up by the Lord Lieutenant was unknown to the constitution. Ireland, it was said, could not legally be governed, in the absence of the King, only by a Lord Lieutenant, by a Lord Deputy or by Lords Justices. The King was

absent. The Lord Lieutenant was absent. There was no Lord Deputy. There were no Lords Justices. The Act by which Tyrconnel had delegated his authority to a junto composed of his creatures was a mere nullity. The nation was therefore left without any legitimate chief, and might, without violating the allegiance due to the Crown, make temporary provision for its own safety. A deputation was sent to inform Berwick that he had assumed a power to which he had no right, but that nevertheless, the army and people of Ireland would willingly acknowledge him as their head if he would consent to govern by the advice of a council truly Irish. Berwick indignantly expressed his wonder that military men should presume to meet and deliberate without the permission of their general. They answered that there was no general, and that, if His Grace did not choose to undertake the administration on the terms proposed, another leader would easily be found. Berwick very reluctantly yielded, and continued to be a puppet in a new set of hands.

Those who had effected this revolution thought it prudent to send a deputation to France for the purpose of vindicating their proceedings. Of the deputation the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork and the two Luttrells were members. In the ship which conveyed them from Limerick to Brest they found a fellow passenger whose presence was by no means agreeable to them, their enemy, Maxwell. They suspected, and not without reason, that he was going, like them, to Saint Germain's, but on a very different errand. The truth was that Berwick had sent Maxwell to watch their motions and to traverse their designs. Henry Luttrell, the least scrupulous of men, proposed to settle the matter at once by tossing the Scotchman into the sea. But the Bishop, who was a man of conscience, and Simon Luttrell, who was a man of honour, objected to this expedient.

Meanwhile, at Limerick, the supreme power was in abeyance. Berwick, finding that he had no real authority, altogether neglected business, and gave himself up to such pleasures as that dreary place of banishment afforded. There was among the Irish chiefs no man of sufficient weight and ability to control the rest. Sarsfield for a time took the lead. But Sarsfield, though eminently brave and active in the field, was little skilled in the administration of war, and still less skilled in civil business. Those who were most desirous to support his authority were forced to own that his nature was too unsuspicious and indulgent for a post in which it was hardly possible to be too distrustful or too severe. He believed whatever was told him. He signed whatever was set before him. The commissaries, encouraged by his lenity, robbed and embezzled more shamelessly than ever. They sallied forth daily, guarded by pikes and firelocks, to seize, nominally for the public service, but really for themselves, wool, linen, leather, tallow, domestic utensils, instruments of husbandry, searched every pantry, every wardrobe, every cellar, and even laid sacrilegious hands on the property of priests and prelates.

Early in the spring, the government, if it is to be so called, of which Berwick was the ostensible head, was dissolved by the return of Tyrconnel. The Luttrells had, in the name of their countrymen, implored

James not to subject so loyal a people to so odious and incapable a viceroy. Tyrconnel, they said, was old: he was infirm: he needed much sleep: he knew nothing of war: he was dilatory: he was partial: he was rapacious: he was distrusted and hated by the whole nation. The Irish, deserted by him had made a gallant stand, and had compelled the victorious army of the Prince of Orange to retreat. They hoped soon to take the field again, thirty-thousand strong; and they adjured their King to send them some captain worthy to command such a force. Tyrconnel and Maxwell, on the other hand, represented the delegates as mutineers, demagogues, traitors, and pressed James to send Henry Luttrell to keep Mountjoy company in the Bastile. James, bewildered by these criminations and recriminations, hesitated long, and at last with characteristic wisdom, relieved himself from trouble by giving all the quarrellers fair words and by sending them all back to have their fight out in Ireland. Berwick was at the same time recalled to France.

Tyrconnel was received at Limerick, even by his enemies, with decent respect. Much as they hated him, they could not question the validity of his commission, and, though they still maintained that they had been perfectly justified in annulling, during his absence, the unconstitutional arrangements which he had made, they acknowledged that, when he was present, he was their lawful governor. He was not altogether unprovided with the means of conciliating them. He brought many gracious messages and promises, a patent of peerage for Sarsfield, some money which was not of brass, and some clothing, which was even more acceptable than money. The new garments were not indeed very fine. But even the generals had long been out at elbows; and there were few of the common men whose habiliments would have been thought sufficient to dress a scarecrow in a more prosperous country. Now, at length, for the first time in many months, every private soldier could boast of a pair of breeches and a pair of brogues. The Lord Lieutenant had also been authorized to announce that he should be followed by ships laden with provisions and military stores. This announcement was most welcome to the troops who had long been without bread, and who had nothing stronger than water to drink.

During some weeks the supplies were impatiently expected. At last, Tyrconnel was forced to shut himself up: for, whenever he appeared in public, the soldiers ran after him clamouring for food. Even the beef and mutton, which, half raw, half burned, without vegetables, without salt, had hitherto supported the army, had become scarce; and the common men were on rations of horseflesh when the promised sails were seen in the mouth of the Shannon.

A distinguished French general, named Saint Ruth, was on board with his staff. He brought a commission which appointed him commander in chief of the Irish army. The commission did not expressly declare that he was to be independent of the viceregal authority: but he had been assured by James that Tyrconnel should have secret instructions not to intermeddle in the conduct of the war. Saint Ruth was assisted by another general officer named D'Usson. The French ships brought some arms, some ammunition, and a plentiful supply of

corn and flour. The spirits of the Irish rose; and the *Te Deum* was chanted with fervent devotion in the Cathedral of Limerick.

Tyrconnel had made no preparations for the approaching campaign. But Saint Ruth, as soon as he had landed, exerted himself strenuously to redeem the time which had been lost. He was a man of courage, activity, and resolution, but of a harsh and imperious nature. In his own country he was celebrated as the most merciless persecutor that had ever dragooned the Huguenots to mass. It was asserted by English Whigs that he was known in France by the nickname of the Hangman; that, at Rome, the very cardinals had shown their abhorrence of his cruelty; and that even Queen Christina, who had little right to be squeamish about bloodshed, had turned away from him with loathing. He had recently held a command in Savoy. The Irish regiments in the French service had formed part of his army, and had behaved extremely well. It was, therefore, supposed that he had a peculiar talent for managing Irish troops. But there was a wide difference between the well clad, well armed, and well drilled Irish, with whom he was familiar, and the ragged marauders whom he found swarming in the alleys of Limerick. Accustomed to the splendour and the discipline of French camps and garrisons, he was disgusted by finding that, in the country to which he had been sent, a regiment of infantry meant a mob of people as naked, as dirty, and as disorderly as the beggars whom he had been accustomed to see on the Continent besieging the door of a monastery or pursuing a diligence up hill. With ill concealed contempt, however, he addressed himself vigorously to the task of disciplining these strange soldiers, and was day and night in the saddle, galloping from post to post, from Limerick to Athlone, from Athlone to the northern extremity of Lough Rea, and from Lough Rea back to Limerick.

It was indeed necessary that he should bestir himself: for, a few days after his arrival, he learned that, on the other side of the Pale, all was ready for action. The greater part of the English force was collected, before the close of May, in the neighbourhood of Mullingar. Ginkell commanded-in-chief. He had under him the two best officers, after Marlborough, of whom our island could then boast, Talmash and Mackay. The Marquess of Ruvigny, the hereditary chief of the refugees, and elder brother of the brave Caillemot, who had fallen at the Boyne, had joined the army with the rank of major-general. The Lord Justice Coningsby, though not by profession a soldier, came down from Dublin, to animate the zeal of the troops. The appearance of the camp showed that the money voted by the English Parliament had not been spared. The uniforms were new: the ranks were one blaze of scarlet; and the train of artillery was such as had never before been seen in Ireland.

On the sixth of June, Ginkell moved his headquarters from Mullingar. On the seventh, he reached Ballymore. At Ballymore, on a peninsula almost surrounded by something between a swamp and a lake, stood an ancient fortress, which had recently been fortified under Sarsfield's direction, and which was defended by above a thousand men. The English guns were instantly planted. In a few hours the besiegers had the satisfaction of seeing the besieged running like rabbits from one

shelter to another. The governor, who had at first held high language, begged piteously for quarter, and obtained it. The whole garrison was marched off to Dublin. Only eight of the conquerors had fallen.

Ginkell passed some days in reconstructing the defences of Ballymore. This work had scarcely been performed when he was joined by the Danish auxiliaries under the command of the Duke of Wirtemberg. The whole army then moved westward, and, on the nineteenth of June, appeared before the walls of Athlone.

Athlone was perhaps, in a military point of view, the most important place in the island. Rosen, who understood war well, had always maintained that it was there that the Irishry would, with most advantage, make a stand against the Englishry. The town, which was surrounded by ramparts of earth, lay partly in Leinster and partly in Connaught. The English quarter, which was in Leinster, had once consisted of new and handsome houses, but had been burned by the Irish some months before, and now lay in heaps of ruin. The Celtic quarter, which was in Connaught, was old and meanly built. The Shannon, which is the boundary of the two provinces, rushed through Athlone in a deep and rapid stream, and turned two large mills which rose on the arches of a stone bridge. Above the bridge, on the Connaught side, a castle, built, it was said, by King John, towered to the height of seventy feet, and extended two hundred feet along the river. Fifty or sixty yards below the bridge was a narrow ford.

During the night of the nineteenth the English placed their cannon. On the morning of the twentieth, the firing began. At five in the afternoon, an assault was made. A brave French refugee with a grenade in his hand was the first to climb the breach, and fell, cheering his countrymen to the onset with his latest breath. Such were the gallant spirits which the bigotry of Louis had sent to recruit, in the time of his utmost need, the armies of his deadliest enemies. The example was not lost. The grenades fell thick. The assailants mounted by hundreds. The Irish gave way and ran towards the bridge. There the press was so great that some of the fugitives were crushed to death in the narrow passage, and others were forced over the parapets into the waters which roared among the mill-wheels below. In a few hours Ginkell had made himself master of the English quarter of Athlone; and this success had cost him only twenty men killed and forty wounded.

But his work was only begun. Between him and the Irish town the Shannon ran fiercely. The bridge was so narrow that a few resolute men might keep it against an army. The mills which stood on it were strongly guarded; and it was commanded by the guns of the castle. That part of the Connaught shore where the river was fordable was defended by works, which the Lord Lieutenant had, in spite of the murmurs of a powerful party, forced Saint Ruth to entrust to the care of Maxwell. Maxwell had come back from France a more unpopular man than he had been when he went thither. It was rumoured that he had, at Versailles, spoken opprobriously of the Irish nation; and he had, on this account, been, only a few days before, publicly affronted by Sarsfield. On the twenty-first of June, the English were busied in

flinging up batteries along the Leinster bank. On the twenty-second soon after dawn, the cannonade began. The firing continued all that day and all the following night. When morning broke again, one whole side of the castle had been beaten down: the thatched lanes of the Celtic town lay in ashes; and one of the mills had been burned with sixty soldiers who defended it.

Still, however, the Irish defended the bridge resolutely. During several days there was sharp fighting hand to hand in the strait passage. The assailants gained ground, but gained it inch by inch. The courage of the garrison was sustained by the hope of speedy succour. Saint Ruth had at length completed his preparations; and the tidings that Athlone was in danger had induced him to take the field in haste at the head of an army, superior in number, though inferior in more important elements of military strength, to the army of Ginkell. The French general seems to have thought that the bridge and the ford might easily be defended, till the autumnal rains and the pestilence which ordinarily accompanied them should compel the enemy to retire. He therefore contented himself with sending successive detachments to reinforce the garrison. The immediate conduct of the defence he entrusted to his second in command, D'Usson, and fixed his own headquarters two or three miles from the town. He expressed his astonishment that so experienced a commander as Ginkell should persist in a hopeless enterprise. "His master ought to hang him for trying to take Athlone; and mine ought to hang me if I lose it."

Saint Ruth, however, was by no means at ease. He had found, to his great mortification, that he had not the full authority which the promises made to him at Saint Germain had entitled him to expect. The Lord Lieutenant was in the camp. His bodily and mental infirmities had perceptibly increased within the last few weeks. The slow and uncertain step with which he, who had once been renowned for vigour and agility, now tottered from his easy chair to his couch, was no unapt type of the sluggish and wavering movement of that mind which had once pursued its objects with a vehemence restrained neither by fear nor by pity, neither by conscience nor by shame. Yet, with impaired strength, both physical and intellectual, the broken old man clung pertinaciously to power. If he had received private orders not to meddle with the conduct of the war, he disregarded them. He assumed all the authority of a sovereign, showed himself ostentatiously to the troops as their supreme chief, and affected to treat Saint Ruth as a lieutenant. Soon the interference of the Viceroy excited the vehement indignation of that powerful party in the army which had long hated him. Many officers signed an instrument by which they declared that they did not consider him as entitled to their obedience in the field. Some of them offered him gross personal insults. He was told to his face that, if he persisted in remaining where he was not wanted, the ropes of his pavilion should be cut. He, on the other hand, sent his emissaries to all the camp fires, and tried to make a party among the common soldiers against the French general.

The only thing in which Tyrconnel and Saint Ruth agreed was in

dreading and disliking Sarsfield. Not only was he popular with the great body of his countrymen ; he was also surrounded by a knot of retainers whose devotion to him resembled the devotion of the Ismailite murderers to the Old Man of the Mountain. It was known that one of these fanatics, a colonel, had used language which, in the mouth of an officer so high in rank, might well cause uneasiness. "The King," this man had said, "is nothing to me. I obey Sarsfield. Let Sarsfield tell me to kill any man in the whole army ; and I will do it." Sarsfield was, indeed, too honourable a gentleman to abuse his immense power over the minds of his worshippers. But the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief might not unnaturally be disturbed by the thought that Sarsfield's honour was their only guarantee against mutiny and assassination. The consequence was that, at the crisis of the fate of Ireland, the services of the first of Irish soldiers were not used, or were used with jealous caution, and that, if he ventured to offer a suggestion, it was received with a sneer or a frown.

A great and unexpected disaster put an end to these disputes. On the thirteenth of June, Ginkell called a council of war. Forage began to be scarce ; and it was absolutely necessary that the besiegers should either force their way across the river or retreat. The difficulty of effecting a passage over the shattered remains of the bridge seemed almost insuperable. It was proposed to try the ford. The Duke of Wirtemberg, Talmash, and Ruvigny gave their voices in favour of this plan ; and Ginkell, with some misgivings, consented.

It was determined that the attempt should be made that very afternoon. The Irish, fancying that the English were about to retreat, kept guard carelessly. Part of the garrison was idling, part dosing. D'Usson was at table. Saint Ruth was in his tent, writing a letter to his master filled with charges against Tyrconnel. Meanwhile, fifteen hundred grenadiers, each wearing in his hat a green bough, were mustered on the Leinster bank of the Shannon. Many of them doubtless remembered that on that day year they had, at the command of King William, put green boughs in their hats on the banks of the Boyne. Guineas had been liberally scattered among these picked men ; but their alacrity was such as gold cannot purchase. Six battalions were in readiness to support the attack. Mackay commanded. He did not approve of the plan : but he executed it as zealously and energetically as if he had himself been the author of it. The Duke of Wirtemberg, Talmash, and several other gallant officers, to whom no part in the enterprise had been assigned, insisted on serving that day as private volunteers ; and their appearance in the ranks excited the fiercest enthusiasm among the soldiers.

It was six o'clock. A peal from the steeple of the church gave the signal. Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, and Gustavus Hamilton, the brave chief of the Enniskilleners, descended first into the Shannon. Then the grenadiers lifted the Duke of Wirtemberg on their shoulders, and, with a great shout, plunged twenty abreast up to their cravats in water. The stream ran deep and strong ; but in a few minutes the head of the column reached dry land. Talmash was the fifth man that

set foot on the Connaught shore. The Irish, taken unprepared, fired one confused volley and fled, leaving their commander, Maxwell, a prisoner. The conquerors clambered up the bank over the remains of walls shattered by a cannonade of ten days. Mackay heard his men cursing and swearing as they stumbled among the rubbish. "My lads," cried the stout old Puritan, in the midst of the uproar, "you are brave fellows; but do not swear. We have more reason to thank God for the goodness which He has shown us this day than to take his name in vain." The victory was complete. Planks were placed on the broken arches of the bridge and pontoons laid on the river, without any opposition on the part of the terrified garrison. With the loss of twelve men killed and about thirty wounded the English had, in a few minutes, forced their way into Connaught.

At the first alarm D'Usson hastened towards the river; but he was met, swept away, trampled down, and almost killed by the torrent of fugitives. He was carried to the camp in such a state that it was necessary to bleed him. "Taken!" cried Saint Ruth, in dismay. "It cannot be. A town taken, and I close by with an army to relieve it!" Cruelly mortified, he struck his tents under cover of the night, and retreated in the direction of Galway. At dawn the English saw far off, from the top of King John's ruined castle, the Irish army moving through the dreary region which separates the Shannon from the Suck. Before noon the rearguard had disappeared.

Even before the loss of Athlone the Celtic camp had been distracted by factions. It may easily be supposed, therefore, that, after so great a disaster, nothing was to be heard but crimination and recrimination. The enemies of the Lord Lieutenant were more clamorous than ever. He and his creatures had brought the kingdom to the verge of perdition. He would meddle with what he did not understand. He would overrule the plans of men who were real soldiers. He would intrust the most important of all posts to his tool, his spy, the wretched Maxwell, not a born Irishman, not a sincere Catholic, at best a blunderer, and too probably a traitor. Maxwell, it was affirmed, had left his men unprovided with ammunition. When they had applied to him for powder and ball, he had asked whether they wanted to shoot larks. Just before the attack he had told them to go to their supper and to take their rest, for that nothing more would be done that day. When he had delivered himself up a prisoner, he had uttered some words which seemed to indicate a previous understanding with the conquerors. The Lord Lieutenant's few friends told a very different story. According to them, Tyrconnel and Maxwell had suggested precautions which would have made a surprise impossible. The French general, impatient of all interference, had omitted to take those precautions. Maxwell had been rudely told that, if he was afraid, he had better resign his command. He had done his duty bravely. He had stood while his men fled. He had consequently fallen into the hands of the enemy: and he was now, in his absence, slandered by those to whom his captivity was justly imputable. On which side the truth lay it is not easy, at this distance of time, to pronounce. The cry against Tyrconnel was, at the moment, so

loud, that he gave way and sullenly retired to Limerick. D'Usson, who had not yet recovered from the hurts inflicted by his own runaway troops, repaired to Galway.

Saint Ruth, now left in undisputed possession of the supreme command, was bent on trying the chances of a battle. Most of the Irish officers, with Sarsfield at their head, were of a very different mind. It was, they said, not to be dissembled that, in discipline, the army of Ginkell was far superior to theirs. The wise course, therefore, evidently was to carry on the war in such a manner that the difference between the disciplined and the undisciplined soldier might be as small as possible. It was well known that raw recruits often played their part well in a foray, in a street fight, or in the defence of a rampart; but that, on a pitched field, they had little chance against veterans. "Let most of our foot be collected behind the walls in Limerick and Galway. Let the rest, together with our horse, get in the rear of the enemy, and cut off his supplies. If he advances into Connaught, let us overrun Leinster. If he sits down before Galway, which may well be defended, let us make a push for Dublin, which is altogether defenceless." Saint Ruth might, perhaps, have thought this advice good, if his judgment had not been biassed by his passions. But he was smarting from the pain of a humiliating defeat. In sight of his tent, the English had passed a rapid river, and had stormed a strong town. He could not but feel that, though others might have been to blame, he was not himself blameless. He had, to say the least, taken things too easily. Louis, accustomed to be served during many years by commanders who were not in the habit of leaving to chance anything which could be made secure by wisdom, would hardly think it a sufficient excuse that his general had not expected the enemy to make so bold and sudden an attack. The Lord Lieutenant would, of course, represent what had passed in the most unfavourable manner; and whatever the Lord Lieutenant said James would echo. A sharp reprimand, a letter of recall, might be expected. To return to Versailles a culprit; to approach the great King in an agony of distress; to see him shrug his shoulders, knit his brow and turn his back; to be sent, far from courts and camps, to languish at some dull country seat; this was too much to be borne; and yet this might well be apprehended. There was one escape; to fight, and to conquer, or to perish.

In such a temper Saint Ruth pitched his camp about thirty miles from Athlone, on the road to Galway, near the ruined castle of Aughrim, and determined to await the approach of the English army.

His whole deportment was changed. He had hitherto treated the Irish soldiers with contemptuous severity. But now that he had resolved to stake life and fame on the valour of the despised race, he became another man. During the few days which remained to him, he exerted himself to win by indulgence and caresses the hearts of all who were under his command. He, at the same time, administered to his troops moral stimulants of the most potent kind. He was a zealous Roman Catholic; and it is probable that the severity with which he had treated the Protestants of his own country, ought to be partly ascribed

to the hatred which he felt for their doctrines. He now tried to give to the war the character of a crusade. The clergy were the agents whom he employed to sustain the courage of his soldiers. The whole camp was in a ferment of religious excitement. In every regiment priests were praying, preaching, shriving, holding up the host and the cup. While the soldiers swore on the sacramental bread not to abandon their colours, the general addressed to the officers an appeal which might have moved the most languid and effeminate natures to heroic exertion. They were fighting, he said, for their religion, their liberty and their honour. Unhappy events, too widely celebrated, had brought a reproach on the national character. Irish soldiery was everywhere mentioned with a sneer. If they wished to retrieve the fame of their country, this was the time and this the place.

The spot on which he had determined to bring the fate of Ireland to issue seems to have been chosen with great judgment. His army was drawn up on the slope of a hill, which was almost surrounded by red bog. In front, near the edge of the morass, were some fences, out of which a breastwork was without difficulty constructed.

On the eleventh of July, Ginkell, having repaired the fortifications of Athlone and left a garrison there, fixed his headquarters at Ballinasloe, about four miles from Aughrim, and rode forward to take a view of the Irish position. On his return he gave orders that ammunition should be served out, that every musket and bayonet should be got ready for action, and that early on the morrow every man should be under arms without beat of drum. Two regiments were to remain in charge of the camp: the rest, unincumbered by baggage, were to march against the enemy.

Soon after six, the next morning, the English were on the way to Aughrim. But some delay was occasioned by a thick fog which hung till noon over the moist valley of the Suck: a further delay was occasioned by the necessity of dislodging the Irish from some outposts; and the afternoon was far advanced when the two armies at length confronted each other with nothing but the bog and the breastwork between them. The English and their allies were under twenty thousand; the Irish above twenty-five thousand.

Ginkell held a short consultation with his principal officers. Should he attack instantly, or wait till the next morning? Mackay was for attacking instantly; and his opinion prevailed. At five the battle began. The English foot, in such order as they could keep on treacherous and uneven ground, made their way, sinking deep in mud at every step, to the Irish works. But those works were defended with a resolution such as extorted some words of ungracious eulogy even from men who entertained the strongest prejudices against the Celtic race. Again and again the assailants were driven back. Again and again they returned to the struggle. Once they were broken, and chased across the morass; but Talmash rallied them, and forced the pursuers to retire. The fight had lasted two hours: the evening was closing in, and still the advantage was on the side of the Irish. Ginkell began to meditate a retreat. The hopes of Saint Ruth rose high. "The day is ours, my boys," he cried,

waving his hat in the air. "We will drive them before us to the walls of Dublin." But fortune was already on the turn. Mackay and Ruvigny, with the English and Huguenot cavalry, had succeeded in passing the bog at a place where two horsemen could scarcely ride abreast. Saint Ruth at first laughed when he saw the Blues, in single file, struggling through the morass under a fire which every moment laid some gallant hat and feather on the earth. "What do they mean?" he asked; and then he swore that it was a pity to see such fine fellows rushing to certain destruction. "Let them cross, however," he said. "The more there are, the more we shall kill." But soon he saw them laying hurdles on the quagmire. A broader and a safer path was formed; squadron after squadron reached firm ground: the flank of the Irish army was soon turned. The French general was hastening to the rescue when a cannon ball carried off his head. Those who were about him thought that it would be dangerous to make his fate known. His corpse was wrapped in a cloak, carried from the field, and laid, with all secrecy, in the sacred ground among the ruins of the ancient monastery of Loughrea. Till the fight was over neither army was aware that he was no more. To conceal his death from the private soldiers might, perhaps, have been prudent. To conceal it from his lieutenants was madness. The crisis of the battle had arrived; and there was none to give direction. Sarsfield was in command of the reserve. But he had been strictly enjoined by Saint Ruth not to stir without orders; and no orders came. Mackay and Ruvigny with their horse charged the Irish in flank. Talmash and his foot returned to the attack in front with dogged determination. The breastwork was carried. The Irish, still fighting, retreated from inclosure to inclosure. But, as inclosure after inclosure was forced, their efforts became fainter and fainter. At length they broke and fled. Then followed a horrible carnage. The conquerors were in a savage mood. For a report had been spread among them that, during the early part of the battle, some English captives who had been admitted to quarter had been put to the sword. Only four hundred prisoners were taken. The number of the slain was, in proportion to the number engaged, greater than in any other battle of that age. But for the coming on of a moonless night, made darker by a misty rain, scarcely a man would have escaped. The obscurity enabled Sarsfield, with a few squadrons which still remained unbroken, to cover the retreat. Of the conquerors six hundred were killed, and about a thousand wounded.

The English slept that night on the field of battle. On the following day they buried their companions in arms, and then marched westward. The vanquished were left unburied, a strange and ghastly spectacle. Four thousand Irish corpses were counted on the field of battle. A hundred and fifty lay in one small enclosure, a hundred and twenty in another. But the slaughter had not been confined to the field of battle. One who was there tells us that, from the top of the hill on which the Celtic camp had been pitched, he saw the country, to the distance of near four miles, white with the naked bodies of the slain. The plain looked, he said, like an immense pasture covered by flocks of sheep. As usual, different estimates were formed even by eye witnesses. But it

seems probable that the number of the Irish who fell was not less than seven thousand. Soon a multitude of dogs came to feast on the carnage. These beasts became so fierce, and acquired such a taste for human flesh, that it was long dangerous for men to travel this road otherwise than in companies.

The beaten army had now lost all the appearance of an army, and resembled a rabble crowding home from a fair after a faction fight. One great stream of fugitives ran towards Galway, another towards Limerick. The roads to both cities were covered with weapons which had been flung away. Ginkell offered sixpence for every musket. In a short time so many waggon loads were collected that he reduced the price to two-pence; and still great numbers of muskets came in.

The conquerors marched first against Galway. D'Usson was there, and had under him seven regiments, thinned by the slaughter of Aghrim, and utterly disorganized and disheartened. The last hope of the garrison and of the Roman Catholic inhabitants was that Baldearg O'Donnel, the promised deliverer of their race, would come to their rescue. But Baldearg O'Donnel was not duped by the superstitious veneration of which he was the object. While there remained any doubt about the issue of the conflict between the Englishry and the Irishry, he stood aloof. On the day of the battle he had remained at a safe distance with his tumultuary army; and, as soon as he had learned that his countrymen had been put to rout, he fled, plundering and burning all the way, to the mountains of Mayo. Thence he sent to Ginkell offers of submission and service. Ginkell gladly seized the opportunity of breaking up a formidable band of marauders, and of turning to good account the influence which the name of a Celtic dynasty still exercised over the Celtic race. The negotiation, however, was not without difficulties. The wandering adventurer at first demanded nothing less than an earldom. After some haggling he consented to sell the love of a whole people, and his pretensions to regal dignity, for a pension of five hundred pounds a year. Yet the spell which bound his followers to him was not altogether broken. Some enthusiasts from Ulster were willing to fight under the O'Donnel against their own language and their own religion. With a small body of these devoted adherents, he joined a division of the English army, and on several occasions did useful service to William.

When it was known that no succour was to be expected from the hero whose advent had been foretold by so many seers, the Irish who were shut up in Galway lost all heart. D'Usson had returned a stout answer to the first summons of the besiegers: but he soon saw that resistance was impossible, and made haste to capitulate. The garrison was suffered to retire to Limerick with the honors of war. A full amnesty for past offences was granted to the citizens; and it was stipulated that, within the walls, the Roman Catholic priests should be allowed to perform in private the rights of their religion. On these terms the gates were thrown open. Ginkell was received with profound respect by the Mayor and Aldermen, and was complimented in a set speech by the Recorder. D'Usson, with about two thousand three hundred men, marched unmolested to Limerick.

At Limerick, the last asylum of the vanquished race, the authority of Tyrconnel was supreme. There was now no general who could pretend that his commission made him independent of the Lord-Lieutenant; nor was the Lord-Lieutenant now so unpopular as he had been a fortnight earlier. Since the battle there had been a reflux of public feeling. No part of that great disaster could be imputed to the Viceroy. His opinion, indeed, had been against trying the chances of a pitched field, and he could with some plausibility assert that the neglect of his counsels had caused the ruin of Ireland.

He made some preparations for defending Limerick, repaired the fortifications, and sent out parties to bring in provisions. The country, many miles round, was swept bare by these detachments, and a considerable quantity of cattle and fodder was collected within the walls. There was also a large stock of biscuit imported from France. The infantry assembled at Limerick were about fifteen thousand men. The Irish horse and dragoons, three or four thousand in number, were encamped on the Clare side of the Shannon. The communication between their camp and the city was maintained by means of a bridge called the Thomond Bridge, which was defended by a fort. These means of defence were not contemptible. But the fall of Athlone and the slaughter of Aughrim had broken the spirit of the army. A small party, at the head of which were Sarsfield and a brave Scotch officer named Wauchope, cherished a hope that the triumphant progress of Ginkell might be stopped by those walls from which William had, in the preceding year, been forced to retreat. But many of the Irish chiefs loudly declared that it was time to think of capitulating. Henry Luttrell, always fond of dark and crooked politics, opened a secret negotiation with the English. One of his letters was intercepted, and he was put under arrest; but many who blamed his perfidy agreed with him in thinking that it was idle to prolong the contest. Tyrconnel himself was convinced that all was lost. His only hope was that he might be able to prolong the struggle till he could receive from Saint Germain permission to treat. He wrote to request that permission, and prevailed, with some difficulty, on his desponding countrymen to bind themselves by an oath not to capitulate till an answer from James should arrive.

A few days after the oath had been administered, Tyrconnel was no more. On the eleventh of August he dined with D'Usson. The party was gay. The Lord-Lieutenant seemed to have thrown off the load which had bowed down his body and mind; he drank: he jested: he was again the Dick Talbot who had dined and revelled with Grammont. Soon after he had risen from table, an apoplectic stroke deprived him of speech and sensation. On the fourteenth, he breathed his last. The wasted remains of that form which had once been a model for statues were laid under the pavement of the Cathedral; but no inscription, no tradition, preserves the memory of the spot.

As soon as the Lord-Lieutenant was no more, Plowden, who had superintended the Irish finances while there were any Irish finances to superintend, produced a commission under the great seal of James. This commission appointed Plowden himself, Fitton and Nagle, Lords Justices

in the event of Tyrconnel's death. There was much murmuring when the names were made known. For both Plowden and Fitton were Saxons. The commission, however, proved to be a mere nullity. For it was accompanied by instructions which forbade the Lords Justices to interfere in the conduct of the war; and, within the narrow space to which the dominions of James were now reduced, war was the only business. The government was, therefore, really in the hands of D'Usson and Sarsfield.

On the day on which Tyrconnel died, the advanced guard of the English army came within sight of Limerick. Ginkell encamped on the same ground which William had occupied twelve months before. The batteries, on which were planted guns and bombs, very different from those which William had been forced to use, played day and night; and soon roofs were blazing and walls crashed in every corner of the city. Whole streets were reduced to ashes. Meanwhile several English ships of war came up the Shannon and anchored about a mile below the city.

Still the place held out; the garrison was, in numerical strength, little inferior to the besieging army; and it seemed not impossible that the defence might be prolonged till the equinoxial rains should a second time compel the English to retire. Ginkell determined on striking a bold stroke. No point in the whole circle of the fortifications was more important, and no point seemed to be more secure, than the Thomond Bridge, which joined the city to the camp of the Irish horse on the Clare bank of the Shannon: The Dutch General's plan was to separate the infantry within the ramparts from the cavalry without; and this plan he executed with great skill, vigour and success. He laid a bridge of tin boats on the river, crossed it with a strong body of troops, drove before him in confusion fifteen hundred dragoons who made a faint show of resistance, and marched towards the quarters of the Irish horse. The Irish horse sustained but ill on this day the reputation which they had gained at the Boyne. Indeed, that reputation had been purchased by the almost entire destruction of the best regiments. Recruits had been without much difficulty found. But the loss of the fifteen hundred excellent soldiers was not to be repaired. The camp was abandoned without a blow. Some of the cavalry fled into the city. The rest, driving before them as many cattle as could be collected in that moment of panic, retired to the hills. Much beef, brandy and harness was found in the magazines; and the marshy plain of the Shannon was covered with fire-locks and grenades which the fugitives had thrown away.

The conquerors returned in triumph to their camp. But Ginkell was not content with the advantage which he had gained. He was bent on cutting off all communication between Limerick and the county of Clare. In a few days, therefore, he again crossed the river at the head of several regiments, and attacked the fort which protected the Thomond Bridge. In a short time the fort was stormed. The soldiers who had garrisoned it fled in confusion to the city. The Town Major, a French officer, who commanded at the Thomond Gate, afraid that the pursuers would enter with the fugitives, ordered that part of the bridge which was nearest to the city to be drawn up. Many of the Irish went headlong into the

stream and perished there. Others cried for quarter and held up handkerchiefs in token of submission. But the conquerors were mad with rage : their cruelty could not be immediately restrained ; and no prisoners were made till the heaps of corpses rose above the parapets. The garrison of the fort had consisted of about eight hundred men. Of these only a hundred and twenty escaped into Limerick.

This disaster seemed likely to produce a general mutiny in the besieged city. The Irish clamoured for the blood of the Town Major who had ordered the bridge to be drawn up in face of their flying countrymen. His superiors were forced to promise that he should be brought before a court martial. Happily for him, he had received a mortal wound, in the act of closing the Thomond Gate, and was saved by a soldier's death from the fury of the multitude. The cry for capitulation became so loud and importunate that the generals could not resist it. D'Usson informed his government that the fight at the bridge had so effectually cowed the spirit of the garrison that it was impossible to continue the struggle. Some exception may perhaps be taken to the evidence of D'Usson : for undoubtedly he, like every Frenchman who had held any command in the Irish army, was weary of his banishment, and impatient to see Paris again. But it is certain that even Sarsfield had lost his heart. Up to this time his voice had been a stubborn resistance. He was now not only willing, but impatient to treat. It seemed to him that the city was doomed. There was no hope of succour, domestic or foreign. In every part of Ireland the Saxons had set their feet on the necks of the natives. Sligo had fallen. Even those wild islands which intercept the huge waves of the Atlantic from the bay of Galway had acknowledged the authority of William. The men of Kerry, reputed the fiercest and most ungovernable part of the population, had held out long, but had at length been routed, and chased to their woods and mountains. A French fleet, even if a French fleet were now to arrive on the coast of Munster, would find the mouth of the Shannon guarded by English men of war. The stock of provisions within Limerick was already running low. If the siege were prolonged, the town would, in all human probability, be reduced either by force or blockade. And if Ginkell should enter through the breach, or should be implored by a multitude perishing with hunger to dictate his own terms, what could be expected but a tyranny more inexorably severe than that of Cromwell ? Would it not be wise to try what conditions could be obtained while the victors had something to fear from the rage and despair of the vanquished ; while the last Irish army could still make some show of resistance behind the walls of the last Irish fortress ?

On the evening of the day which followed the fight at the Thomond Gate, the drums of Limerick beat a parley ; and Wauchope, from one of the towers hailed the besiegers, and requested Ruvigny to grant Sarsfield an interview. The brave Frenchman who was an exile on account of his attachment to one religion, and the brave Irishman who was about to become an exile on account of his attachment to another, met and conferred, doubtless with mutual sympathy and respect. Ginkell, to whom Ruvigny reported what had passed, willingly consented to an

armistice. For, constant as his success had been, it had not made him secure. The chances were greatly on his side. Yet it was possible that an attempt to storm the city might fail, as a similar attempt had failed twelve months before. If the siege should be turned into a blockade, it was probable that the pestilence which had been fatal to the army of Schomberg, which had compelled William to retreat, and which had all but prevailed even against the genius and energy of Marlborough, might soon avenge the carnage of Aughrim. The rains had lately been heavy. The whole plain might shortly be an immense pool of stagnant water. It might be necessary to move the troops to a healthier situation than the banks of the Shannon, and to provide for them a warmer shelter than that of tents. The enemy would be safe till the spring. In the spring a French army might land in Ireland: the natives might again rise in arms from Donegal to Kerry; and the war, which was now all but extinguished, might blaze forth fiercer than ever.

A negotiation was therefore opened with a sincere desire on both sides to put an end to the contest. The chiefs of the Irish army held several consultations, at which some Roman Catholic prelates and some eminent lawyers were invited to assist. A preliminary question, which perplexed tender consciences, was submitted to the Bishops. The late Lord Lieutenant had persuaded the officers of the garrison to swear that they would not surrender Limerick till they should receive an answer to the letter in which their situation had been explained to James. The Bishops thought that the oath was no longer binding. It had been taken at a time when the communications with France were open, and in the full belief that the answer of James would arrive within three weeks. More than twice that time had elapsed. Every avenue leading to the city was strictly guarded by the enemy. His Majesty's faithful subjects, by holding out till it had become impossible for him to signify his pleasure to them, had acted up to the spirit of their promise.

The next question was what terms should be demanded. A paper, containing propositions which statesmen of our age will think reasonable, but which to the most humane and liberal English Protestants of the seventeenth century appeared extravagant, was sent to the camp of the besiegers. What was asked was that all offences should be covered with oblivion, that perfect freedom of worship should be allowed to the native population, that every parish should have its priest, and that Irish Roman Catholics should be capable of holding all offices, civil and military, and of enjoying all municipal privileges.

Ginkell knew little of the laws and feelings of the English; but he had about him persons who were competent to direct him. They had a week before prevented him from breaking a Rapparee on the wheel; and they now suggested an answer to the propositions of the enemy. "I am a stranger here," said Ginkell: "I am ignorant of the constitution of these kingdoms: but I am assured that what you ask is inconsistent with that constitution; and therefore I cannot with honour consent." He immediately ordered a new battery to be thrown up, and guns and mortars to be planted on it. But his preparations were speedily interrupted by another message from the city. The Irish

begged that, since he could not grant what they had demanded, he would tell them what he was willing to grant. He called his advisers round him, and, after some consultation, sent back a paper containing the heads of a treaty, such as he had reason to believe that the government which he served would approve. What he offered was indeed much less than what the Irish desired, but was quite as much as, when they considered their situation and the temper of the English nation, they could expect. They speedily notified their assent. It was agreed that there should be a cessation of arms, not only by land, but in the ports and bays of Munster, and that a fleet of French transports should be suffered to come up the Shannon in peace and to depart in peace. The signing of the treaty was deferred till the Lords Justices, who represented William at Dublin, should arrive at Ginkell's quarters. But there was during some days a relaxation of military vigilance on both sides. Prisoners were set at liberty. The outposts of the two armies chatted and messed together. The English officers rambled into the town. The Irish officers dined in the camp. Anecdotes of what passed at the friendly meetings of these men, who had so lately been mortal enemies, were widely circulated. One story, in particular, was repeated in every part of Europe. "Has not this last campaign," said Sarsfield to some English officers, "raised your opinion of Irish soldiers?" "To tell you the truth," answered an Englishman, "we think of them much as we always did." "However meanly you may think of us," replied Sarsfield, "change Kings with us, and we will willingly try our luck with you again." He was, doubtless, thinking of the day on which he had seen the two Sovereigns at the head of two great armies, William foremost in the charge, and James foremost in the flight.

On the first of October, Coningsby and Porter arrived at the English headquarters. On the second, the articles of capitulation were discussed at great length and definitely settled. On the third, they were signed. They were divided into two parts, a military treaty and a civil treaty. The former was subscribed only by the generals on both sides. The Lords Justices set their names to the latter.

By the military treaty it was agreed that such Irish officers and soldiers as should declare that they wished to go to France, should be conveyed thither, and should, in the meantime, remain under the command of their own generals. Ginkell undertook to furnish a considerable number of transports. French vessels were also to be permitted to pass and repass freely between Brittany and Munster. Part of Limerick was to be immediately delivered up to the English. But the island on which the Cathedral and the Castle stand was to remain, for the present, in the keeping of the Irish.

The terms of the civil treaty were very different from those which Ginkell had sternly refused to grant. It was not stipulated that the Roman Catholics of Ireland should be competent to hold any political or military office, or that they should be admitted into any corporation. But they obtained a promise that they should enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as were consistent with the law, or as they had enjoyed in the reign of Charles the Second.

To all inhabitants of Limerick, and to all officers and soldiers in the Jacobite army, who should submit to the government and notify their submission by taking the oath of allegiance, an entire amnesty was promised. They were to retain their property : they were to be allowed to exercise any profession which they had exercised before the troubles : they were not to be punished for any treason, felony, or misdemeanour committed since the accession of the late King : nay, they were not to be sued for damages on account of any act of spoliation or outrage which they might have committed during the three years of confusion. This was more than the Lords Justices were constitutionally competent to grant. It was, therefore, added that the government would use its utmost endeavours to obtain a Parliamentary ratification of the treaty.

As soon as the two instruments had been signed, the English entered the city, and occupied one quarter of it. A narrow, but deep branch of the Shannon separated them from the quarter which was still in the possession of the Irish.

In a few hours a dispute arose which seemed likely to produce a renewal of hostilities. Sarsfield had resolved to seek his fortune in the service of France, and was naturally desirous to carry with him to the Continent such a body of troops as would be an important addition to the army of Louis. Ginkell was as naturally unwilling to send thousands of men to swell the forces of the enemy. Both generals appealed to the treaty. Each construed it as suited his purpose, and each complained that the other had violated it. Sarsfield was accused of putting one of his officers under arrest for refusing to go to the Continent. Ginkell, greatly excited, declared that he would teach the Irish to play tricks with them, and began to make preparations for a cannonade. Sarsfield came to the English camp, and tried to justify what he had done. The altercation was sharp. "I submit," said Sarsfield, at last : "I am in your power." "Not at all in my power," said Ginkell ; "go back and do your worst." The imprisoned officer was liberated : a sanguinary contest was averted ; and the two commanders contented themselves with a war of words. Ginkell put forth proclamations assuring the Irish that, if they would live quietly in their own land, they should be protected and favoured, and that if they preferred a military life, they should be admitted into the service of King William. It was added that no man, who chose to reject this gracious invitation and to become a soldier of Louis, must expect ever again to set foot on the island. Sarsfield and Wauchope exerted their eloquence on the other side. The present aspect of affairs, they said, was doubtless gloomy ; but there was bright sky beyond the cloud. The banishment would be short. The return would be triumphant. Within a year the French would invade England. In such an invasion, the Irish troops, if only they remained unbroken, would assuredly bear a chief part. In the meantime it was far better for them to live in a neighbouring and friendly country, under the parental care of their own rightful King, than to trust the Prince of Orange, who would probably send them to the other end of the world to fight for his ally the Emperor against the Janissaries.

The help of the Roman Catholic clergy was called in. On the day on which those who had made up their minds to go to France were required to announce their determination, the priests were indefatigable in exhorting. At the head of every regiment a sermon was preached on the duty of adhering to the cause of the Church, and on the sin and danger of consorting with unbelievers. Whoever, it was said, should enter the service of the usurpers would do so at the peril of his soul. The heretics affirmed that, after the peroration, a plentiful allowance of brandy was served out to the audience, and that, when the brandy had been swallowed, a bishop pronounced a benediction. Thus duly prepared by physical and moral stimulants, the garrison, consisting of about fourteen thousand infantry, was drawn up in the vast meadow which lay on the Clare bank of the Shannon. Here copies of Ginkell's proclamation were profusely scattered about ; and English officers went through the ranks imploring the men not to ruin themselves, and explaining to them the advantages which the soldiers of King William enjoyed. At length the decisive moment came. The troops were ordered to pass in review. Those who wished to remain in Ireland were directed to file off at a particular spot. All who passed that spot were to be considered as having made their choice for France. Sarsfield and Wauchope on one side, Porter, Coningsby and Ginkell on the other, looked on with painful anxiety. D'Usson and his countrymen, though not uninterested in the spectacle, found it hard to preserve their gravity. The confusion, the clamour, the grotesque appearance of an army in which there could scarcely be seen a shirt or a pair of pantaloons, a shoe or a stocking, presented so ludicrous a contrast to the orderly and brilliant appearance of their master's troops, that they amused themselves by wondering what the Parisians would say to see such a force mustered on the plain of Grenelle.

First marched what was called the Royal regiment fourteen hundred strong. All but seven went beyond the fatal point. Ginkell's countenance showed that he was deeply mortified. He was consoled, however, by seeing the next regiment, which consisted of natives of Ulster, turn off to a man. There had arisen, notwithstanding the community of blood, language and religion, an antipathy between the Celts of Ulster and those of the other three provinces ; nor is it improbable that the example and influence of Baldearg O'Donnel may have had some effect on the people of the land which his forefathers had ruled. In most of the regiments there was a division of opinion ; but a great majority declared for France. Henry Luttrell was one of those who turned off. He was rewarded for his desertion, and perhaps for other services, with a grant of the large estate of his elder brother Simon, who firmly adhered to the cause of James, with a pension of five hundred pounds a year from the Crown, and with the abhorrence of the Roman Catholic population. After living in wealth, luxury and infamy, during a quarter of a century, Henry Luttrell was murdered while going through Dublin in his sedan chair ; and the Irish House of Commons declared that there was reason to suspect that he had fallen by the revenge of the Papists. Eighty years after his death his grave near Luttrellstown was violated by the descen-

dants of those whom he had betrayed, and his skull was broken to pieces with a pickaxe. The deadly hatred of which he was the object descended to his son and to his grandson ; and, unhappily, nothing in the character either of his son or of his grandson tended to mitigate the feeling which the name of Luttrell excited.

When the long procession had closed, it was found that about a thousand men had agreed to enter William's service. About two thousand accepted passes from Ginkell, and went quietly home. About eleven thousand returned with Sarsfield to the city. A few hours after the garrison had passed in review, the horse, who were encamped some miles from the town, were required to make their choice ; and most of them volunteered for France.

Sarsfield considered the troops who remained with him as under an irrevocable obligation to go abroad ; and, lest they should be tempted to retract their consent, he confined them within the ramparts, and ordered the gates to be shut and strongly guarded. Ginkell, though in his vexation he muttered some threats, seems to have felt that he could not justifiably interfere. But the precautions of the Irish general were far from being completely successful. It was by no means strange that a superstitious and excitable kerne, with a sermon and a dram in his head, should be ready to promise whatever his priests required : neither was it strange that, when he slept off his liquor, and when anathemas were no longer ringing in his ears, he should feel painful misgivings. He had bound himself to go into exile, perhaps for life, beyond that dreary expanse of waters which impressed his rude mind with mysterious terror. His thoughts ran on all that he was to leave, on the well-known peat stack and potatoe ground, and on the mud cabin, which, humble as it was, was still his home. He was never again to see the familiar faces round the turf fire, or to hear the familiar notes of the old Celtic songs. The ocean was to roll between him and the dwelling of his grey headed parents and his blooming sweetheart. There were some who, unable to bear the misery of such a separation, and, finding it impossible to pass the sentinels who watched the gates, sprang into the river and gained the opposite bank. The number of these daring swimmers, however, was not great ; and the army would probably have been transported almost entire if it had remained at Limerick till the day of embarkation. But many of the vessels in which the voyage was to be performed lay at Cork ; and it was necessary that Sarsfield should proceed thither with some of his best regiments. It was a march of not less than four days through a wild country. To prevent agile youths, familiar with all the shifts of a predatory life, from stealing off to the bogs and woods under cover of the night, was impossible. Indeed, many soldiers had the audacity to run away by broad daylight before they were out of sight of Limerick Cathedral. The Royal regiment, which had, on the day of the review, set so striking an example of fidelity to the cause of James, dwindled down from fourteen hundred men to five hundred. Before the ships departed, news came that those who sailed by the first ships had been ungraciously received at Brest. They had been scantily fed ; they had been unable to obtain neither pay nor clothing : though winter was

setting in, they slept in the fields with no covering but the hedges. Many had been heard to say that it would have been far better to die in old Ireland than to live in the inhospitable country to which they had been banished. The effect of those reports was that hundreds, who had long persisted in their intention of emigrating, refused at the last moment to go aboard, threw down their arms, and returned to their native villages.

Sarsfield perceived that one chief cause of the desertion which was thinning his army, was the natural unwillingness of the men to leave their families in a state of destitution. Cork and its neighbourhood were filled with the kindred of those who were going abroad. Great numbers of women, many of them leading, carrying, or suckling their infants, covered all the roads which led to the place of embarkation. The Irish general, apprehensive of the effect which the entreaties and lamentations of these poor creatures could not fail to produce, put forth a proclamation, in which he assured his soldiers that they should be permitted to carry their wives and families to France. It would be injurious to the memory of so brave and loyal a gentleman to suppose that when he made this promise he meant to break it. It is much more probable that he had formed an erroneous estimate of the number of those who would demand a passage, and that he found himself, when it was too late to alter his arrangements, unable to keep his word. After the soldiers had embarked, room was found for the families of many. But still there remained on the water side a great multitude clamouring piteously to be taken on board. As the last boats put off there was a rush into the surf. Some women caught hold of the ropes, were dragged out of their depth, clung till their fingers were cut through, and perished in the waves. The ships began to move. A wild and terrible wail rose from the shore, and excited unwonted compassion in hearts steeled by hatred of the Irish race and of the Romish faith. Even the stern Cromwellian, now at length, after a desperate struggle of three years, left the undisputed lord of the blood-stained and devastated island, could not hear unmoved that bitter cry, in which was poured forth all the rage and all the sorrow of a conquered nation.

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